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# SIXTY YEARS OF EMPIRE

## 1837—1897

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## A REVIEW OF THE PERIOD

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

*The Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty's reign called forth many surveys of the developments and characteristic phenomena of the period. Among these a remarkable series of articles published in the* 'Daily Chronicle' *attracted particular attention, not only because some of the first living authorities were put to tribute in it for their views, but also because it grasped in a more encyclopædic manner than any other publication the remarkable phases England has passed through since the commencement of the present reign. The publisher of* 'Great Lives and Events' *is indebted to the proprietors of the* 'Daily Chronicle' *for permission to give to this interesting and comprehensive record of the period a more permanent form than the columns of a daily paper.*

*The Diagrams published in the original form are retained, and so are most of the portraits, to which are added a number of particularly interesting ones of the great painters of the time. In one or two instances rather unsatisfactory portraits after photographs have been replaced by reproductions by Messrs. Walker and Boutall of pictures in the National Portrait Gallery. The portraits of Ruskin and Herbert Spencer are from photographs by Messrs. Elliot and Fry. The portrait of Mr. Whistler by himself has not before been seen.*

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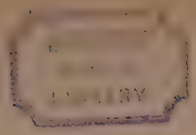

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# SIXTY YEARS OF EMPIRE

## I.

### *THE QUEEN'S PRIME MINISTERS.*

'In a palace in a garden—not in a haughty keep, proud with the fame but dark with the violence of ages; not in a regal pile, bright with the splendour but soiled with the intrigues of courts and factions—in a palace in a garden, meet scene for youth and innocence and beauty—came a voice that told the maiden that she must ascend her throne.'

THERE is no prettier passage in our annals than the narrative which describes how that "voice" was received at Kensington Palace in the early morning of June 20, 1837, by the young Princess whose sixtieth year of sovereignty we have just commemorated.

Roused suddenly from sleep, she came in her night-dress, with a wrapper thrown loosely round her shoulders, her feet in slippers, and her fair hair hanging down her back, into the ante-room, where Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Conyngham, Lord Chamberlain, who had posted up from Windsor, were awaiting her with the news that King William IV. was dead. The Lord Chamberlain began his fateful message: 'We have come to inform your Majesty——' At that momentous word the girl-queen put out her hand, intimating that the lords who addressed her were to kiss it and thereby do homage. Before the Privy

Council assembled at eleven she had received Lord Melbourne in private audience, and he had kissed hands as the first Prime Minister of Queen Victoria.

William, second Viscount Melbourne, then in his fifty-ninth year, was one of the spoiled children of fortune. Rich, nobly born, extremely handsome, gracefully accomplished, able alike to rule men and to fascinate women, he combined, apparently without effort, all the advantages which less privileged mortals spend their laborious lives in trying unsuccessfully to acquire. A niece of his still living thus describes him as he was in comparatively old age :

'All those who knew Lord Melbourne agreed in thinking him the most agreeable and captivating of men. He was rough in manner, very original and emphatic in speech, full of fun and satire, and rather alarming to most people ; but underneath all this he hid a very kind, generous heart. He affected a sort of *laissez-faire* attitude in politics which deceived those who only knew him superficially ; but he was really more strenuous and painstaking than many solemn-faced statesmen, and it is, I think, Sydney Smith who said* that while he pretended to know nothing of the statistics of some trade question, he was really sitting up all night with Arthur Young discussing the merits and costs of different sorts of tallow. He was also thought to be careless in religion, whereas he was really an ardent seeker after truth, and at Brocket there were Bibles and deep theological books marked and annotated, and evidently earnestly studied by him. He was Prime Minister when the Queen came to the throne. He had a chivalrous devotion to her, and was ever her faithful friend and servant.'

A story which exactly confirms Sydney Smith's accusation is that, after a long discussion in the Cabinet on the substitution of a fixed duty on corn for a sliding scale, just as the Ministers were dispersing, Melbourne said, with jaunty offhandness, 'I say, are we to say that this is going to make

* In his Second Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.

corn cheaper or make it dearer, or leave it as it is? It doesn't matter a damn which we say, but let's all say the same thing.'

LORD MELBOURNE.

Such was the man to whom Fate assigned the task of training Queen Victoria in the ways of constitutional

sovereignty. He threw himself into his new functions with a tact and an adroitness which were all his own, and with a self-sacrificing zeal for which no one had given him credit. He lived at the palace as the Queen's permanent guest. That keenest of observers, Bishop Wilberforce, wrote: 'His behaviour to her was perfect. The fullest attentive deference of the subject, with a subdued air of "your father's friend" that was quite fascinating.' A witness not less observant, but less emotional and less sympathetic—Charles Greville—wrote:

'Never was such a revolution seen in anybody's habits and occupations. Instead of indolently sprawling in all the attitudes of luxurious ease, he is always sitting bolt upright; his free-and-easy language, interlarded with "damns," is carefully guarded and regulated with the strictest propriety; and he has exchanged the good talk of Holland House for the trivial, laboured, and wearisome inanities of the royal circle.'

It is a curious, and, at the same time, a fascinating spectacle — the spoilt and indolent old epicurean devoting every hour of his time and every faculty of his rich nature to the political education and social guidance of a sovereign of eighteen. As an instance of Melbourne's fatherly wisdom may be quoted a story which was narrated by himself to Lord Shaftesbury (who had married his niece), and by Lord Shaftesbury to the present writer. When the Queen was engaged to Prince Albert, she wished to have the title of King-Consort conferred on him by Act of Parliament, and sounded Lord Melbourne on the subject. Melbourne turned a deaf ear to the royal hints, until the Queen expressed her desire in plain terms, and demanded a categorical reply.

'Then I thought it was my duty to be very plain with her, and I said, "For God's sake, ma'am, let's hear no more of it. If you once get the English people into the way of making kings you will get them into the way of unmaking them.'"

It would have been impossible to convey a constitutional lesson in a more effective form. In after days the Queen

wrote of Melbourne: 'For the first two and a half years of my reign he was almost the only friend I had;' and when the downfall of the Whig Government in 1841 terminated their official relation she said, with characteristic simplicity: 'For four years I have seen you every day; but it is so different now to what it would have been in 1839.' For in the meantime the Queen had been married.

We turn now to the second of the Queen's Prime Ministers, Sir Robert Peel. If ever a man was, in Burke's phrase, 'rocked and dandled into a legislator,' that man was Peel. Born with a magnificent constitution; heir to immense wealth; trained by an ambitious father, almost from his birth, for a political career; a Member of Parliament at twenty-two, Chief Secretary for Ireland at twenty-five, he became in his fiftieth year Prime Minister at the head of a great majority, and, with the exception of the Duke of Wellington, the most eminent Englishman of his day. It is as a statesman and a debater, rather than as an orator, that Sir Robert Peel lives in history. He was deficient in those gifts of imagination and romance that are essential to the highest oratory. He utterly lacked—probably he would have despised—that almost prophetic rapture which we recognise in Chatham and Burke and Erskine. His manner was frigid and pompous, and his rhetorical devices were mechanical. Every parliamentary sketch of the period satirises his habit of turning round towards his supporters at given periods to ask for their applause; his trick of emphasising his points by perpetually striking the box before him; his propensity to indulge in the *crambe repetita* of hackneyed quotation. But when we have said this, we have said all that can be said in his disparagement. As a parliamentary speaker of the second, and perhaps most useful, class, he has never been excelled. Firmly, though dispassionately, persuaded of certain political and economic doctrines, he brought to the task of promoting them long-sighted prudence, prompt courage, endless patience,

intimate acquaintance with the foibles of his hearers, and an inexhaustible supply of sonorous rhetoric. Nor was his success confined to the House of Commons. As a speaker on public platforms, in the heyday of the ten-pound house-

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

holder and the middle-class franchise, he was peculiarly in his element. He had beyond all men the useful art of 'making a platitude endurable by making it pompous.' He excelled in demonstrating the material advantages of a moderate and

cautious Conservatism, and he could draw at will and with effect upon a prodigious fund of constitutional commonplaces.

For the last fifty years every one has admitted Peel's political pre-eminence; but, as regards his personal attributes, there has been no such concord of eulogy. 'His temper was at once sullen and violent,' says one who served under him. 'Peel has no manners,' said the Duke of Wellington. Greville said that when the Queen addressed him, he 'threw himself into the attitude of a dancing-master giving lessons.' Bishop Wilberforce described him as 'reserved and shy—the air of a man conscious of great powers and slight awkwardnesses.' 'Then you really care about me, after all?' was the question of one of his own children, astonished by an unlooked-for display of paternal emotion.

But in spite of all these drawbacks, Peel by degrees acquired the Queen's absolute confidence, and he seems to have owed it to the instinctive harmony in all views of public policy and national welfare which was found to subsist between himself and Prince Albert. All the more honourable was the momentous recantation by which in the plenitude of his physical and mental strength Peel alienated his party, and brought his official career to a close. No nobler words were ever uttered by an English Minister than those in which he bade farewell to power, when by the sacrifice of much that men hold dear, he had secured so vast a boon for those classes of his countrymen who were least able to help themselves.

'I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist, but it may be . . . sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread in the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice.'

The Queen's third Prime Minister was Lord John Russell,

who held office from 1846 to 1852, and again in 1865-6, having in the meantime become Earl Russell. He was born in 1792; had played bat, trap, and ball with Mr. Fox, and had been the travelling companion of Lord Holland; had

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

corresponded with Tom Moore, and debated with Francis Jeffrey, and dined with Dr. Parr; had visited Melrose Abbey in the company of Sir Walter Scott, and criticised the acting of Mrs. Siddons; conversed with Napoleon in his seclusion

at Elba, and ridden with the Duke of Wellington along the lines of Torres Vedras.

The genius of John Leech, constantly exercised on the subject for twenty years, has made all students of *Punch* familiar with Lord John Russell's outward aspect. We know from his boyish diary that on his eleventh birthday he was '4 feet 2 inches high, and 3 stone 12 pounds weight,' and though, as time went on, these extremely modest dimensions were slightly exceeded, he was an unusually short man. His massive head and broad shoulders gave him, when he sate, the appearance of greater size, and when he rose to his feet the diminutive stature caused a feeling of surprise. Sydney Smith declared that when Lord John first contested Devonshire, the burly electors were disappointed by the exiguity of their candidate, but were satisfied when it was explained to them that he had once been much larger, but was worn away by the anxieties and struggles of the Reform Bill of 1832. Never was so robust a spirit enshrined in so fragile a form. His voice had what used to be described in satirical writings of the first half of the century as 'an aristocratic drawl,' and his pronunciation was archaic. Like other high-bred people of his time, he talked of 'cowcumbers' and 'laylocks,' called a woman an ''ooman,' and was 'much obleeged' where a degenerate age is content to be obliged. The frigidity of his address and the seeming stiffness of his manner, due really to an innate and incurable shyness, produced, even among people who ought to have known him well, a totally erroneous notion of his character and temperament. He had no memory for faces, and was painfully apt to ignore his political followers when he met them beyond the walls of Parliament. Once, staying in a Scotch country house, he found himself thrown with young Lord D——, now Earl of S——. He liked the young man's conversation, and was pleased to find that he was a Whig. When the party broke up, Lord John conquered his shyness sufficiently to say to his new friend: 'Well, Lord D——, I

am very glad to have made your acquaintance, and now you must come into the House of Commons and support me there.' 'I have been doing that for the last ten years, Lord John,' was the reply of the gratified follower. There is no doubt that the old Whig statesman lacked those gifts, or arts, which make a man widely popular in a large society of superficial acquaintances. On his death-bed he said, with touching pathos: 'I have seemed cold to my friends, but it was not in my heart.' The friends needed no such assurance, and even to people outside the innermost circle of intimacy there was something peculiarly attractive in his singular mixture of gentleness and dignity. He excelled as a host, doing the honours of his table with the old-fashioned grace which he had learned at Woburn Abbey and at Holland House when the century was young; and in the charm of his conversation he was not easily equalled—never, in my experience, surpassed.

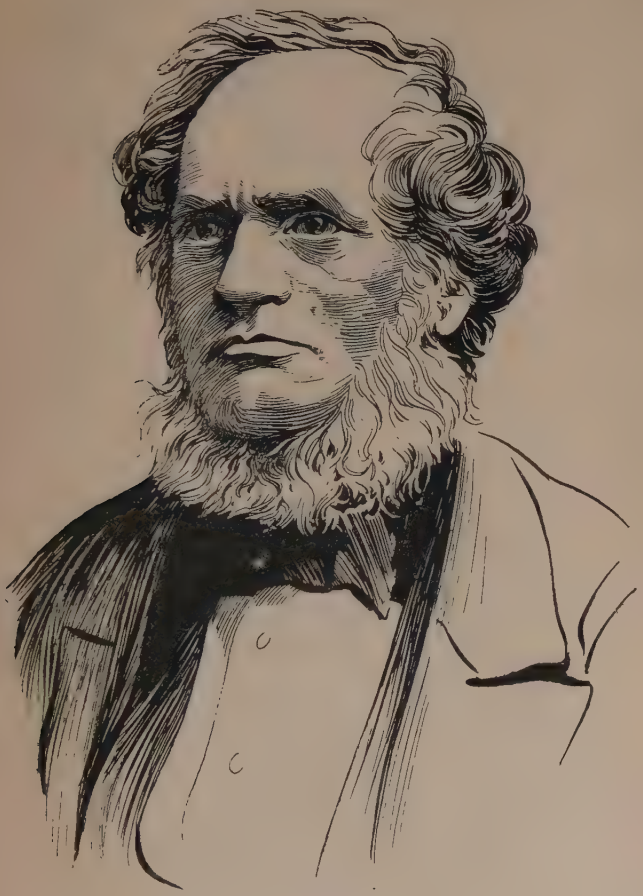
Of what Lord Russell was in private life, I have spoken mainly from personal recollection. As to his appearance and effect in Parliament, I will cite a witness so little prejudiced in favour of the Whigs as Lord Beaconsfield, who, writing in 1844, thus described him:

'He is not a natural orator, and labours under physical deficiencies which even a Demosthenic impulse could scarcely overcome. But he is experienced in debate, quick in reply, fertile in resource, takes large views, and frequently compensates for a dry and hesitating manner by the expression of those noble truths that flash across the fancy and rise spontaneously to the lip of men of poetic temperament when addressing popular assemblies.'

Lord John Russell was defeated on a Bill for reorganizing the militia in February, 1852, and the Queen's fourth Prime Minister was the fourteenth Earl of Derby.

Though deficient in the serious elements of great character, Lord Derby was a singularly picturesque and effective figure in the public life of England. He was a leader of men from the

days of his Radical youth, when he sprang upon club tables and made impassioned speeches about clapping coronets on the heads of the whole brigade of foot-guards, down to the crown-



LORD DERBY.

ing triumph of 1867, when he 'dished the Whigs' by establishing Household Suffrage in the Boroughs. 'Clarendon,' wrote Bishop Wilberforce in this memorable year, 'spoke

to me with the utmost bitterness of Lord Derby. Had studied him ever since he (Clarendon) was in the House of Lords. No generosity, never, to friend or foe; never acknowledged help; a great aristocrat, proud of family and wealth. He had only agreed to this (the Reform Bill) as he would of old have backed a horse at Newmarket; hated Disraeli, only believed in him as he would have done in an unprincipled trainer. He wins, that is all. He knows the garlic given, etc. He says to those without: "All fair, gentlemen."'

This amiable essay in character-drawing (to which a close domestic connexion no doubt imparted peculiar zest) indicates, though, we will charitably hope, with exaggerations, the defects of Lord Derby's character; and certainly there was something rather sinister in his combination of sportsmanlike offhandness with aristocratic insolence. But his pedigree and station as head of the House of Stanley, his physical force, his enormous wealth, his graceful scholarship, his splendid oratory, were gifts not often combined in one person, and certainly never equalled among the Queen's Prime Ministers. His eloquence was of the most impetuous kind, corresponding to the headlong daring which marked his political career, and won for him the nickname of the 'Rupert of Debate.' Lord Beaconsfield, speaking in the last year of his life to Mr. Matthew Arnold, said that the task of carrying Mr. Forster's Coercion Bill of 1881 through the House of Commons 'needed such a man as Lord Derby was in his youth—a man full of nerve, dash, fire, and resource who carried the House irresistibly along with him'—no mean tribute from a consummate judge. Among Lord Derby's ancillary qualifications were his musical voice, his fine English style, and his facility in apt and novel quotation, as when he applied Meg Merrilies' threnody over the ruins of Derncleugh to the destruction of the Irish Church Establishment. I turn to Lord Lytton for a description which may fairly be balanced against Lord Clarendon's amenities:

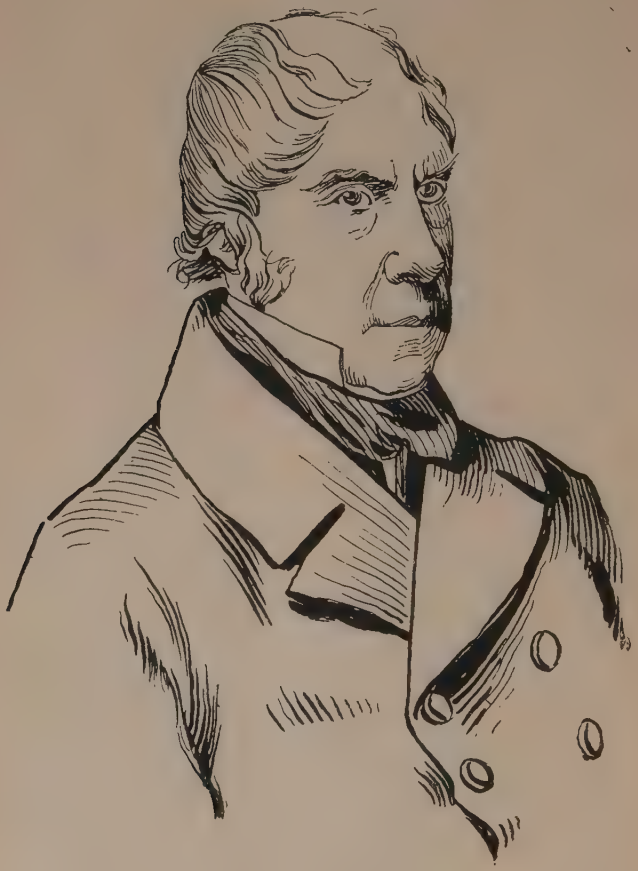
'One after one the Lords of Time advance;
Here Stanley meets—how Stanley scorns!—the glance;
The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash, the Rupert of Debate;
Nor gout nor toil his freshness can destroy,
And time still leaves all Eton in the boy.
First in the class, and keenest in the ring,
He saps like Gladstone, and he fights like Spring!
Yet who not listens, with delighted smile,
To the pure Saxon of that silver style?
In the clear style a heart as clear is seen,
Prompt to the rash, revolting to the mean.'

The Queen's fifth Prime Minister, Lord Aberdeen, who held office from December, 1852, to February, 1855, is one of the suppressed characters of English history.

'The travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen,'

was educated under the auspices of Pitt and Melville, was trained in the principles of the Holy Alliance, and married into a house which carried aristocracy to the point of feudalism. Early initiated into great office, he was, no less in virtue of his high character than of his rank and wealth, a mainstay of every Tory Government. In 1834 he became Secretary of State for the Colonies in Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet, and his Under-Secretary was Mr. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. for Newark, who has thus described his first meeting with his new chief: 'I may confess that I went in fear and trembling. I knew Lord Aberdeen only by public rumour. Distinction of itself naturally and properly rather alarms the young. I had heard of his high character; but I had also heard of him as a man of cold manners, and close and even haughty reserve. It was dusk when I entered his room—the one on the first-floor, with the bow-window looking to the park—so that I saw his figure rather than his countenance. I do not recollect the matter of the conversation; but I well remember that, before I had been three minutes with him, all my apprehensions had melted away like snow in the sun; and I came away from that interview conscious, indeed—as who

could fail to be conscious?—of his dignity, but of a dignity so tempered by a peculiar purity and gentleness, and so associated with impressions of his kindness and even friendship, that I believe I thought more about the wonder of his



LORD ABERDEEN.

being at that time so misunderstood by the outer world than about the new duties and responsibilities of my new office.'

It is much to be desired that Lord Stanmore's excellent, but too brief, monograph of his father may before long be

supplemented by a more adequate biography of this strange, self-contained, inscrutable Minister, who is described on his monument in the Abbey as ΔΙΚΑΙΟΤΑΤΟΣ; who, according to Prince Albert, was 'the most entirely virtuous man he ever knew'; who maintained in his Scotch home the pompous gravity of a German court; who was abused by the *Record* as a 'Popishly-inclined Puseyite Presbyterian'; and whom the British Philistine wished to impeach because he did not plunge headlong and with a light heart into the Crimean War. When the horrors and blunders of that ill-starred campaign had provoked a well-deserved vote of censure in the House of Commons, and Lord Aberdeen's strangely-constituted Coalition was driven from office, Mr. Gladstone, who had been his brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer, wrote him a moving letter of farewell, from which I will quote the closing paragraphs:

'You have now been Minister of England; you are one of a lofty line; but I reflect with joy and comfort on the comparison your name will bear with those who have preceded and with those who may follow you. . . . You make far too much of any service I have rendered to your Government. I wish it were in my power to do justice, in return, to the benefits I have received from you. Your whole demeanour has been a living lesson to me; and I have never gone, *with my vulnerable temper and impetuous moods*, into your presence without feeling the strong influence of your calm and settled spirit.'

It is impossible to conceive a stronger contrast between two human beings than between Lord Aberdeen and his successor, Lord Palmerston, the sixth of the Queen's Prime Ministers. A man of fashion and gaiety, unembarrassed by any fixed principles, Lord Palmerston was in high favour with the easy-going and the well-to-do, and the idol of the opulent middle-class. But his supporters were confined to no one social section. Everyone who preferred banter to argument, and who found lazy swimming with the stream more

congenial than a bold stand for principle, delighted in the octogenarian worldling. They admired and liked a man who mocked at enthusiasm and despised earnestness, who hectored and bullied on the continental stage, and ruthlessly,

LORD PALMERSTON.

though jocosely, burked all efforts for reform at home. No one who was in earnest, whatever his convictions, could make terms with Lord Palmerston. Bishop Wilberforce thus described him in 1863 :

'That wretched Pam seems to me to get worse and worse. There is not a particle of veracity or noble feeling that I have ever been able to trace in him. He manages the House of Commons by debauching it, making all parties laugh at one another: the Tories at the Liberals, by his defeating all Liberal measures; the Liberals at the Tories, by their consciousness of getting everything that is to be got in Church and State; and all at one another, by substituting low ribaldry for argument, bad jokes for principle, and an openly-avowed, vainglorious, imbecile vanity as a panoply to guard himself from the attacks of all thoughtful men. I think, if his life lasts long, it must cost us the slight remains of Constitutional Government which exist among us.'

It is easy to guess the amount of sympathy which existed between a Premier of this type and Mr. Gladstone, with whom every opinion was a belief, and every feeling a passion; who, from boyhood to old age, could never take anything lightly; and who regarded a jest on a serious subject as flat blasphemy. A tradition is still current in official circles that Lord Palmerston once set his study chimney on fire by burning a bundle of Mr. Gladstone's letters of resignation which had accumulated during the Session.

In 1856 Mr. Gladstone said to a friend:

'Palmerston has never been a successful Minister—great love of power, and even a stronger principle of false shame, cares not how much dirt he eats, but it must be gilded dirt. Palmerston is strong in the House of Commons, but he does not understand the House of Commons.'

In 1857 he said:

'I have never ceased to rejoice that I am not in office with Palmerston. When I have seen the tricks, the shufflings, the frauds he daily has recourse to as to his business, I rejoice not to sit on the Treasury Bench with him.' And when in 1858 Lord Palmerston was defeated on the Conspiracy Bill, brought in to gratify the French Emperor,

Mr. Gladstone, writing in the *Quarterly Review*, described the Bill as an 'ill-starred and detested measure.'

In February, 1858, Lord Palmerston was succeeded by Lord Derby, who thus became Premier for the second time. But it may be convenient to anticipate the events of a year, and recall the fact that when Lord Palmerston was returned to office by the General Election of 1859, Mr. Gladstone joined him as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Their relations were no more harmonious than before. Lord Palmerston insisted on an immense expenditure on fortifications, which Mr. Gladstone resisted; and, with reference to his financial scruples, Lord Palmerston wrote this amazing letter to the Queen:

'Viscount Palmerston hopes to be able to overcome his objections, but, if that should prove impossible, however great the loss to the Government by the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, it would be better to lose Mr. Gladstone than to run the risk of losing Portsmouth or Plymouth.'

Not less extraordinary is the mode in which the Prime Minister announced to the Sovereign that his colleague's scruples had been overcome.

'Mr. Gladstone told Viscount Palmerston this evening that he wished it to be understood that, though acquiescing in the step now taken about the fortifications, he kept himself free to take such course as he may think fit upon that subject next year; to which Viscount Palmerston entirely assented. That course will probably be the same which Mr. Gladstone has taken this year, namely, ineffectual opposition and ultimate acquiescence.'

Mr. Gladstone's Budget of 1860 was made famous by the Commercial Treaty with France, and by the proposal to abolish the duty on paper. That duty was a heavy tax on knowledge. To abolish it would be to make the production of all books easier and cheaper, and particularly to quicken the development of cheap newspapers. The Ministerial proposal was not enthusiastically supported in the House of

Commons: the Second Reading of the Bill had been carried by fifty-three, the Third was carried by nine. In reference to this diminution of support, the Queen received from Lord Palmerston a letter even more grossly disloyal to his colleague than those already quoted:

'This may probably encourage the House of Lords to throw out the Bill when it comes to their House, and Viscount Palmerston is bound in duty to say that, if they do so, they will perform a good public service. Circumstances have greatly changed since the measure was agreed to by the Cabinet, and although it would undoubtedly have been difficult for the Government to have given up the Bill, yet, if Parliament were to reject it, the Government might well submit to so welcome a defeat.'

What Lord Palmerston predicted came to pass, and there can be little doubt that he did much to secure the accomplishment of his own prediction. The Lords threw out the Paper-Duty Bill by a majority of eighty-nine. The consolation which Palmerston offered to his colleague on the defeat of his financial scheme was highly characteristic:

'Of course you are mortified and disappointed; but your disappointment is nothing to mine, who had a horse with whom I hoped to win the Derby, and he went amiss at the last moment.'

A word must be said about Palmerston's manner of public speaking. As a boy I often heard him. Though he was born in 1784, and entered Parliament in 1807, he was still leading the House of Commons when I first attended its debates. A man who, when turned seventy, could speak from the 'dusk of a summer evening to the dawn of a summer morning' in defence of his foreign policy, and carry the vindication of it by a majority of forty-six, was certainly no common performer on the Parliamentary stage; and yet Lord Palmerston had very slender claims to the title of an orator. His style was not only devoid of ornament and rhetorical device, but it was slipshod and untidy in the last

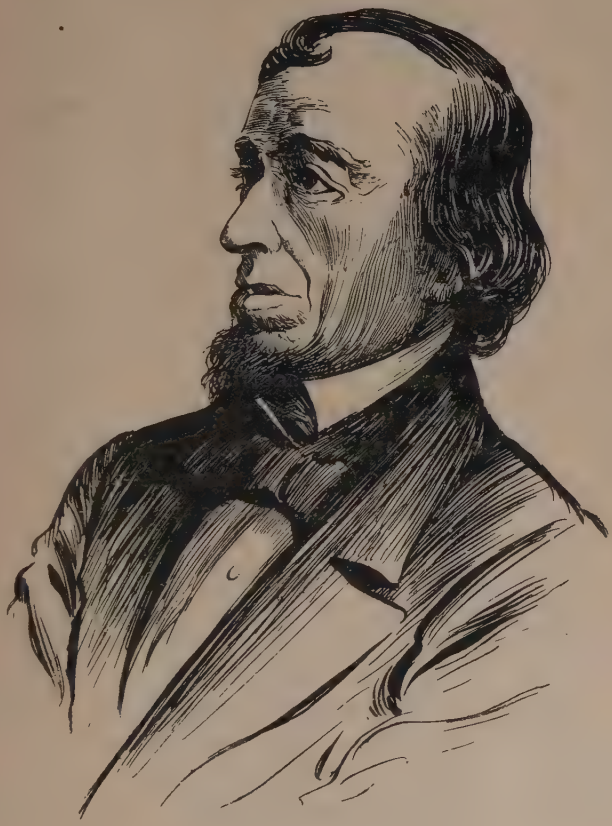
degree. He eked out his sentences with 'hum' and 'hah'; cleared his throat, and flourished his pocket-handkerchief, and sucked his orange; he rounded his periods with 'You know what I mean,' and 'all that kind of thing'; and seemed actually to revel in an anti-climax — 'I think the hon. Member's proposal an outrageous violation of constitutional propriety, a daring departure from traditional policy, and, in fact, a great mistake.'* It taxed all the skill of the reporters' gallery to trim his speeches into decent form; and yet no one was listened to with keener interest, no one was so much dreaded as an opponent, and no one ever approached him in the art of putting a plausible face upon a doubtful policy, and making the worse appear the better cause. Palmerston's parliamentary success is a perfect illustration of the doctrine laid down by Demosthenes. If what really matters is that the speaker should have the same predilections as the majority, and should entertain the same likes and dislikes as his country, Palmerston was unsurpassed.

Lord Palmerston died on October 18, 1865, and was succeeded by Earl Russell, the chief event of whose second Administration was the Reform Bill of 1866. Being defeated in the House of Commons on Lord Dunkellin's amendment, Lord Russell resigned, and was succeeded by Lord Derby, now for the third time Prime Minister, with Mr. Disraeli as Leader of the House of Commons. What Lord Derby himself described as 'a leap in the dark'—the Tory Reform Bill, establishing household suffrage in the boroughs—was passed in 1867, and in February, 1868, Lord Derby retired, and the seventh of the Queen's Prime Ministers was the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.

It was a striking climax to an extraordinary career. Everyone was interested; most people were amused, some disgusted. Lord Shaftesbury thus comments on the event: 'Disraeli Prime Minister! He is a Hebrew; this is a good thing. He is a man sprung from an inferior station; another

* This is not a quotation, but an imitation.

good thing in these days, as showing the liberality of our institutions. "But he is a leper," without principle, without feeling, without regard to anything, human or divine, beyond his own personal ambition. He has dragged, and he will



LORD BEACONSFIELD.

long continue to drag, everything that is good, safe, venerable, and solid through the dust and dirt of his own objects.'

Lord Chelmsford (whom, by the way, Mr. Disraeli had abruptly dismissed from the Chancellorship) observed, 'The

old Government was the Derby; this the Hoax.' The *Pall Mall Gazette*, commenting on this event, wrote:

'One of the most grievous and constant puzzles of King David was the prosperity of the wicked and the scornful; and the same tremendous moral enigma has come down to our own days. In this respect the earth is in its older times what it was in its youth. Even so recently as last week the riddle once more presented itself in its most impressive shape. Like the Psalmist the Liberal leader may well protest that verily he has cleansed his heart in vain and washed his hands in innocency. All day long he has been plagued by Whig lords, and chastened every morning by Radical manufacturers; as blamelessly as any curate he has written about *Ecce Homo*, and he has never made a speech, even in the smallest country town, without calling out with David, "How foolish am I, and how ignorant!" For all this what does he see? The scorner who shot out the lip and shook the head at him across the table of the House of Commons last Session has now more than heart could wish; his eyes—speaking in an Oriental manner—stand out with fatness, he speaketh loftily, and pride compasseth him about as with a chain.'

But the new Prime Minister, though in office, was not in power. He was nominally the leader of a House which contained a large majority of his political opponents. The settlement of the question of reform had healed the schism in the Liberal party, and they now could defeat the Government whenever they chose to mass their forces.

On March 23 Mr. Gladstone gave notice of three Resolutions in favour of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. When it came to the discussion of the Resolutions in Committee, the first was carried by a majority of sixty-five against the Government. Ministerial explanations followed. Mr. Disraeli described, in his most pompous vein, his audiences of the Queen, and made an injudiciously free use of the royal name. Divested of vulgar verbiage, his state-

ment amounted to this—that, in spite of adverse votes, the Ministers intended to hold on till the autumn, and then to appeal to the new electorate created by the Reform Act of the previous year Parliament was prorogued on July 31.

On August 20, Lord Shaftesbury wrote: 'The Government is a compound of timidity and recklessness. Dizzy is seeking everywhere for support. He is all things to all men, and nothing to anyone. He cannot make up his mind to be Evangelical, Neologian, or Ritualistic; he is waiting for the highest bidder.'

Parliament was dissolved on November 11. A single and simple issue was placed before the country—Was the Irish Church to be, or not to be, disestablished?

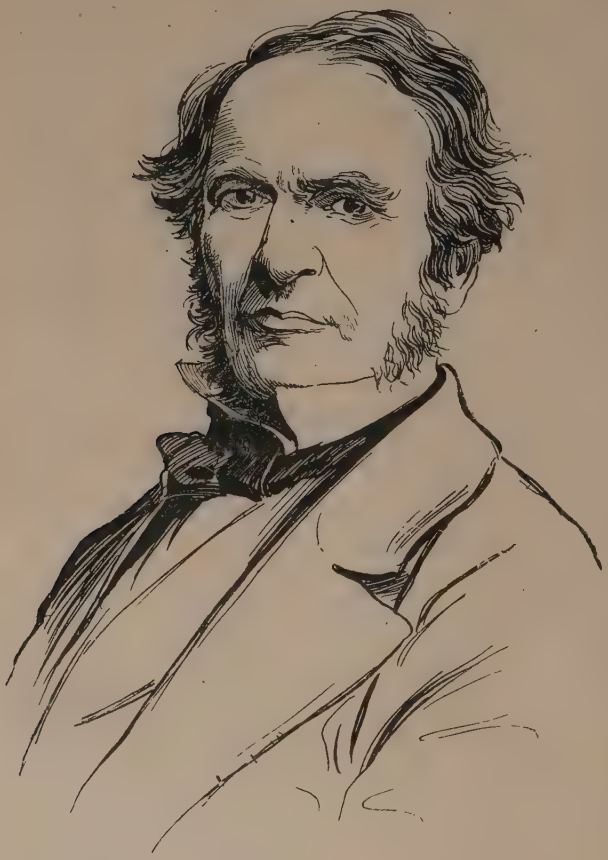
On November 20, Bishop Wilberforce wrote to his friend, Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin: 'The returns to the House of Commons leave no doubt of the answer of the country to Gladstone's appeal. In a few weeks he will be in office at the head of a majority of something like a hundred, elected on the distinct issue of Gladstone and the Irish Church.'

On December 2 Mr. Disraeli announced that he and his colleagues, by a commendable innovation on existing practice, had resigned their offices without waiting for a formal vote of the new Parliament. On the following day Mr. Gladstone was summoned to Windsor, and kissed hands as the eighth of the Queen's Prime Ministers.

The limits of space do not permit me to recapitulate the political achievements of Mr. Gladstone's four Administrations; but I must say a word about the quality of his public speaking. Like the younger Pitt, he had a 'premature and unnatural dexterity in the combination of words.' He was trained under the immediate influence of Canning, who was his father's friend. When he was sixteen his style was already formed. I quote from the records of the Eton Debating Society for 1826:

'Thus much, sir, I have said, as conceiving myself bound

in fairness not to regard the name under which men have hidden their designs so much as the designs themselves. I am well aware that my prejudices and my predilections have long been enlisted on the side of Toryism—(cheers)—and



MR. GLADSTONE.

that in a cause like this I am not likely to be influenced unfairly against men bearing that name and professing to act on the principles which I have always been accustomed

to revere. But the good of my country must stand on a higher ground than distinctions like these. In common fairness and in common candour, I feel myself compelled to give my decisive verdict against the conduct of men whose measures I firmly believe to have been hostile to British interests, destructive of British glory, and subversive of the splendid, and, I trust, lasting fabric of the British Constitution.'

Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament, when he was not quite twenty-three, at the General Election of 1832, and it is evident from a perusal of his early speeches in the House of Commons, imperfectly reported in the third person, and from contemporary evidence, that, when due allowance is made for growth and development, his manner of oratory was then the same as it is to-day. Then, as afterwards, he was only too fluent. His style was copious, redundant, and involved, and his speeches were garnished, after the manner of his time, with Horatian and Virgilian tags. His voice was always clear, flexible, and musical, though his utterance was marked, even more strongly than now, by a Lancastrian 'burr.' His gesture was varied and animated, though not violent. He turned his face and body from side to side, and often wheeled right round to face his own party as he appealed for their cheers. 'Did you ever feel nervous in public speaking?' asked the late Lord Coleridge. 'In opening a subject, often,' answered Mr. Gladstone, '*in reply, never.*' It was a characteristic saying, for, in truth, he was a born debater, never so happy as when coping on the spur of the moment with the arguments and appeals which an opponent had spent laborious days in elaborating beforehand. Again, in the art of elucidating figures he was unequalled. He was the first Chancellor of the Exchequer who ever made the Budget interesting. 'He talked shop,' it was said, 'like a tenth muse.' He could apply all the resources of a glowing rhetoric to the most prosaic questions of cost and profit; could make beer romantic and tea serious. He

could sweep the widest horizon of the financial future, and yet stoop to bestow the minutest attention on the microcosm of penny stamps and the monetary merits of half-farthings.

LORD SALISBURY.

And yet, extraordinary as were these feats of intellectual athletics, Mr. Gladstone's unapproached supremacy as an orator was not really seen until he touched the moral

elements involved in some great political issue. Then indeed he spoke like a prophet and a man inspired. His whole physical formation seemed to become 'fusile' with the fire of his ethical passion, and his eloquence flowed like a

LORD ROSEBERY.

flood of molten lava, carrying all before it in its irresistible onrush; glorious as well as terrible, and fertilising while it subdued. Mr. Gladstone reigned from December, 1868, to February, 1874; and again from April, 1880, to June, 1885;

the interval having been filled by Lord Beaconsfield's second Administration. In June, 1885, Mr. Gladstone was succeeded by Lord Salisbury, who then became the ninth of the Queen's Prime Ministers, and held office till the following February. Then came six months of Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule; and then six years of Lord Salisbury and Coercion. Then eighteen months of Mr. Gladstone, modified Home Rule, and Social Legislation; next a fleeting vision of the Queen's tenth Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery; and then, in August, 1895, the third premiership of Lord Salisbury. With respect to Lord Rosebery, it is obvious that my private and my official relations with him alike disqualify me for the task of sitting in judgment on his public acts; while of Lord Salisbury I can only observe that the combination of such genuine amiability in private life with such calculated brutality in public utterance is a psychological phenomenon which might profitably be made the subject of a Romanes Lecture at Oxford.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

## II.

### *PARLIAMENT DURING THE QUEEN'S REIGN.*

THE British Parliament, as we know it, is also the Victorian Parliament. From every aspect, whether in building, procedure, or constitution, it is the Parliament of the Victorian era. During the past sixty years it has been twice reformed. It is only since the accession of Queen Victoria that the Crown has finally given up its power, exercised for the last time by King William IV., to destroy a Government. Its procedure has been remoulded from top to bottom. Last, but not least, the great building in which it sits at present—the Palace of Westminster—was not begun until 1840 or occupied until 1852.

At the opening of the present reign the two Houses were sitting in temporary buildings fitted up for their use after the great fire of 1834. The House of Commons sat in the Chamber formerly used by the House of Lords, and the Lords used the old Painted Chamber, which partly survived the fire, though it was afterwards demolished to make room for the present building. During the first years of the reign, therefore, the parliamentary work must have been carried out under crowded and uncomfortable conditions. In 1852 all this was changed with the opening of the new building, the work of Sir Charles Barry and Welby Pugin. Two millions were spent on the present palace, and yet the cry is for more room. Mr. Disraeli's description of the House of Commons on the first day of Session after the Queen's

accession, in his letter to his sister, is almost as true of to-day: 'The House was so crowded later that the galleries were all full of Members; many unable to obtain seats were sitting on the stairs, and on chairs, and benches behind the Speaker's chair.'

But just as the House of Commons has shot ahead of its space and upset all the calculations of the architects who designed the Palace of Westminster, so it has been changed by the Reform Acts from a leisurely club to a bustling workshop. The counts-out of this Session have been but a reversion to the earlier type of the House of Commons of fifty or sixty years ago. Before the Reform Act of 1832, indeed, the House of Commons was very much like what the House of Lords is now. It is the Reform Acts which have had the effect of gradually increasing the pace until we have reached the extraordinary machine of to-day, with its ceaseless unrest, carrying on its shoulders the gigantic burden of the Empire:

> 'Bearing on shoulders immense
> Atlantean, the load,
> Well nigh not to be borne,
> Of the too vast orb of her fate.'

The changes in the life of the House have been immense. Mr. William White, the observant doorkeeper, in his book on 'The Inner Life of the House of Commons,' describes the lobbies in the sixties as crowded with strangers who had come down right into the precincts of the House to gain a glimpse of the great men whose names were in every mouth. He describes how, on one occasion, the Members were hampered in a division by the number of strangers in the inner lobby, and the police were unable to distinguish between strangers and Members. Nowadays all this is changed. All strangers without special leave are excluded from the inner lobby, and it is the first duty of a policeman to know every Member of Parliament by sight—a duty performed with the most extraordinary

precision. No longer can Members studiously neglect their duties, and give to dining out what was meant for mankind. Committees have immensely increased in number, and many a Member of Parliament is engaged at the House of Commons from mid-day till midnight. And yet the present state of affairs represents a compromise. Things were much worse fifteen years ago. From the leisurely methods of the old school the House of Commons was roughly awakened by the methods of Mr. Parnell and the demands of modern democracy. All-night sittings brought about the twelve o'clock rule, and a persistent abuse of the previous liberty of debate has led to the closure and to that immense increase of the power of the Speaker which is the pivot round which everything turns in the existing House.

Small touches will illustrate the change in the House of Commons as a working body. In a post-card which the present writer has been privileged to see, Mr. Gladstone says that he can remember a time when the doorkeeper in the lobby was paid by the Members. Old hands in the gallery can recall a time when the only refreshments available consisted of a cut from a cold joint, kept by the sole attendant in a corner of the only anteroom. All these things have been changed. The attendants of the House are now paid out of the Estimates, and the Reporters' Gallery is now supplied with a suite of rooms where not merely refreshments can be obtained, but where the journalists find at hand a more or less convenient club for writing, smoking, and resting. This last change is merely typical of another tremendous revolution which has taken place within the last sixty years. With the invention of the telegraph a new motive for speech arose. Now that every Member can be reported the following morning in his local paper, the result is seen in an immense increase of speaking among the rank and file, and in the multiplication of journalists with the right of admission to the gallery, now amounting to some 260 men.

Amid all these changes one naturally asks, What about manners? Has the House of Commons improved or deteriorated in the matter of manners? Is it true that it began the reign as a club of gentlemen and ends as a mob? If one judged from the pessimists one would conclude the worst. I inquired the other day of an old frequenter of the House—one who has known it for thirty years—what changes were most conspicuous in his time. He thought for a moment and then observed, 'Well, it used to be a House of gentlemen.' My memory does not go back thirty years, and my familiarity with the House does not extend over more than six or seven. I cannot, therefore, say what the House was, but as to what it is, there can be but one opinion among impartial observers. With all its faults, the House of Commons is, at the present moment, in all senses an assembly of gentlemen. There is a high standard of mutual courtesy, and the point of honour is no less diligently guarded than it was of old time. How did the House behave itself in the days of the Dandies? Here is a passage from Greville's 'Memoirs,' describing the behaviour of the House of Commons in the first year of the present reign—1837:

'The noise and confusion are so great that the proceedings can hardly be heard or understood, and the Speaker thought it necessary to address the House last night, and complained that he no longer enjoyed its confidence, and if he saw any further indication that such was the case he should resign the Chair.'

There has been no such incident during the last twenty years, and if it occurred nowadays what talk we should have about the decadence of the House of Commons! Or take Greville's account of the way in which Peel was treated by the Tories after his conversion to Free Trade:

'When Peel spoke they screamed and hooted at him in the most brutal manner. When he vindicated himself and talked of honour and conscience, they assailed him with shouts of derision and gestures of contempt.'

Compare this with an incident described by Mr. William White in his 'Inner Life'—an incident only thirty years old. A great prize-fight had taken place, and it was the talk of the House. Members could not be brought to attend to anything else. There was an attempt to condemn it, but the speakers were howled down. According to Mr. White, the sympathy with the fighters was open and unashamed, and he even asserts that there was a collection made in the lobbies to reward the winner. Such a thing would be impossible in the present House of Commons. Other times, other manners. There was a time when a challenge to fight a duel was considered part of a gentleman's conduct in the House. The last incident of this kind on the part of a fiery Irishman was extinguished in laughter, and nowadays anything of the sort would merely be referred to the nearest police-court. You may, or may not, call this a decline in manners; I prefer to call it an advance in common-sense.

Of course there are some respects in which the widening of the franchise has worked social changes. There was a time when the muting of an 'h' produced a visible shudder throughout the House. Now it is taken with a certain wide tolerance, recognised as a sort of payment for the enlargement of the suffrage. Latin quotations, again, have undoubtedly gone out of favour. Lord Peel, one of the best authorities on Parliamentary changes during the present reign, once described to me the gradual decline of the habit of quotation. He could remember the time when the House listened entranced as Mr. Gladstone poured out long passages of Virgil, following with the keenest appreciation every word. Nowadays few men would dare to quote so much as a whole line; and the emotion that follows is rather like the embarrassed laughter of a mixed audience after a quotation in a language which it does not understand. There was a time when a false quantity meant political death; it is now scarcely the sensation of an hour, if, indeed, it is noticed at

all. But here, after all, what has happened is simply this —the House of Commons has become more representative of all classes. This scholastic familiarity of the old House of Commons was certainly a charming feature. It gave it a literary flavour. It linked Parliament with the Universities and the great schools, but it was after all the stamp of class government, and what it really meant was that the Government of England was in the hands of those who used the Universities. It began to wane with the extension of the suffrage to the lower middle class; and now, what with Labour men and Irish tenant farmers, it has nearly disappeared. But this is not the same thing as a decline in manners. Tories are themselves fain to admit that the Labour men are among the politest and best behaved Members of the House; and as for the Irish, even if they do say strong things, we all know that they do not mean half they say.

There is another great contrast between 1837 and 1897. It is in the mode of election. An election in 1837 seems now like very ancient history. We read of it in 'Pickwick,' and we smile at the absurdities of the hustings. But they were all grim realities in those days, and an election was often almost as serious as a campaign. In the days before the Ballot Act—less than thirty years ago—it was scarcely possible to go through an election without, in some way, sanctioning violence. The sort of item that was common in a candidate's election bill before the Ballot Act was: 'To the employment of men for obtaining a hearing, £460.' The hustings must, indeed, have been the most trying part of these ordeals. We can hardly conceive now how the gentlemen of England who then formed the House of Commons accustomed themselves to the roughness and violence of those scenes, standing for hours exposed to the showers of rotten eggs and other noxious missiles, which formed the ordinary weapons of war in an old election contest. Perhaps some recent scenes at Cambridge may

have helped us to understand the experiences of those days. As a specimen of the kind of speaking which this treatment produced in the candidates, we may take one of Disraeli's speeches to his constituents in Buckinghamshire:

'"Your most brilliant argument is a groan, and your happiest repartee a hiss." A voice then exclaimed: "Speak quick! speak quick!" And he retorted: "It is very easy for you to speak quick when you only utter a stupid monosyllable, but when I speak I must measure my words. (Loud cheers and laughter.) I have to open your great thick heads. (Laughter.) What I speak is to enlighten you. If I bawl like you, you will leave this place as ignorant as you entered it."' (Cheers and laughter.)

The candidate, in fact, had to hit back, and perhaps some of that hard-hitting style which was much more popular among our public men than it is now—the style, for instance, of Mr. Disraeli's letter in 1874, or of Lord Randolph Churchill's address in 1886—may have been learned in the old days on the hustings in facing turbulent mobs.

But all this points to the greater civilisation of politics in recent years. Along with it has gone that remarkable movement in the direction of purity in elections—the most wonderful thing in our times. Public opinion was shocked last year by the revelations in the St. George's-in-the-East petition. But the state of things then revealed as existing in one very poor London constituency was virtually universal in the earlier part of the century. Bribery, of course, was not always mere purchase of votes; there were many methods. There was the ingenious method employed by candidates who purchased goods at fancy prices, like the candidate at Sudbury in 1826, who bought two cabbages for £10 and a plate of gooseberries for £25. Canvassers, as Mr. MacDonagh describes in his 'Book of Parliament'—to which I am much indebted—would become enthusiastic collectors of old almanacks or children's white mice. Or, again, there was the arrival of a mysterious

person known as the Man in the Moon, who appeared at nightfall, and was met with the inquiry: 'What news from the moon?' 'Good news,' was the reply. 'I bring you what is due to you.' Thus, in one way or another, the votes were purchased, and the electors put their power to a very material use. So recent was all this that in many parts of the country the habit of selling votes is still in the blood, and old inhabitants will support the right with arguments drawn from tradition. Unfortunately for them, the law is now against them, but the fight against bribery during the Queen's reign has been long and tedious. For some time after the first Reform Act the House of Lords showed a tendency to take the side of the bribed, and threw out several disfranchising Bills. It was not until 1854 that bribery became a misdemeanour, and it was not until 1868 that the judges were given the jurisdiction, then for the first time taken out of the hands of the parties in Parliament. It was in 1883 that the legislation became really effective in Lord James's Act, extending bribery to refreshments and travelling expenses, and even going the length of forbidding any payment 'on account of bands of music, torches, flags, banners, cockades, ribbons, or other marks of distinction.' But even now we do not seem at the end of our troubles, for recent cases seem to prove that the average judge is as incapable of carrying out the Bribery Law as was the House of Commons in the old days. Within the last Session a committee has been appointed to inquire into the Corrupt Practices Acts. Still, the years mark a great improvement, and an election of to-day is a very different affair from an election of 1837.

So much for external changes. Now for the more important matter of constitutional control. It is more than sixty years since the Crown has dismissed the Ministry. During that time the House of Commons has asserted over the House of Lords its sole and absolute power to make and unmake Governments. How has it worked? It is

many years since the Prince Consort startled England by saying that representative institutions were on their trial. Have we yet material for a judgment? Is the verdict for or against? How has the Queen's Government been carried on? Has it been more or less stable than Parliamentary rule? It is very easy to institute a comparison. In the thirty years before the Reform Bill there were eight Governments. In the sixty years that have elapsed since there have been twenty. There is no sign here of decreased stability. Again, some of the longest Governments have governed since the last two Reform Bills. The Reform Act of 1868, giving household suffrage to the towns, was followed by two long Administrations—Mr. Gladstone's, lasting from 1868 to 1874, and Mr. Disraeli's, lasting from 1874 to 1880. The Reform Act of 1884, giving household suffrage to the counties, was followed by a yet longer Administration—that of Lord Salisbury, from 1886 to 1892. It does not look as if, in England, at any rate, extended suffrage meant shorter Governments.

In regard to party rule, the Liberals have, of course, governed by far the longer time. They began with a rule of four years under Lord Melbourne, and then, when the Whigs went out, in 1841, for the first time since the Reform Bill, and gave place to Sir Robert Peel, the Ministry that took their place carried on the Liberal tradition by abolishing the Corn Laws. When Peel was defeated in 1846 on Irish Coercion, he gave place to the Liberals for another six years, and the Tory Administration, which took their place in February, 1852, lasted less than a year. The next spells of Tory Administration were equally brief. Lord Derby's Administration, in 1858, lasted little over a year, and his third Administration, in 1866, lasted under three years, reckoning the eight months of Disraeli's rule with which it ended. In fact, the first long Conservative Administration since Sir Robert Peel was Disraeli's Government of 1874. This seemed to set the precedent; for, as we know, Conserva-

tive Administrations have now a way of lasting as long as Liberal ones. But it may perhaps be said that they only do this at the cost of being Liberal. Taken as a whole, the trend of democratic government during the Queen's reign has been one of unbroken Liberalism.

It is difficult to find any uniformity of size in the questions on which Governments have fallen during the reign. Most English Governments, it seems, die a natural death under the Septennial Act. Signs of mortality begin to appear in their fifth and sixth years, and the average period of life rarely extends beyond six years. During the reign four Governments out of twenty have been defeated on Irish affairs, and many more have died from the same cause. The Peel Administration was defeated in 1846 on a Coercion Act; Disraeli's Administration was defeated in 1868 upon the question of the Irish Church; Mr. Gladstone was defeated in 1874 on his Irish University Scheme; and again, in 1886, on Home Rule. Again, two Ministries have been defeated on Reform questions—Lord Derby's in 1859, and Lord Russell's in 1866. But though Ministries have made great mistakes, like the blunder which led to the defeat of Palmerston's Administration in 1858 on the Conspiracy Law, or Lord Russell in 1852 on the Local Militia Bill, as a general rule they come to the end of their tether, and then die a calm death. A general debility creeps over them, and a small accident carries them away.

After sixty years the party system shows little sign of wearing out. There was a tendency to the group system under the last Government, but at the present moment the House is as rigidly divided as ever between two great parties. It works far better than any theorist could have supposed. The chief danger would seem injustice to minorities. But is this the case? If there has been one striking feature in the Parliamentary history of sixty years, it is the gradual victory of unpopular causes. It was in 1833 that Grote moved the first resolution on the subject of a ballot. The question was

regularly brought up year by year. When Grote died, Ward took it from his hands, and continued to move it in 1842, 1848, 1849, 1851, 1852, and so on, snatching an occasional victory, but steadily outvoted. In 1866 it was defeated by a majority of 107, and yet four years afterwards it was placed in the programme of the Government, and in 1872, after one rejection from the House of Lords, it was passed into law. The same tale can be told of the County Franchise, which was first brought up in 1839, and not carried till 1844; or of the Borough Franchise, which first appeared in Joseph Hume's Bill of 1848, and of many other causes. Take the six points of the famous Charter, which in 1838 stood for everything that was revolutionary:

Manhood Suffrage.
Equal Electoral Districts.
Vote by Ballot.
Annual Parliaments.
Abolition of Property Qualification for Members.
Payment of Members.

Of these, three have been passed into law: equal electoral districts, vote by ballot, and the abolition of property qualification. Payment of Members has become a plank in the platform of one of the great parties; manhood suffrage is now the faith of nearly all Radicals. In short, in spite of the power of numbers, ideas have proved all-powerful in the Parliamentary system. The reason is obvious. The parties are great cumbrous machines, largely occupied with the science of self-preservation, but they produce few ideas from within. They need a perpetual supply from without. It is a process which the competition of parties encourages, and some of the latest political events prove that in outbidding one another both parties are willing to perform extraordinary intellectual gymnastics and take up causes with a quite unexpected enthusiasm.

HAROLD SPENDER.

## III.

### *RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.*

THE opening years of Queen Victoria's reign were marked by fervent religious agitation alike in England and Scotland. The Tractarian movement had reached vast proportions in England, while the disruption of the Scottish Church took place in 1843. Oxford had become once more the centre of spiritual activity—the home of another lost cause to one party, the fountain of a new spiritual life to another. John Henry Newman was in the full vigour of his activity, though his soul was torn by internal conflict, as he felt more and more that he was in a false position as a minister of the Anglican Church. With the movement of which he is the central figure we may associate Pusey, Isaac Williams, Hurrell Froude, and Keble. The meaning of the Tractarian movement was, in essence, that it was a return to tradition, an attempt to seize on the historical spirit which was held to have built up the Church under what was fervently believed to have been Divine guidance. But in order to understand the rise of this historic spirit of tradition and of appeal to authority as embodied in a visible Divine order, we must realize the immense influence exerted over England by German thought.

In the early years of the century Germany developed two connected and yet distinct lines of intellectual tendency, one in the direction of rationalism, the other in that of authority. The philosophical movement, which began with Kant and

culminated in Hegel, had on the one hand led to absolutely free criticism of belief and of the validity of historic documents. Applied in history, it had re-constituted Roman history under the guidance of Niebuhr, and it was destined to apply the same critical methods to both the Old and New Testaments. But the very examination of old documents

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

and ancient institutions in the historical spirit had led to a quite opposite tendency, which, finding, as it thought, new meanings in ancient forms of social life, led to the romantic reaction which we trace in religion and philosophy in the Schlegels, and in literature in Walter Scott. The old, hard, vigorous clear-cut rationalism of the previous century, which

had dismissed the Middle Ages as mere barbarism, had given way to a poetic feeling which was prepared to idealize mediæval forms at the expense of modern life. So from the same great tree, the Igdrasil of German intellect, sprang the two branches of Rationalism and Romanticism. From each branch a lively shoot penetrated into English soil, and set up a new life here, the one blossoming into the Broad Church movement, the other into the Tractarian or Anglo-Catholic revival. To these two movements are due mainly the active cross-currents of English religious thought during the last sixty years.

But in saying this, we must not ignore the Evangelical element which, since the Reformation, has been the basis of middle-class English religion, and which, towards the end of the last century, grew into such large proportions, and so profoundly affected English life. This afforded the soil in which the new High Church or Catholic ideas grew, for it is a noteworthy fact that the leaders of that movement came from Evangelical homes. The root of Evangelicalism lay in a devoted zeal for moral regeneration of the individual character; its intellectual standpoint was an appeal to the authority of the Bible, which, interpreted in an uncritical and submissive spirit, was supposed to provide an infallible guide for the individual. Evangelicalism has been criticised as being given over to 'other-worldliness,' in view of its insistence on 'personal holiness' as the supreme aim for man. But this charge is unfair. When we remember the burning indignation at social wrong which runs like flame through the poetry of Cowper, when we recall the fight against slavery and the slave trade carried on by Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Zachary Macaulay; when we remember the later efforts of Lord Shaftesbury on behalf of the wretched white slaves of England, it is impossible to condemn as 'other-worldly' the belief which bore such beneficent fruits. Without the moral soil which had been prepared by Evangelicalism, it is certain that the High

Church movement would have speedily degenerated into a barren array of formulas and genuflexions. It was the union of a vital faith in character with the historic spirit which set the peculiar 'note' of the Anglo-Catholic movement, and speedily made it such a power in England.

DEAN STANLEY.

The era of the 'forties,' so memorable for the growth of railways, the application of electricity, and the establishment of free trade, was scarcely less famous for its religious controversies. The dry bones of the formal, decorous,

mechanical Anglicanism of an earlier time had been stirred into life, and the secession of Newman dealt the heaviest blow to the Church which it had received since the days of Wesley. The Church of Rome, especially after the early liberalizing tendencies of Pius IX., looked to new conquests in England, and the very energy developed in the Catholic direction led to a counter-movement, which, as is generally the case in this country, became marked by furious fanaticism. In spite of all the remarkable events which have happened since, it is doubtful if there has at any time been such a ferment as there was over the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of 1850, when what Macaulay called the 'bray of Exeter Hall' was in full blast, and people began talking about the revival of the fires of Smithfield. But the movement towards Rome was checked for two reasons. In the first place, the very elastic Anglican system made allowance for the new High Church attitude, so that the bulk of the Tractarian party felt that they could easily remain in the English Church. In the second place, Rome not only put forward no suggestion of compromise, but developed such an anti-modern tendency as to frighten back Anglican sympathizers into the borders of their own communion. First came the Papal reaction against the Italian movement, then, in 1854, the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and finally, in 1870, the proclamation of Papal Infallibility in all matters of faith and doctrine. The Roman Catholic Church had hardened into a great centralizing power, which claimed implicit obedience from all.

The Broad Church movement had been meantime proceeding *pari passu*, and was profoundly influencing the life of the cultured laity. It was, as has been shown, partly 'made in Germany,' but, like the Catholic Romantic movement, the imported seed fell on prepared soil. All through the seventeenth century a small but distinguished liberal school of theology held its ground in England. It was rendered illustrious for all time by John Milton, and it was best

exemplified in the so-called Cambridge Platonists. Withered by the icy breath of the early eighteenth century, when a mechanical Deism prevailed, this free critical movement blossomed into life under the impetus imparted by the

DR. CHALMERS.

general revolutionary movement at the end of the century, and in the writings of Coleridge we see signs of the new life. The idealism of Fichte summoned into full activity the latent ideas of Carlyle and of Emerson, and the writings of

these men affected very powerfully religious thought in England. The publication of 'Sartor Resartus' in 1831 marked an epoch in English religion as truly as in English literature, and Carlyle's later works, issued during the early years of the reign, deepened the impression made. Poetry came to the aid of the new movement, and Tennyson and Browning helped in the formation of what may be called a liberal religious philosophy. At the same time, the German critical spirit began to exert its influence, one of the most signal instances of which may be found in Francis Newman's 'History of the Hebrew Monarchy,' which was one of the earliest means by which the English reader was introduced to a free criticism of the Bible from a modern standpoint. The Broad Church movement cannot be summed up in any one formula. From one point of view it was critical and rationalizing, with Colenso and Jowett. From another, that of F. D. Maurice, it was linked to a distinct philosophy by religion. Arnold and others held Maurice to be vague and unsatisfactory—'beating the bush and never starting the hare,' was Arnold's caustic phrase—but it is doubtful whether Mill was not right in his judgment of Maurice's metaphysical powers, for the Mauricean school has survived, and had a real intellectual influence. From yet another point of view the Broad Church movement was fervently ethical and reforming in spirit, with Frederic William Robertson. From another it was simply charitable and comprehensive, with Dean Stanley. It was rather a series of influences tending to enlighten the intellect and to enlarge the imagination than a definite, clearly-defined movement like that of the Tractarian party. But it enjoyed many sources of strength. It held the minds of the cultivated class, it allied itself to the new political tendencies, it redeemed the English Church from the reproach of obscurantism, and made it known far and wide throughout the world by giving to its ministry men who would otherwise have gone into secular activities, and it gained a very strong

position in the Church through the almost undisguised sympathies of the Queen and the Prince Consort. The publication in 1860 of 'Essays and Reviews' showed that many of the best minds in the Church were on the side of

CHARLES SPURGEON.

free criticism—for that was the fundamental principle at stake, and the adherents of Church authority raised a tumult of alarmed indignation, the echoes of which reverberated through the English-speaking world, though they have now, significantly enough, died away. What was terrible heresy

in the middle of the reign is now commonplace, and one of the Essayists of 1860 (albeit the mildest of them) occupies the chair of Canterbury, while the volume of essays called 'Lux Mundi' shows that the younger offspring of the Tractarian movement have absorbed much of the teaching of its Broad Church rival. As a distinct force, the Broad Church party in the English Church may be said to have become all but extinguished since Mr. Stopford Brooke's secession in 1880 and Dean Stanley's death in 1881.

The Disruption movement in the Scottish Church, associated with the name of Thomas Chalmers, was somewhat too local to permit of its being classed as belonging to the general stream of tendency, but it had an immense influence on the life of Scotland. The cause of the Disruption was the question of the intrusion of the secular patron in the religious order of the Church, and so it has a certain association with the contemporary movement headed by Newman. Its outcome was the establishment of a new and powerful branch of the Presbyterian Church, organized with the skill of the highest statesmanship, for Chalmers was even more a statesman than a theologian, and had he been engaged in secular life he would unquestionably have taken rank among the leading statesmen of the century. The Sustentation Fund of the Free Church has enabled it to enjoy the advantages of endowment while free from State control. Its career has been marked by not a little hard dogmatism, but its liberal element has steadily grown, and in such scholars as Dr. Marcus Dods and Dr. George Adam Smith it can boast of some of the leading divines of our time. Those who see in competition an element of value in churches as well as in industry will point to the signs of vitality alike in the Established Church of Scotland and the Free Church as amply justifying the disruption. But to the outsider, who holds that loss of unity means increased friction and constant bickering about non-essential matters, the fact of three rival Presbyterian bodies will scarcely seem a good thing. There

is no difference in doctrine between these three; the only difference is that one receives a special status and privileges upheld by the State, and when Scottish Disestablishment comes—if it does come—we may look to see a closer, if not an actual corporate, union between these present rivals.

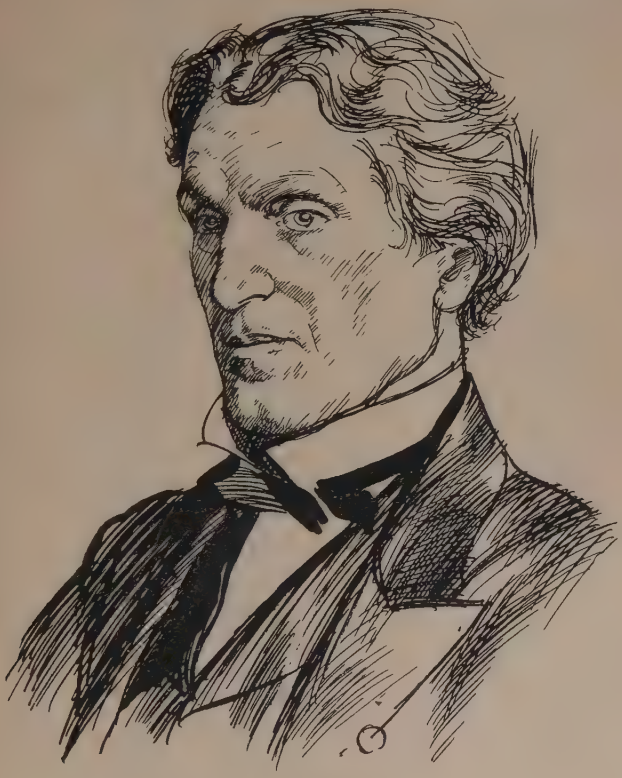
DR. DALE.

Theologically, Scottish Calvinism has been greatly modified and largely undermined during these sixty years. The writings of Erskine of Linlathen and McLeod Campbell have struck at the old foundations. The Scotch novels of George MacDonald give us the best idea of the clash between

old and new. In all the Scottish churches during the last quarter of a century a new race of religious teachers has arisen under the educating influence of Edward Caird, now head of Balliol College, Oxford, but for many years Professor of Philosophy in Glasgow University. The New Kantianism, as it is called, with which his name is associated, has greatly influenced the younger generation of Scotch divines, and it is in the ascendant now in all the Scotch Universities. Thus the Broad Churchism which leavened the Church of England is also gradually but very perceptibly modifying the religious thought of Scotland also.

English Nonconformity has won many triumphs during the Queen's reign in the shape of the removal of disabilities, the existence of which so embittered English life. Church-rates and University tests have gone the way of the Test and Corporation Acts into the limbo of dead absurdities; the Burial Laws have been transformed, and the Dissenter, as such, has no political grievance now save in the fact that he is a Dissenter, and thereby not on a footing of perfect equality with his Anglican brother. The long fight for political rights markedly affected English Nonconformity in two ways. In the first place it necessarily made it more 'worldly' and political in tone, so transforming the old meeting-house, like that described in 'Silas Marner,' from a humble place in a back lane, whose congregation shared to some degree the feelings of the early Christians when they hid their heads in the catacombs, into the modern Gothic edifice in a leading thoroughfare, with its numberless secular agencies and its frequent marked activity in public affairs. In the second place, the removal of disabilities has brought to light not a little political Conservatism in English Dissent; so that, while the Nonconformists are still the 'backbone of the Liberal Party,' there is a powerful and rich minority which has gone over to Conservatism, because, now that the artificial barriers of tests have been removed, natural affinities of character and interest exert their full sway.

It must not be supposed, however, that Nonconformity has been substantially secularized, for the last sixty years have given to English religious life some of the most remarkable men of the century from the ranks of the Nonconformist ministry. Among these may be specially mentioned Thomas



DR. MARTINEAU.

Binney, John Angell James, James Baldwin Brown, Alexander Raleigh, Enoch Mellor, Robert William Dale in the Congregational churches, and Alexander McLaren and Charles Haddon Spurgeon in the Baptist churches. The fame and influence of Spurgeon is, indeed, one of the note-

worthy facts of the time. His deep earnestness, dramatic power, gifts of eloquence, humour, and pathos, and his presentation in the nervous flexible English of Bunyan and Defoe of a robust Puritan theology, made of him one of the most striking figures in English religious life. The Wesleyan Methodist movement has developed several fissures, and there are now four Methodist bodies in England where there was but one, as well as the Welsh form of Calvinistic Methodism. Each branch has produced some remarkable men, including Dr. Rigg, William Morley Punshon, Charles Garrett, and Dr. Moulton, while the Primitive Methodists, recruited from the humbler elements of country life, started on their career with some very remarkable leaders. From the last-named has grown the singular movement known as the Salvation Army, which has penetrated to social strata scarcely touched by the other religious organizations, and which has markedly influenced English social life. Evangelicalism has been, in the main, the keynote of these various forms of Nonconformist activity, though within its general limits there have been wide variations from the Calvinism of Spurgeon to the Broad Church Nonconformity of Baldwin Brown. Before his death, Mr. Spurgeon lamented what he termed the 'down-grade' movement in Dissent, by which he meant the liberal theological tendency. This is becoming more marked every year, and its prevalence imparts a certain aspect of vagueness when contrasted with the rigid definitions of 'fate, foreknowledge, free-will absolute,' which found favour with the Nonconformity of sixty years ago. At the present time it may perhaps be said that Dr. Fairbairn, whose learning and intellectual power have placed him on a lofty eminence in the religious world, represents better than any other teacher the prevailing tendency in educated Nonconformity, his 'Christ in Modern Theology' being the ablest Nonconformist theological work of the period. The theological writings of Dr. Dale and Dr. Reynolds also stand high in contemporary opinion. The younger Nonconformist

ministers are largely educated at Oxford and Cambridge, and they are consequently more in touch with the central stream of tendency than were their fathers. Of this class Dr. Horton and Dr. Forsythe may be taken as types. The establishment of the Free Church Congress has proved to

CANON LIDDON.

be an important step in the evolution of Nonconformity by welding the Nonconformist bodies more closely together, by uniting their energies for social and political purposes, and by providing the Protestant feeling of the country a *point d'appui* as against the Anglican tendency towards Catholicism.

The Unitarians must be differentiated from the main body of the Nonconformists, as they are excluded from the Free Church Congress. English Unitarianism was the heir to the old English Presbyterianism, stripped of its characteristic dogmas. It became thoroughly rationalized in the last century, being noted for a mechanical philosophy, a dry but lofty morality, and a 'reading into' the Bible of doctrines whose existence there is at least open to question. Its critical attitude was scarcely more free than that of orthodox Churches, and its spiritual power was feeble, though its services to civil and religious liberty were beyond all praise. The first breath of awakening life came from the other side of the Atlantic in the teaching and influence of Channing, a saint whom the Universal Church would now canonize. The response here came in the writings of Dr. Martineau, the most unique spirit and the most commanding intellect in the English and religious life of the century. In place of the old hard dogmas with the mechanical philosophy of the last century came the spiritual belief in the seat of religious authority as being in the human soul, came the demand for absolutely free criticism, and also came a vivid consciousness of the divine life as realized here and now. English Unitarianism of to-day is mainly the product of the religious genius of Channing and Martineau; and, though small in numbers, exerts no little influence beyond its own borders. Its power lies in permeation rather than in organization, few of its congregations being large. It has been in touch, on the one hand, with the Broad Church movement through Stanley and Jowett; on the other, with the Liberal element in Nonconformity. Like the Congregationalists, it has now come into close contact with English University life, its principal college having been removed to Oxford. There are at present two tendencies in Unitarianism, one towards a semi-agnosticism with purely ethical teaching and a slight hold in distinctively Christian beliefs; the other, which contends that Christianity must cease to exist as a living force if any com-

promise or weakening is permitted as regards belief in God, in the future life, and the peculiar claims Christ has on mankind.

The present reign has witnessed a noted revival of Roman Catholicism in England, as all over the world. Macaulay's famous Essay on Ranke's 'History of the Popes,' in which he traces the Catholic counter-Reformation, was written in 1840, and the last half-century's experience has confirmed his view. Catholic churches and cathedrals have sprung up all over the land, dioceses have been carved out, the Ecclesiastical Titles Act was a dead-letter from the first, and has been repealed by universal consent, and signs of Roman Catholic activity have been general. The influence of Wiseman and Manning, as well as the movement to Rome under Newman, have contributed to this, Manning especially gaining a remarkable influence over public feeling, which made of his funeral five years ago one of the most striking public demonstrations of the century. How far Rome has really made any impression on the mind of England it is hard to say. Celebrated conversions there have been, especially in the ranks of the titled families; but, on the other hand, not a few able English Catholics have left their Church. It is no secret that Cardinal Vaughan has hinted very plainly to the Pope that the conversion of England is a dream not likely to be realized, especially since the English Church now permits many of the characteristic rites and ceremonies of Rome, and frankly adopts the Catholic attitude and tone. The English Church Union has, needlessly, it would seem to critical observers, tried to effect some vague reunion with the Holy See, but the Pope has intimated that he must have implicit obedience, and the Sacred College has pronounced Anglican orders invalid, and has *ipso facto* reduced, in the eyes of all orthodox Catholics, the Anglican Church to the mere position of one of a number of heretical English sects. The movement for reunion has, therefore, been arrested, if not stamped out altogether. A section of

High Churchmen desire to substitute therefor closer relations with the Orthodox Church of Russia, which, in view of the astonishing growth of the Russian people, is not unlikely, in another century, to become the greatest religious power in Christendom. In Ireland the Roman Catholic Church stands where it did, commanding the enthusiasm and obedience of the bulk of the Irish people.

That the outward and visible signs of religious life have grown in even greater proportion than the growth of the population during this sixty years of English history is too plain to be denied. The signs are both positive and negative. The building of churches has recalled the religious activities of the thirteenth century; new religious agencies have been multiplied; money has been poured into the treasuries of all the Churches; the numbers of bishops and clergy have been greatly increased; churches which at the beginning of the reign were empty whitewashed barns have become once more resplendent in carving, in mosaics, in painted windows, and in choral celebrations; free and open churches, with constant services, have replaced the abominations of desolation; religion has been more talked about and written about during the last generation than during the whole period from the Restoration to the beginning of the present reign. The atheist and secularist movement among the working classes has declined even more rapidly than it rose. Never was there more interest taken in the great persistent problems of Whence, What, Whither? Forty years ago, among the cultured classes Broad Churchism held the ascendant; twenty years ago it was science, Darwin, and agnosticism; but men have not rested contentedly in that phase.

The dominating power of the religious problem has in no respect made itself more felt than in the way in which men of genius have abandoned their special lines of action, and have addressed themselves to the religious question, as by an overpowering sense of urgency and inward pressure. This is seen in the case of Matthew Arnold, Huxley, Goldwin

Smith. The problems of science seem to prolong themselves into the realm of the religious consciousness. Social reforms are demanded in the name of Christian ethics; Churchman and Nonconformist alike seem disposed to take the kingdom of heaven by violence; Christian Socialists urge its introduction by the easy machinery of the ballot-box. But, on the other hand, there are not a few signs that all this is or may be surface work. A deep-rooted scepticism prevents men of culture from joining in action. The theory of evolution as presented by Darwin and his successors is not easy to reconcile in all its parts with the fabric of theology and belief built up through many centuries, even when mutual compromises are offered on both sides. There is good reason to suspect that undue devotion to ritual and to authority is often used to cover a very real scepticism beneath. A chaos of opinion prevails wherever cultivated men who are not afraid to talk find themselves together. The substitution of ethical sermons and discourses on social reform for the old doctrinal essays may mean that a wise insistence should be laid on aspects of life that have been neglected; but it may also mean mental bewilderment on the part of the preacher. But the most manifest sign which hints to us that the outward religious activity may not be correspondent to inner facts is to be found in the dominating power of money-making and the rage for amusements. These things appear to produce a certain overmastering materialism of life and thought which, whatever we may say of it as a part of the general evolution of mankind, seems entirely out of touch with the distinctive Christian ideal of life.

To sum up this survey, necessarily so imperfect, the following propositions may be advanced with some confidence: The last sixty years have witnessed a remarkable ferment of religious thought, as compared with the indifference of the last century. This thought has taken on two general attitudes—that of perfectly reverent but free criticism, and that of reliance on authority. In the younger High Church party

there has been an attempted approximation of these two attitudes, but with indifferent success, since any recognised authority outside human reason means the abandonment of free criticism. On the one side stands, roughly speaking, the Catholic Church; on the other, the Unitarians and the Ethical Societies, first introduced in America, now existing here also. Between these two extremes stands the great body of Church people and Nonconformists, both of whom, in declining to take up a hard-and-fast attitude, are engaged in laying stress upon Christian ethics rather than theology. Dogma is declining, and social sanctions are becoming more generally insisted on, though there is some chaos when we come to ask on what these social sanctions repose. The Church, while, on the one hand, much concerned with its own government and order and ritual, has become greatly interested in secular matters, as have the Nonconformists also. Church and State have become on better speaking terms, and are both beginning to be regarded as agencies and partners for man's moral good. There is much confusion as to what constitutes Christianity, some laying stress on a certain body of beliefs, but more on a certain kind of life, the tendency of which latter view, however, is to merge Christianity in the general religious consciousness of the world. Outward forms of religion have grown, and probably the inward religious spirit has grown with them, but this is open to doubt. There is a chaos of opinion regarding transcendental doctrines, but a growing cosmos of firm ethical and social belief. The moral authority of the Bible is still upheld, but its historical authority has lost ground. And, finally, whatever there may be of doubt or of hesitation as to statements of belief, the interest in the ultimate problems of the universe and the soul of man is seen to be permanent and undying.

WILLIAM CLARKE.

## IV.

## *EDUCATION.*

1837-1897.

In 1837 the State as a schoolmaster had not commenced operations at all. In the field of popular education a couple of handfuls of benevolent souls had been at work for a few years tilling a little wrinkle of the area, watching each other's advancement, the while consumed with jealousy for the glory of God.

Four years before the Queen came to the throne, and as an immediate result of the passage of the Reform Bill, the Treasury is moved to make a small subvention to the funds of the volunteer agencies at work. In the year of the Coronation the State's contribution is £17,266. (To-day it is about thirteen and a quarter millions; eight millions from the central purse and four from local taxation for elementary education; three-quarters of a million, mainly from the central purse, for technical and secondary education; half a million from the central purse in Science and Art Grants; and £20,000, again from the Central Exchequer, to the University Colleges.)

In that same year it strikes certain good men in Parliament that the State ought to commence schoolmastering as well as soldiering and sailoring. The important European communities had long ago recognised the necessity, so a special committee is called for 'to consider the best

means of providing useful education for the children of the poorer classes in large towns throughout England and Wales.' Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone are among the members. The committee is literally paralyzed by the depth and impenetrability of the gloom which lies upon the land. The only gleams of light are the feeble attempts of the benevolent volunteers to whom I have referred. Everywhere the picture of helpless ignorance is appalling. On an average, in the seventeen large cities of the country, only one child out of twelve is receiving any instruction at all. In Leeds only one child in forty-one is under instruction; in Birmingham one in thirty-eight; in Manchester one in thirty-five; and in London one in twenty-seven. The schools, such as they are, are usually manned by the disabled sailor, 'who is not the man to impart a good moral tone,' as one of the reports bluntly puts it; the old soldier, who but clumsily teaches the young idea how to shoot; or the historic 'dame.' The schools, we read, are generally found 'in very dirty, unwholesome rooms; frequently in close, damp cellars or old dilapidated garrets.' Let us go into one of these academies of the Queen's early days.

'On a perch forming a triangle with the corner of the room sat a cock and three hens. Under a stump bed, immediately beneath, was a dog-kennel in the occupation of three black terriers, whose barking, added to the noise of the children, and the cackling of the fowls on the approach of a stranger, was almost deafening. There was only one small window, at which sat the master, obstructing three-fourths of the light it was capable of admitting.'

Asked if he taught 'morals,' one of the masters of 1837 said: 'No. That question does not belong to my school; it belongs more to girls' schools.' Then we go to the girls' school, and the dame replies: 'I can't afford to teach morals at twopence a week.' Another of the masters assures us that he teaches geography by the use of 'the globes.' Asked if he uses only one or two, he indignantly repudiates the

possibility of teaching efficiently with one, since 'one was supposed to be one-half and the other the remaining half of the world.'

('He turned me out of his school,' adds the Commissioner of 1837, 'when I explained to him his error.') Questioned as to how many pupils she had present, one of the 'dames' pleaded 'conscientious scruples' against counting. 'No, no,' said she; 'you shan't catch me counting. See what a pretty mess David made of it when he counted the Children of Israel!' One of the best schools, a witness of 1837 tells us, 'is kept by a blind man, who hears his scholars their lessons, and explains them with great simplicity. He is, however, liable to interruption in his academic labours, as his wife keeps a mangle in the cellar, and he is obliged to turn it for her.'

Such in the rudest outline is a sketch of what was being done for 'the children of the poorer classes' in 1837. But more cheerful colours will be wanted when we turn to the training of the middle and upper classes. The great foundation schools were in many cases doing first-class work. Arnold had been ten years at Rugby, and Butler's rule had revolutionized Shrewsbury. Oxford and Cambridge were, of course, the centres of considerable intellectual activity, and in the year of the Coronation the London University held its first examinations. What we now style 'Technical Education' was practically an unknown quantity, though much good work of a continuative character was already being done for adult operative students in the mechanics' institutes. In 1836 a Select Committee of the House appointed 'to inquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the arts and principles of design among the people (especially the manufacturing population) of the country,' reported in favour of the establishment of schools of design, and in the following year the President of the Board of Trade invited a number of gentlemen to join a 'Council of the Government School of Design.'

The Treasury placed £1,500 at the disposal of the Council, and from this little side-show of the Board of Trade sprang ultimately 'South Kensington' and the Science and Art Department.

From the commencement of active State operations in 1839 onwards, for many years the development of popular education was a matter of departmental activity. After the first struggle, when, by the way, the House of Lords appealed to the newly-crowned Queen to veto the establishment of a Committee of Council on Education, little of a legislative character transpired. But the ground was being prospected and marked out steadily and silently by one of those really great men of whom, as Jeremy Taylor reminds us, the world hears so little—Sir J. Kay-Shuttleworth, the Permanent Secretary to the Education Department. Inspectors of schools were being appointed, methods of grant-payment systematized, and the training of teachers encouraged. In this way the annual grant for elementary education had risen from the £17,266 of 1837 to £798,167 in 1860. Meanwhile the Oxford and Cambridge 'Locals' had been established (1857-1858); religious tests for the B.A. degree had been abolished at Oxford and Cambridge (1854-1857); there had been several Commissions of Inquiry on various departments of educational work; one or two abortive attempts at legislation, and the opening of the 'Locals' to girls (Cambridge, 1865; Oxford, 1870).

This brings me to the great landmark of 1870, at which date it became glaringly apparent that Voluntaryism, no matter how well supported by State and other contributions, was not competent to meet the needs of popular education. So, three-and-thirty years after the Queen's accession, we agree, for the first time, that the State should see that a school-place is provided for every child of working-class parents. For the first time we assent to the creation of publicly-elected local authorities for education, countenance the collection of a compulsory local school-tax, and invest

our local educational authorities with the right to make school attendance compulsory within their areas. We agree also that Voluntaryism shall not be handicapped; the new public elementary school shall supplement the old Voluntary school and not supplant it. So under the Act of 1870 extraordinary developments rapidly take place. 'Board' schools spring up everywhere like mushrooms, and Voluntaryism rapidly extends the area of its cultivation. Perhaps I can best show the effects of the Act of 1870 by the following figures:

The number of schools rises from 12,061 in 1870 to 19,897 in 1897.
The number of places provided, from 1,878,584 to 6,098,669.
The number of children enrolled, from 1,693,059 to 5,443,904.

Since 1870 the two most important reforms in the department of elementary education have been the material rationalization of the education code initiated by Sir William Hart-Dyke, in 1890, and carried on by Mr. Acland, Sir John Gorst, and Sir George Kekewich; and the passage in 1891 of the 'Assisted Education Act.' The effect of this Act to-day is that in 16,712 of the elementary schools the children are 'free'; and in 3,031 school fees are still charged. 4,661,842 of the elementary school pupils are 'free' scholars, 761,147 are still paying fees.

In the higher walks of educational effort since 1870, I must not fail to notice the abolition of religious tests for the M.A. degree at Oxford in 1871, and the founding of Newnham in the same year (Girton, I should have said, was opened two years earlier at Hitchin, and removed to Cambridge in 1873). Early in the seventies, too, the University Extension system commenced operations, and during the decade 1870 to 1880 most of the University Colleges were established. In 1878 London degrees were opened to women, and in 1884 the Oxford Honour Moderations and Final Honours Examinations in Modern History, Natural Science, and Mathematics were also opened to the gentler

sex. 1889 saw the passage of the Technical Instruction and Welsh Intermediate Education Acts; and in 1890, mainly through the activity of Mr. Acland, the 'whisky money' was sent down to the newly-created County and County Borough Councils, preferentially for application to purposes of technical education. 1893 saw the founding of the University of Wales; 1894 the calling together of the Secondary Education Commission; 1895 the opening of Durham University degrees to women; 1896 the abortive Education Bill; and 1897, need I say, the passage of the Voluntary Schools and Necessitous School Boards Acts, and the rejection at Cambridge—'amidst a salvo of flour-bags and squibs, and to the accompaniment of blaring trumpets and twirling rattles'—of a grace granting the academic title of degree without membership of the University to women successful in the tripos examinations.

In the briefest possible outline, and with, admittedly, many important features missing, this, then, is the story of education during the Victorian Era.

T. J. MACNAMARA.

## V.

### *THE NAVY AND THE ARMY.*

THE Navy of England, 'whereon, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the kingdom chiefly depends,' as the old Act of Parliament runs, was, like the Army, in a bad way when the Queen came to the throne. The 'Sailor King' who had just departed was no great ornament to his profession, and did little for it. No doubt the spirit of the service was all that it ought to have been, but there was little external evidence of it beyond the zeal that the sailors showed ashore in the Peninsula, and although we have now and again to use our naval men in shore expeditions, it cannot be said that we keep up the Navy for shore work in the interest of foreign dynasties. The Navy List for July, 1837, is a curiously handy piece of contemporary evidence. It purports to have been corrected 'to June 20,' and it must have been so, for, as King William died that morning, it gives the names of the naval A.D.C.'s to 'the late King.' It is a prettily printed little book, in diamond type, much handier for carrying about than the present monthly list, and it shows that there were then under the Admiralty 577 ships of sorts from first-rates to coal and convict hulks.

There were actually in commission 196 ships of various classes, including the few steam vessels then belonging to the service, all of which were but tugs or craft of the same size used at the naval ports or at Dover. It was not till

seventeen years later that at Spithead, when we were spending our blood and treasure on behalf of the vile government of Turkey, in the words of Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell,

> 'The steam wreath wrapped the white-winged fleet:
> Meet cloak! it was their winding-sheet.'

The wooden walls of England were still in their glory. No iron ship then, or for many a year thereafter, floated on salt water, though we believe it is a fact that toy ships were about this time made of tin! All the good old tags about the wooden walls were yet available. Still the Navy depended on its foretopmen and their fellows, who knew how to lie out and to 'hand, reef, and steer' as smartly as their forefathers had done, and as so few of their grandchildren know how to do to-day.

The Navy Estimates gave even less trouble to get through than they do now. The whole discussion, on their introduction, occupied less than three and three-quarter columns of Hansard. Mr. C. Wood, afterwards the Sir Charles to whom Disraeli scornfully said, 'Take back your Budget,' and who was the Whig peg that fitted every post—the first Lord Halifax of the present creation—declined to make any detailed statement, nor had he done so the year before. He was Secretary to a Board the head of which was Lord Minto, and a member of which was the then Lord of Dalmeny. Yet, brief as his statement was, it carried in it some far-reaching changes. Then, for example, was it that it was daringly proposed to print 'The Nautical Almanac' three years in advance, a measure which has done more for navigation than people who live only to-day can well estimate. On this March 10 there was another innovation by this venturesome Whig Government, which actually proposed, nor found opponents, that the dockyard men should be employed five and a half instead of five days a week. At this time seven line-of-battle ships were building, seven first-class frigates and nine of smaller dimensions, while there

were to be 'three new armed steam-vessels.' 'Schoolmasters' were to be appointed to all ships of war, and were to be university men, seeing they got £5 from each pupil, and their income, including public pay, would be 'from £160 to £300 a year.' There was not wanting an admiral (Codrington of Navarino) to urge more pay for naval officers. On July 6 a motion was carried against the Government to retire effete and promote younger officers, but the Ministry might well treat it with indifference, for the division was 21 to 19—exactly a quorum of the House, besides tellers. Behold the interest of the Parliament of the day in one of the most essential points relating to the efficiency of the Navy!

That year, too, there was a notable improvement, not even alluded to in the Navy Estimates debate. It was the year of the introduction of the present Standard Compass. Now let us see the provision made for the senior service in the Accession Year. The Vote as passed was for 22,700 seamen, 2,000 boys, 5,500 marines afloat, and 3,500 marines ashore. At this time there were two admirals, three vice-admirals, and four rear-admirals employed, besides two rear-admirals in the dockyards. And there was that year a Supplementary Estimate for 465 seamen, to be employed in Her Majesty's mail packets. The total charge for the naval services was £4,284,198, or, including 'conveyance of troops and convict service,' £4,533,543; or, again, including the Supplementary Estimate, £4,809,803. Let us call it £5,000,000.

These were the days when Nelson's lieutenants had become captains, and Nelson's captains remained on the list as admirals. The admirals, if they could not count on much chance of active work, were distinguished among themselves. They were admirals of the red, the white, and the blue, and vice and rear admirals of the same hues, the reds being seniors and the blues juniors of their rank, an arrangement which lasted till after the Crimean War, an

affair which altered more important things. This explanation may help some of to-day's readers to understand all that was meant by 'three cheers for the red, white, and blue.'

The year the Queen was married saw the first great revolution in the Navy. This was the introduction of the screw propeller. But the Admiralty was not over-quick in reading the lesson of Fate. Ten years thereafter there were still twice as many sailing vessels as steamers, whether screw or

paddle, and at the beginning of the Russo-Turkish War in 1854 there were only 97 screw and 114 paddle steamers, to 315 sailing vessels. It was not realized how much safer was the machinery of a screw than that of a paddle steamer, but

it was comprehended that sailing ships could be converted into screws and not into paddle ships. This was a great discovery on the part of the Admiralty, as it enabled the transition time to be passed over until it began to be under-

stood that rifling in guns meant no more wooden ships, that steam tactics would have to be a very different thing from sailing tactics, and that the stoker would be of as much importance in a ship as the gunner or the foretopman. How to get the heels of an adversary remained indeed as a fundamental proposition, but it was complicated by questions such as the range and penetration of rifled guns, the advantages of breech-loading guns, the possibility of carrying armour sufficient to keep out or minimize the effect of shell from rifled guns, and the security of machinery from the effect of heavier guns than had ever been dreamt of in Nelson's days—guns each of which would send a shell more than equalling in weight and infinitely surpassing in penetration the entire broadside of an old-fashioned frigate. We have not quite solved all these problems yet, and from all we hear are not likely to get quit of them just for a while, if ever. But if the Admiralty waited not only for foreign nations to set the example of construction, but for private firms to teach it several elementary lessons, it was very smart at getting rid of our old wooden walls when it had once made up its mind they had to go. They went like a cheap draper's calicoes—at an alarming sacrifice. Thirteen battleships and frigates of old English oak, sung by countless bards, were sold for one-twelfth of their cost. The old oak became a drug in the market—if the expression be permitted.

In 1897 the Navy stands in a far better position, not only absolutely, but relatively to the extended Empire. Everybody trusts it, even its rivals. There is nothing the nation, nay, the Empire, can deny it, if it is shown to be for the Imperial good. And it has sprung responsive to the pulse of the great democracy, which, wherever it rules, shows more and more that it appreciates the weight of the words prefixed to this too scant notice of our naval progress. Australia first, then the Cape and other colonies, democratic to the core, have showed that they recognise the Navy and the Throne as the two ligaments which twine into a true-

lovers' knot, and make all British hearts attune with 'Hands across the Sea.' Yet it is a costly business, this Naval extension. When the young Queen was done homage to in Kensington Palace, the charge for the Navy was, we have seen, under five millions sterling, for a home population of about twenty-seven millions and a half. It is now, apart from any Supplementary Estimates, twenty-two millions, one year with another, besides big credits now and then which are spread over years, and this for a home population of under forty millions. It has been frequently pointed out that this burden upon the home people cannot last, and that those who most desire the welfare of the Empire should be the first to endeavour to have the burden spread over the Empire. To-day we keep up 100,050 officers and men, or, roughly, three times the force of sixty years ago. And our complaint is that these are not enough to man our ships without a considerable addition to our reserves; and how we are to get our reserves expanded is one of the pressing problems of the day, not by any means near its solution so far as any declaration on the part of our responsible authorities gives us a clue. To bring the thing to the test of figures, up till a quite recent date we at home bore all the cost, and now bear all but an infinitesimal share of it:

In 1837: Population at home, 27½ millions; naval cost, £5,000,000.
In 1897: Population at home, 40 millions; naval cost, £22,000,000.

Obviously the machine would break down by its own weight if the 'Outlanders' did not come to the rescue as some of them are doing, and as more must do. For, after all, as was well said at the Cape the other day, in the present state of earth-hunger the Imperial flag, which practically means the white ensign, and that alone, stands between our dependencies and raiding by pirate Powers. In men the account stands even more strikingly than in ships:

In 1837: 33,700 men (including marines ashore).
In 1897: 100,050 men (excluding the insufficient reserve).

And these men are almost exclusively drawn from these islands, while there is next to no contribution of men from the millions of our colonies, some of which actually send men desiring a man-o'-war's-man's life into the navy of the United States. And yet, in this year of the Record Reign, there does not seem to be any effort made to draw into the Navy the adventurous youth of the colonies. Whatever may come of this year's colloquies, we must hope that this dual point will not be forgotten.

The record of the Navy during the Record Reign is not exactly glorious. One cannot help thinking in this connection of the saying, 'They also serve who only stand and wait.' 'Ready, aye ready,' is the motto of the Navy now as ever in the last two centuries. It continuously aspires to the opportunities which so seldom come to it. Only twice has a great chance seemed to reach it in the Record Reign, and the two were one. In the Baltic the admiral, having Cronstadt as his objective, with St. Petersburg behind it, signalled, 'Sharpen your cutlasses, and the day is your own,' a perhaps unconscious parody on Mohammed's more sensible advice to the Koreish, 'Close your ranks, discharge your arrows, and the day is your own.'

Nonsense like Admiral Sir Charles Napier's of course led to nothing, and the Baltic Fleet did nothing that is worth mentioning, though what it was permitted by its silly old chiefs to do it did well. In the Euxine the Navy was the safeguard of the Army. It co-operated with the land forces; it was to them as a sure and certain anchorage in all the magnificent ineptitudes which characterized the campaign in the Crimea, and it very materially helped to save the situation. On many an occasion since it has, in small expeditions, given a base to our land forces, and helped them with contingents which went some way to secure victory. But, except at Alexandria—and of that the less said the better, save for the heroism of the officers and men—it had no opportunity of doing for itself, on a considerable scale, what it would

have been equal to under circumstances more favourable to its capacity. In the Crimea, in the Indian Mutiny, in China, in Ashanti, in Egypt, on the Nile, in many an African squabble, and now and again by isolated ships elsewhere, it has shown itself possessed of a spirit and a skill that cannot but lead some day to successes which will rival those of the greatest fleets of the past, unless we are on the eve of the time prophesied when 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more'; and this seems rather farther off than ever.

The Navy to-day stands as far above the Navy of sixty years ago in material strength as it does in popular appreciation. It is a bold thing, in one sense, to say, but it is a true thing, that there is not an effective third-class cruiser on the *Navy List* to-day which could not sink in an hour one of the biggest battleships of 1837-38 in single combat, and the remark may be extended even to those battleships of the Crimean era which were under steam. Apart from the guns, the little one of to-day could sink the bigger one of our boyhood's days with ram or torpedo, however much she might suffer herself in the action. The relative strength, therefore, is not to be gauged by guns and their penetration, by steam and its speed, by configuration of ship, by the new ram and torpedo powers, by capacity to resist shot and shell, by disability to danger from top-hamper, by ability to fight owing to the concealment of motive-power below the reach of ordinary missiles, by the use of electric light, and by high explosives in the shells, but by a combination of all these, and, above all, by a *personnel* which has been trained to get the most out of all of them. Yet the numbers and dimensions are sufficiently striking. There are over 500 vessels, from about 200 up to 14,900 tons, numbered in the *Navy List*, of which some forty are employed in the Mediterranean, fourteen in the Channel Squadron, twelve on the North American station, four on the South American station, seven in the Pacific, sixteen at the various stations round Africa,

excluding the North Coast, eleven in the East Indies, twenty-four in China, thirteen in Australia, sixteen on 'particular service,' eight on surveying service, and four in the Training Squadron, besides harbour and coast guardships at home and vessels continually on the move out and home. To control these ships we have, employed, three admirals, five vice-admirals, twelve rear-admirals, and four commodores, who are selected, besides those engaged at the Admiralty, from a list of ten admirals, twenty vice-admirals, thirty-five rear-admirals, and 180 captains. In the senior ranks we are, in fact, overloaded, while in the junior ranks there are not enough officers to go round in even a partial mobilization. In the old days four lieutenants were a full complement for a big ship, now every little ship has three, and some cruisers six or seven, lieutenants, and of course battleships as many, the specializing of technical work and the complications of duty on modern ships making the increase absolutely necessary. It was a very big battleship which exceeded 4,000 tons at the beginning of the reign; now we have cruisers up to 14,000, and battleships larger still. A battleship then cost less than £200,000; now five times as much. And this million of pounds' worth may be sent to the bottom with 600 lives through an invention which William IV. and his admirals never dreamt of, which costs not much more than a shot from a big gun—distributing the cost of the gun over the shots it can fire during its 'life'—and which is one of the most successful and awful inventions of the reign, the auto-mobile torpedo. But the contrasts are endless, and in no department of human energy have the changes been vaster than in our Navy.

There are changes, too, in the Army, deep and far-reaching, but less apparent than in the sister service. And it may well be doubted whether the country gets as good value for its money out of the land as out of the sea forces. In 1837 the 'gross charge for all Army services' was £4,173,849, and for 'non-effective services' £2,485,404, or, in all, excluding

India, £5,981,812 for an 'effective' force of 70,161 men: call it six millions. To this must be added £1,302,014 for the Ordnance Vote, making in all £7,283,826. So, while the number of men has doubled, the charge has grown by two and a half times. The vote for this year is, for effective services, £15,083,800 for 158,774 men, and for non-effective services, £3,056,700; or together, exclusive of India, £18,140,500. This is a vast sum, which ought to give a thoroughly efficient and contented army to a State whose very existence, to use the words of the great Lord Erskine, 'depends upon her naval strength,' and not upon land forces. We have about doubled the number of men, though we cannot point to the necessity for an increase with the same certainty as in the case of the Navy, seeing that, except in Africa, we have no more—nay, have even fewer—white troops employed at our charge in colonies and dependencies than sixty years ago. But Africa makes the great demands upon what, in the Cardwell scheme, should be our home battalions. Nor does the money go in better pay for the men, as might be supposed, considering that by our system of voluntary enlistment the Army is in perpetual competition with the labour market. Here are some of the rates paid then and now:

| | 1837. | 1897. |
|---|---|---|
| Household Cavalry ... ... | 1s. 11¼d. or 1s. 8¼d. | 1s. 9d. |
| Cavalry ... ... ... | 1s. 3d. | 1s. 2d. |
| Foot Guards ... ... ... | 1s. 1d. | 1s. 1d. |
| Infantry ... ... ... | 1s. 0d. | 1s. 0d. |

Thus the individual 'Tommy' is no better off in pay than he was sixty years since, though it cannot be said he is not better off in other ways—in clothing, for he is no longer robbed by the gang of harpies called clothing colonels, who took a certain sum from the Government for uniforms, and gave the men any rubbish that seemed good unto them; in food, for now the ration is better in several ways, and it is properly cooked; in lodging, for though something still re-

mains to be done in the way of barrack improvement, the contrast between the beginning of the reign and to-day is immense, if comparatively recent; in treatment, for though there are still some commanding officers who, to use a familiar expression, treat the rank and file as dirt beneath their feet, they are very few and far between, and 'Tommy' has far more to complain of as regards uncertainty of punishment, depending somewhat on the state of the liver of orderly-room chiefs, than on severity or savagery. The influence of the throne has always been for six decades now on the side of the private soldier, and if it has been rather felt than seen it has been no less effectual. Flogging has disappeared in the Army as in the Navy, and to the astonishment of those who declared that without it discipline could not be maintained, discipline has improved ever since, and practically nothing is now known of the degrading crimes which once made barrack-life proverbial for infamy. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied our recruiting at present gives considerable cause for anxiety, as the Army is much below its authorized strength.

In the *Army List* of 1837 there are several things worthy of notice. In the first place, the order of seniority of the various arms was cavalry, infantry, and then, because they were 'ordnance,' artillery and engineers instead of the present cavalry, artillery, engineers, infantry. The half-pay lists were set out at length, and the succession of colonels in regiments from the beginning of a standing army was given. It is interesting to notice that, though Lord Wolseley accepted the colonelcy of the Blues because it had been Marlborough's regiment, yet in the 1837 *Army List* the name does not occur in the illustrious catalogue. The fact is, that the popular idea about the Blues is not correct. Marlborough commanded the Third Troop of Life Guards, which was disbanded. They were replaced by the Horse Guards Blue. But the Blues have not the portrait of Marlborough, and they have of all their colonels. The cavalry sixty years ago consisted of three Household regiments, seven of dragoon

guards, as now, and seventeen of dragoons, lancers, and light dragoons. Save the 60th, the Rifle Brigade, and the Foot Guards, the 1st Royals was the only two-battalion regiment. But then, as now, regiments bore territorial titles, only that they carried them after their numbers. Thus, there were the East Kent, the Northumberland Fusiliers, the Royal Warwickshire, the East Norfolk, the North Lincolnshire, and so on. The battalions numbered 103 in all, besides the colonial forces, which included the Ceylon Rifle Regiment, the Royal African Colonial Corps, the Cape Mounted Riflemen, the Royal Newfoundland Veteran Companies, and the Royal Malta Fencible Regiment. There were nine 'battalions' of Royal Artillery, with one 'Horse Brigade,' and one for 'Rocket Service.' There were the Royal Engineers, who officered the Royal Sappers and Miners, and the Ordnance Medical Department, which was followed by the Corps of Royal Marines, the Commissariat Department, the Medical Department, and the Chaplains' Department with eight members only.

Nothing more idiotic, from the point of view of sanitation and comfort, was ever devised than the military uniforms that were in vogue sixty years ago in this country. The uniforms of Marlborough's time did at least cover the vital organs and give play to the muscles. But the uniforms that we got from Hanover were apparently designed to give the maximum of inconvenience with the minimum of protection. The soldier was provided with a stock of stiff patent leather, which was made so as to ensure apoplexy upon any extra exertion. The tail-coat was buttoned up closely, stifling the play of the lungs. The legs were prevented from undue action by strapped trousers, without gaiters, and the cross-belts were the last touch of absurdity, seeing that, with the white lacing on the breast of the coat, they presented an admirable target, beside throttling the man when they were on and keeping his hands employed when they were off. In such uniforms physical recreation was impossible, and how

soldiers managed to fight through the Peninsula and Waterloo, not to mention India, dressed as they were, is nothing short of marvellous in these days, when it is recognised that a uniform may be loose and comfortable without being slouchy. It is only in the latter half of the reign that the uniforms have been made to approximate to the dictates of common-sense, though a great deal has yet to be done to bring them up to the requirements of field-work, and it is understood that familiarity with the uniforms of the Indian and Colonial troops has abated somewhat the prejudice entertained in the highest quarter of all against the recommendations of the Colour Committee, whose sensible report is now a very scarce document.

It is a commonplace that since the accession of Queen Victoria no year has passed without a war somewhere in which British arms were involved—in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, or Australasia. India furnishes most of these fields of fight, but Africa runs it hard. However, it was Canada which had the first fighting in the name of the young Queen, when the rebels, whom it was afterwards judged well to meet half-way in their demands, were beaten by the Colonial troops, assisted by a small force from home. The first Afghan War, of which we have some survivors yet among us, was a long and sad business, in which were displayed qualities of the highest order, while there was at the same time an amount of official blundering which more than justified Napoleon's remark that British troops were lions led by asses. We acquired Aden for the protection of the overland route about this time, and took the Sultan's part against his rebellious lieutenant, Mehemed Ali of Egypt. A war in Scinde, another in Gwalior, and, the most serious of all, that against the Sikhs, came in the first ten years, and, soon after, the annexation of Pegu. This was scarcely over when there came on us the great war of the reign, the war with Russia. Fought in a bad cause, directed with little energy, it yet afforded the British army opportunities of

heroism which are among the most precious memories of the country. On the top of that came the great Mutiny in India, which nearly wrested from us the brightest jewel in the Crown ; and here, again, individual bravery, exceptional luck, and unsurpassed devotion, brought us through a peril which our generals were characteristically incompetent to meet at once. As one immediate result India was taken from the Company which nominally owned it, and placed under the direct authority of Crown and Parliament. Meanwhile a war with China had been deferred, but not abandoned, and the troops, fresh from the conquest of fellow-subjects, achieved new glories against the Celestial barbarians. Almost at the same time we had to suppress a rebellion in New Zealand, mainly due to our own bad faith with the noblest aborigines to be found under the sun, and the army may well say since that time, *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?* North and South Africa, Central Africa, West Africa, East Africa, Afghanistan again, in the fastnesses of the North of Canada, in the swamps of steaming Burma, in the thick-ribbed ice of Chitral, among Afridis and Ashantis, Boers, Persians, Chinese, Avanese, Maoris, Egyptians, Russians, Abyssinians, Kaffirs, Soudanis, have been seen the soldiers of the Queen, sometimes on missions doubtful enough from a moral point of view, sometimes indefensible in the opinion of half the nation, but always with the same devotion of the officers and men, and happily, of late years, with better handling by their chiefs. During the latter part of the Queen's reign, since the introduction of short service, the people have had a closer acquaintance with the realities of war than before, partly through the press, but also through the return to their homes of men no longer virtual pariahs, who can tell at first hand to their neighbours what the Empire is, and what its maintenance involves. The system has defects which will need strong and skilful handling some day, but it, at least, has had the advantage of bringing the ends of the earth into touch with our various communities, and

letting each little group of houses throughout the country realize what an Empire we have to live for and to die for.

The reign was in its twenty-second year when one of the most remarkable of its many remarkable features arrested the attention of the world. The French Emperor, to whom alliance with this country was as necessary as the breath of his nostrils—and the Queen's recognition of whom gave him his place among the potentates of Europe—was in an ill-humour with us, and allowed some of his officers to threaten us, in the spring of 1859, as he himself had threatened Austria on that year's first day. The country sprang to arms. A quotation of the hour forces itself upon the memory:

> 'Now all the youth of England is on fire,
> And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.'

The national sense was expressed by the Laureate in the words, ''Tis true we have a faithful ally, but only the devil knows what he means.' That ally's uncle had given occasion for a similar demonstration six-and-fifty years earlier, but the organization then begun died, for all practical purposes, with the cessation of the danger—a danger which some now hold to have been unduly magnified, as the great camp at Boulogne may have been more a device to lull the Central Governments of Europe to sleep than an expression of a serious intention to invade England. The threat, however, in the time of the Queen's grandfather had given the country over 340,000 volunteers. About half that number came into existence in 1859-60, and the roll has swelled ever and again until lately, when the authorities have had to refuse the formation of single company corps at too great distances for frequent battalion drill. Still the force numbers over 200,000 men. It is one of the most important institutions of the land, in many respects; for, if it cannot be pronounced to be fit for field-work to-morrow—as how should it be, seeing it has so few opportunities of learning its duties in this respect, and is still oppressed too often by indifferent or incompetent brigadiers?—it has at least given an immense impetus to manly exer-

cises, and in this respect alone deserves the gratitude of the nation. It needs so very little to make the force really efficient—as some of its component battalions and even brigades are—that it is strange no Government has had the courage to take it resolutely in hand and make it what it might easily be made. The chief obstacle lies in the composition of the force itself. Its diverse parts are of singularly unequal value, and volunteer experts are greatly divided among themselves as to how much training the men would care to undergo. But there is rising a school of military thought which inclines to the opinion that it would be better to have no more than a hundred thousand men thoroughly trained than a force of twice the size indifferently and unequally trained. It has long been evident, however, that the volunteer movement of thirty-eight years ago came to stay, in whatever state of organization; and some of our best military authorities are of opinion that the indirect influence of the volunteers upon the army has been wholly for the good of the latter, while the army no longer regards the volunteers as men playing at soldiering. And the volunteer force is beginning to exercise a wholesome influence on the militia. Our old 'constitutional force' has been long in a bad way. It is beginning to look up. It and the volunteers alone stand between the nation and compulsory service at the first big alarm. The machinery for the ballot exists, if necessity requires it to be put in use; but it would be far better and more effective to thoroughly train the men we have than to rely upon raw levies when the pinch came. Nor could the increased cost be commensurate with the benefit that would ensue. The country is spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar. I believe the whole militia and volunteer forces could be put on a proper footing for the amount now spent on them if only timidity did not reign in high quarters where we look for statesmanship. 'It will last our time!' is not the keynote of Empire.

CHARLES WILLIAMS.

## VI.

## *THE FORCES OF THE CROWN.*

One of the most remarkable things in the last few years is the tremendous increase of expenditure upon the Navy, following upon a tardy recognition of the greater importance of this arm of defence as compared with our costly little Army. As a matter of fact, it is only in the last few years that the naval has exceeded the military expenditure. During the first ten years of the Queen's reign the average expenditure on the Navy was only £5,700,000; for the twenty years from 1867-1886, the yearly average was £10,500,000; from 1887-1896 the average was £16,000,000; while for 1897 the estimate has nearly reached £22,000,000, or more than five times the amount spent in 1837.

### Diagram No. 1.

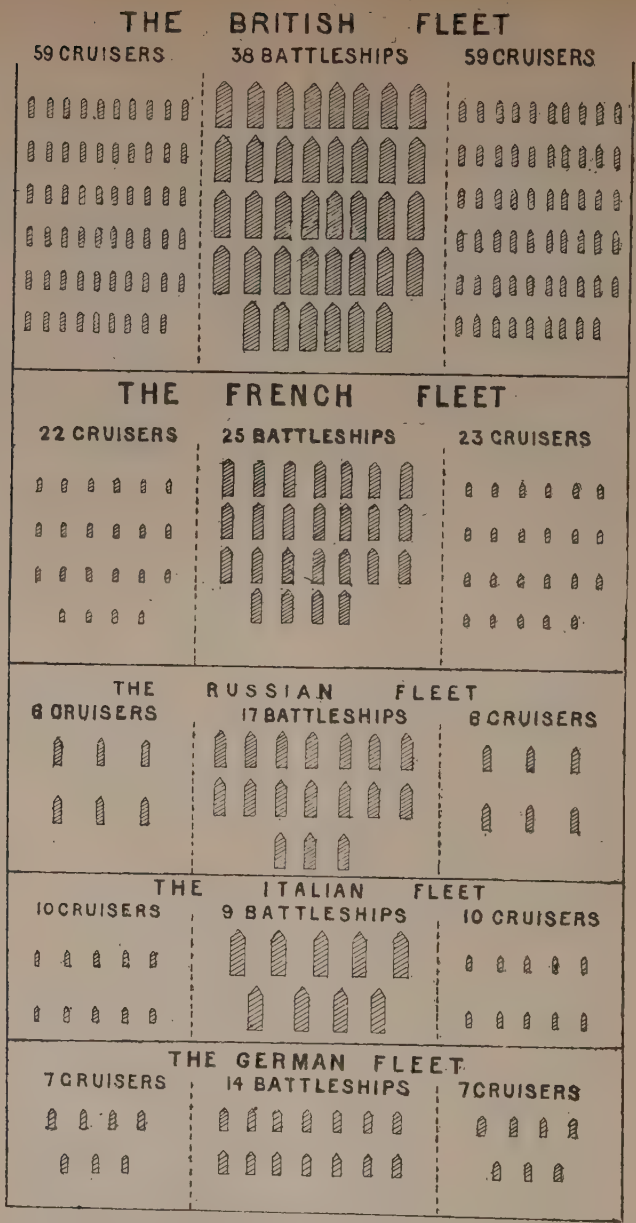
### THE EUROPEAN FLEETS.

The British fleet and all other fleets have so changed in character during the last sixty years that no useful comparisons can be made between now and then; but a comparison between the modern fleets of the Great Powers is useful. In Diagram No. 1 the basis of comparison is (1) battleships and (2) cruisers (armoured or protected) which have been launched since 1880, or which are now building. Unarmoured or unprotected cruisers, coast-defence ships, gunboats, and all vessels of any description launched prior to 1881, are left out, the object being to give the modern

fighting fleets of the different Powers. With regard to torpedo craft, it may be mentioned that while England has only an average number of torpedo-boats, she has an overwhelming superiority in torpedo-boat destroyers. According to this classification, the numbers and tonnage of the vessels are as follows in the respective fleets. The figures have been compiled from a recent Admiralty return :

| | | Number of ships. | Aggregate tonnage. | Average tonnage. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| ENGLAND— | Battleships | 38 | 473,000 | 12,400 |
| | Cruisers | 118 | 568,000 | 4,800 |
| | Total | 156 | 1,041,000 | |
| FRANCE— | Battleships | 25 | 244,000 | 9,760 |
| | Cruisers | 45 | 180,000 | 4,000 |
| | Total | 70 | 424,000 | |
| RUSSIA— | Battleships | 17 | 170,000 | 10,000 |
| | Cruisers | 12 | 86,000 | 7,160 |
| | Total | 29 | 256,000 | |
| ITALY— | Battleships | 9 | 106,000 | 11,750 |
| | Cruisers | 20 | 80,000 | 4,000 |
| | Total | 29 | 186,000 | |
| GERMANY— | Battleships | 14 | 82,000 | 5,850 |
| | Cruisers | 14 | 62,000 | 4,400 |
| | Total | 28 | 144,000 | |
| GRAND TOTAL— | Battleships | 103 | 1,075,000 | 10,400 |
| | Cruisers | 209 | 976,000 | 4,670 |
| | Total | 312 | 2,051,000 | |

It will thus be seen that England possesses exactly the same number of modern ships as the other four Powers combined, and rather more than half the tonnage. She is relatively somewhat deficient in battleships, but greatly superior in cruisers. Here is the diagram illustrating these figures :

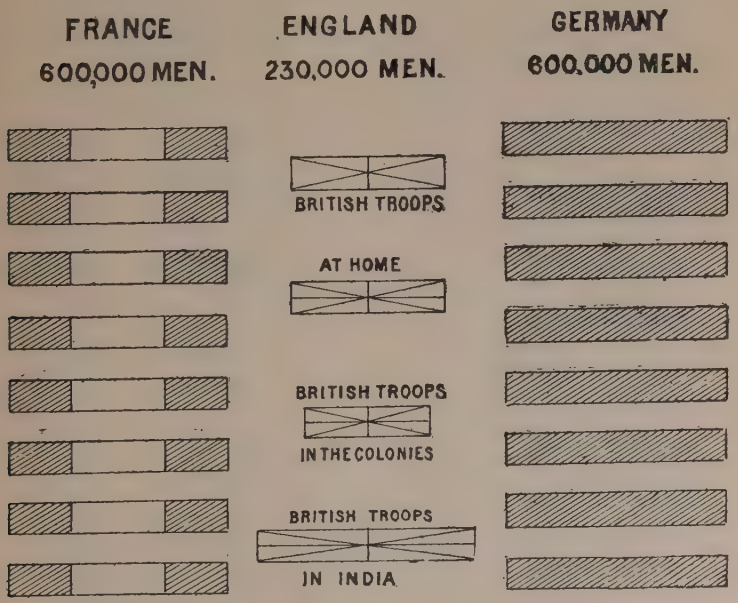



[Being the battleships and cruisers (armoured or protected) launched since 1880, or now building, of England, France, Russia, Italy, and Germany. The tonnage of each ship (which is the average of its class) is in proportion to the length of the figures.]

### Diagram No. 2.

### THE ARMIES OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND GERMANY.

The next diagram (No. 2) shows the relative size of the British, French, and German regular armies on a peace footing. It may be mentioned that if all the men of the British troops at home were massed into one field, each man being given four square feet (a patch of ground two feet each way) to stand upon, they would just about cover ten acres, reckoning 10,890 men to the acre. A similar massing of the French or German troops would require a field of about fifty-six acres.




[In the case of France and Germany each block represents an army of 75,000 men. The British troops at home consist of two armies of 55,000 men each; those in the Colonies and Egypt amount to 45,000 men altogether; the British troops in India number 75,000 men.]

Our Army is still enormously costly. In 1837 the 90,000 men at home and in the Colonies (excluding the 20,000 in India) cost about £80 each; to-day, the 155,000 at home and abroad (again excluding India) cost £110 each. Compare this with the £46 and £45 which is the annual cost of a German and a French soldier respectively.

The total military forces of the British Empire, including volunteers, militia, etc., amount roughly to 1,000,000 men, distributed as follows: At home, 600,000; in India, 250,000; in Egypt and the Colonies, 150,000; total, 1,000,000.

H. MORGAN-BROWNE.

## VII.

### *RAILWAYS AND POST-OFFICE.*

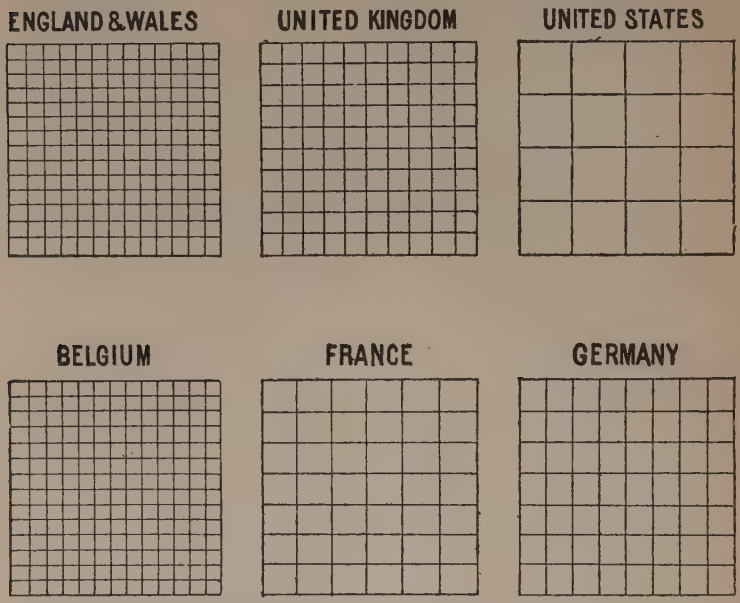
In the matter of railways, every country started practically at the same point in 1837. In 1843 there were in the United Kingdom less than 2,000 miles of railway, carrying about 20,000,000 passengers in the year. To-day there are over 21,000 miles of line, and no less than 930,000,000 passengers are carried by the trains. Now, what does this figure—930,000,000—mean? This number of passengers going to get their tickets (season-ticket holders are not included) and forming up in line as close as possible one behind the other, would form a *queue* seven persons wide, stretching right round the world; or, as it is necessary that they should stand on dry land, and somewhere in England, they would form a procession stretching from London to Edinburgh, over 300 yards wide, allowing each person a space of only 1 foot by 2 feet in which to stand.

### Diagram No. 3.

### THE IRON NETWORK.

The United Kingdom being comparatively of small extent, the actual mileage of the railways is less than in some other countries, notably than that in the United States, with 180,000 miles of line. But relatively to area, the United Kingdom is far ahead of all other countries except Belgium.

Diagram No. 3 is designed to show the relative size of the mesh of the railway-net for certain countries.



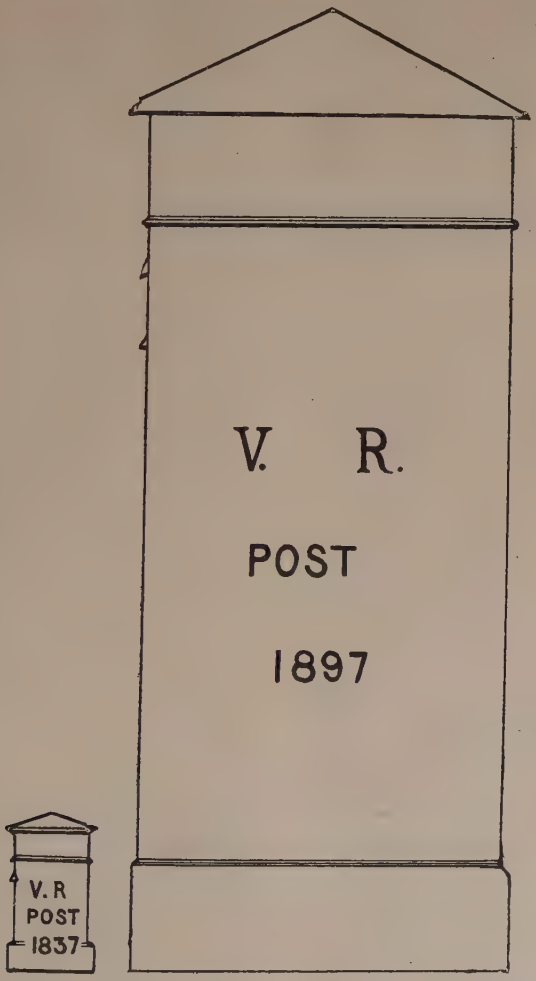

[The squares each represent 10,000 square miles, being 100 miles each way. The lines drawn across the squares (each line indicating 100 miles of line) represent the proportion of railway mileage to the given area.]

## Diagram No. 4.

### HER MAJESTY'S MAILS.

The next two diagrams relate to the Post-Office, and illustrate the enormous increase in our daily mail which the expansion of trade has entailed. In 1837 the total postal matter passing through the post-offices of the United Kingdom in a year was estimated at 100,000,000 pieces; to-day it amounts to 3,000,000,000 pieces, or thirty times as much.

Diagram No. 4 will give some idea of the difference between the two years.

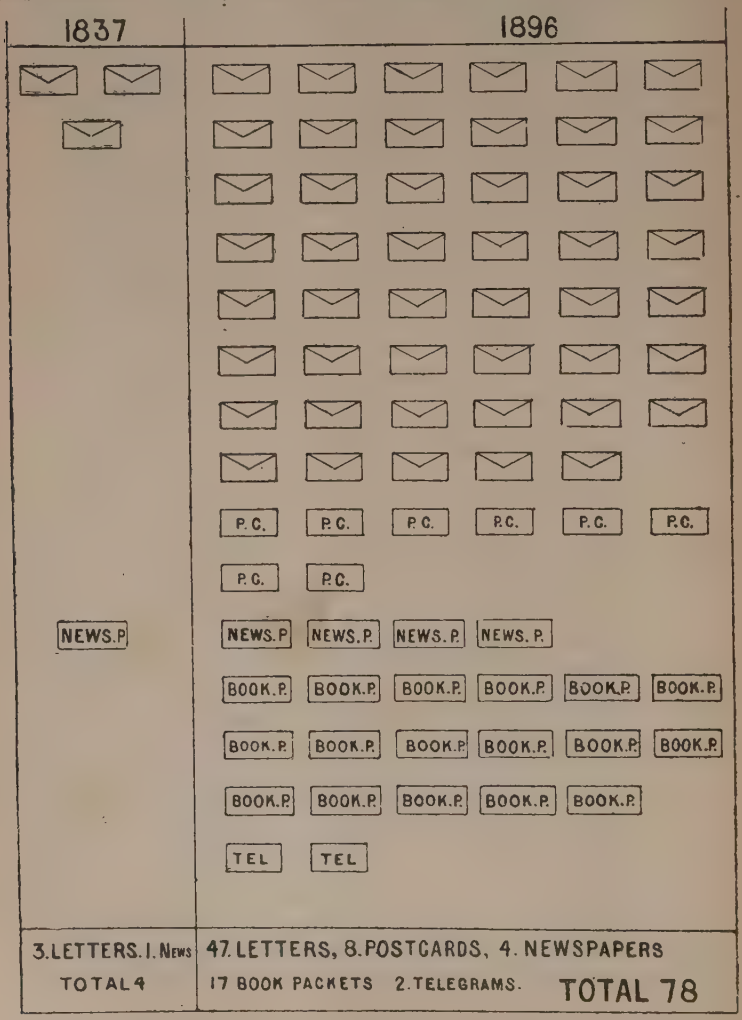



[The size of the two figures represents the proportionate amount of mail matter annually handled by the Post-Office in 1837 and 1897.]

## Diagram No. 5.

### OUR YEARLY MAIL.

Diagram No. 5 is to show the yearly mail per head of the population in 1837 and 1896, distinguishing letters, cards,




[The figures show the numbers and nature of the postal matter received on the average per head of the population in 1837 and 1896.]

newpapers, etc. The comparatively small increase in newspapers is due to the fact that the British Post-Office does all it can to discourage the sending of newspapers by post, compelling the public to rely on the great distributing agencies that have grown up.

The telegraph system of the United Kingdom now extends to over 33,000 miles of line, and 193,000 miles of wire, besides 27,000 miles of private wires. In the year ended March 31, 1896, 79,000,000 messages were despatched, making two telegrams per head of the population. In the British Empire, exclusive of the great ocean routes, there are now in operation about 175,000 miles of line.

H. MORGAN-BROWNE.

## VIII.

### *PUBLIC FINANCE.*

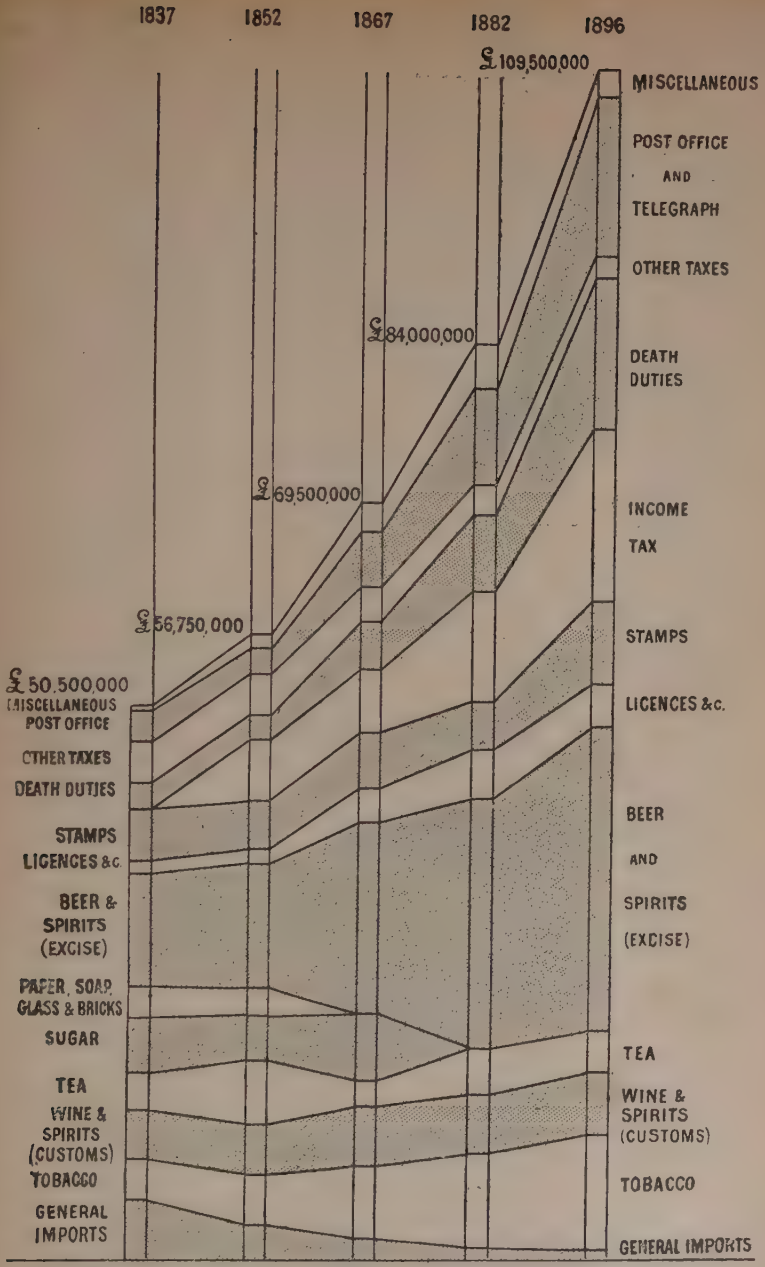
Sixty years ago the revenues of the British Empire amounted to about £75,000,000—the United Kingdom £50,000,000, India and the Colonies £25,000,000, of which India's share was £20,000,000. To-day the gross public revenue of the Empire is about three times this amount, or £225,000,000, made up roughly as follows: United Kingdom, £110,000,000; India (rupee at 1s. 3½d.), £62,500,000; Australasia, £30,000,000; Canada, £8,000,000; Cape and Natal, £7,000,000; other Colonies, £7,500,000. Not all of this represents taxation. In the United Kingdom the Postal and Telegraph Service brings in £14,000,000; in India the Railways, the Post-Office, and other non-taxation sources of revenue produce about £20,000,000, and in the Colonies the same thing happens on a smaller scale.

Diagram No. 6.

JOHN BULL'S INCOME.

Dealing more particularly with the United Kingdom, we find not only a doubling of income, but great changes in the relative productiveness of certain sources of revenue; and in a few important cases taxes which brought in large sums in 1837 have altogether ceased to exist. On the other hand, the income-tax was unknown in those early days, and undoubtedly the most striking change in our revenue system has been the healthy extension of direct taxation.

Diagram No. 6 shows at a glance the history of taxation during the Queen's reign.




[This diagram shows the yield of the different sources of revenue in 1837 and 1896, and at three intermediate periods. The shading has no other significance than to make each item of revenue readily distinguishable from the others next to it.]

The following tables show the National Income and Expenditure per head of the population in 1837 and 1896:

## NATIONAL INCOME.

AMOUNT PER HEAD OF POPULATION.

| | 1837. | 1896. |
|---|---|---|
| | s. d. | s. d. |
| Taxes on Commodities ... | 13 2½ | 2 3¼ |
| Wine, Beer, and Spirits ... | 12 2¾ | 18 7½ |
| Tobacco ... ... ... | 2 8½ | 5 5¼ |
| Stamps ... ... ... ... | 3 8 | 3 9½ |
| Property and Income ... ... | 4 10½ | 16 5½ |
| Post-Office and Miscellaneous | 2 6½ | 8 10 |
| Total per head ... ... ... | £1 19 2¾ | £2 15 5 |

## NATIONAL EXPENDITURE.

AMOUNT PER HEAD OF POPULATION.

| | 1837. | 1896. |
|---|---|---|
| | s. d. | s. d. |
| Interest on Debts ... ... | 18 9 | 8 2 |
| Repayment of Loans ... ... | 4 1 | 4 6 |
| Cost of Government ... ... | 5 10 | 7 0 |
| Cost of Navy ... ... ... | 3 3 | 10 0 |
| Cost of Army ... ... ... | 6 2 | 9 4 |
| Education ... ... ... | 1¾ | 5 2¼ |
| Postages ... ... ... | 6¼ | 5 3¾ |
| Total per head ... ... ... | £1 18 9 | £2 9 6 |

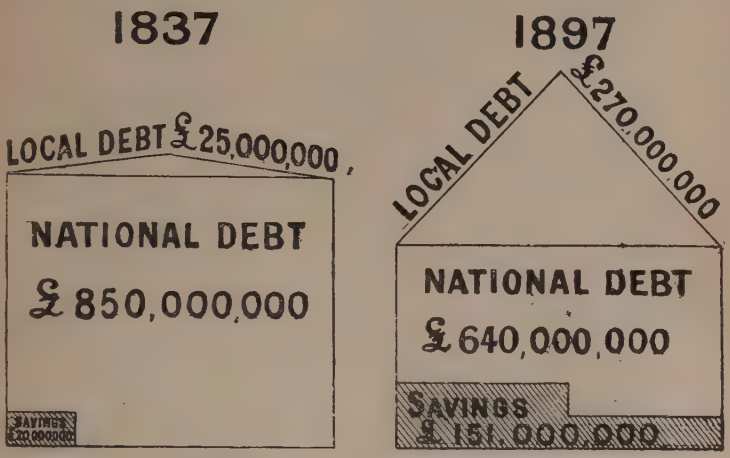
## DIAGRAM NO. 7.

### NATIONAL AND LOCAL INDEBTEDNESS.

Few things are more eloquent of national prosperity during the last sixty years than the enormous reduction which has been effected in the National Debt. Since 1837

no less than £210,000,000 of debt has been paid off; and if we add to the total of the debt in 1837 the amount created by the Crimean War, nearly £250,000,000 of capital has been extinguished.

It is true that the Local Debt has largely increased, but this, like the bulk of the Colonial Debts, has been incurred chiefly for reproductive public works. But not only has the National Debt been decreasing, the population has



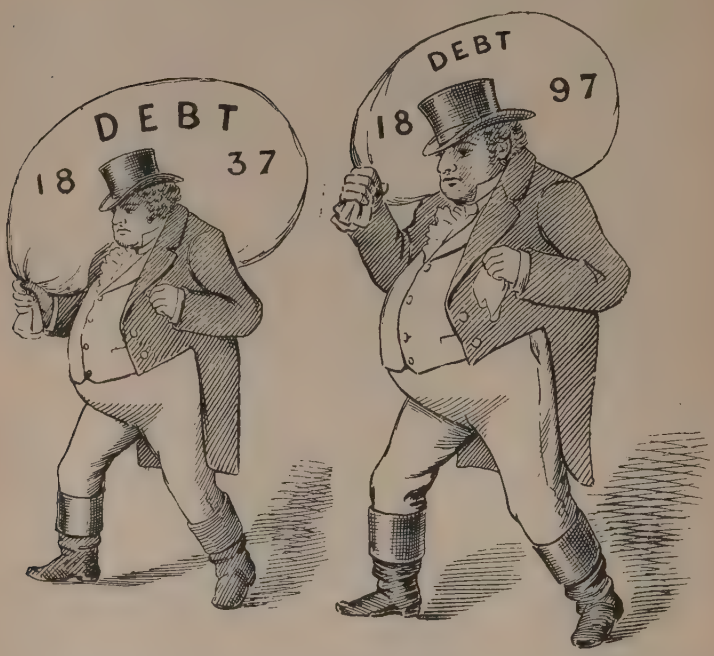

[In each case the square figure represents the National Debt, and the triangle the Local Debt. The shaded portion on the square figure represents the amount of Savings Bank Deposits, which may be treated as a national set-off to the National Debt. The Local Debt in 1837 has been estimated: it was about £50,000,000 in 1868.]

been increasing; so that, after deducting the money on deposit in savings-banks, the net amount of the National Debt per head of the population, which in 1837 was £30 5s. 6d., has fallen in 1897 to only £12 8s.

We may express this more graphically as follows:

DIAGRAM NO. 8.

THE BURDEN OF DEBT.




[The size of the two figures is roughly in proportion to the population in 1837 and 1897 respectively. The burden in each case represents the total National Debt, less the amount of Savings Bank deposits.]

H. MORGAN-BROWNE.

## IX.

### *THE GROWTH OF GREATER BRITAIN.*

THE one respect in which there is no advance, but rather retrogression, to chronicle as regards the colonies in the Queen's reign may well be dealt with first before we turn to pleasanter themes. It concerns the treatment of the aboriginal populations; and it must be confessed that both in respect of the institution of slavery in its protean forms, and of that unorganized brutality which is worse than most forms of slavery, there has been a deterioration of conduct and a relaxation of public opinion which are painful. In 1837 a movement, begun in 1834, in favour of better treatment of subject black populations culminated in the famous report of a Parliamentary Committee, and in the first annual report of the Aborigines' Protection Society. Nothing could be better than the principles then laid down. Since that time, in the Canadian Dominion there has been an enormous expansion of settled territory without the infliction of much wrong on the redskins. In New Zealand the Maories have of late years been able to fairly hold their own in the moderately satisfactory position which colonial opinion has assigned to them. In Australia the black populations were not numerous, and were so primitive in their savagery that there was not much hope that they could avoid that virtual extermination which is steadily being brought about, in spite of some efforts on the part of the Governments to prevent it. One at least of the Australian colonies has also seen the

importation of Polynesian labour under distressing circumstances, which have gradually, however, been somewhat ameliorated. In Africa alone the picture, except as regards Nyassaland, is one of unrelieved gloom, and the best that we can say for ourselves is that until the Congo State and the German colonies have been reformed we are not the worst offenders. Africa under British control is now a fourth of the continent, and is as large as Australia or as the United States. A great part of it is in the hands of chartered companies or of the Foreign Office, in protectorates more laxly administered than would be the case under the Colonial Office system, and there is no adequate control of individual cruelty; while in some Foreign Office territories plantation-slavery still exists, and in others runaway slaves are captured by British police and restored to their owners in defiance of international agreement. The abolition of slavery in Zanzibar and Pemba by the Foreign Office has been grudging. 'Runaways' are still to be looked after, and had not the House of Commons violently interfered, the system would have continued to be defended by British officials in a manner which would have been impossible when the Queen ascended the throne.

To turn from what is least encouraging to that of which we have the most reason to be proud, readers of this survey of the Queen's reign will be specially interested in the development of modern legislation in Australasia. Up to five years ago it would have been Victoria, South Australia, and Queensland which, in this respect, would have first arrested our attention; and New South Wales, although in some respects behind the three colonies just named, in others moved on the same lines, and in one or two was even in advance. Since 1892 New Zealand has come to the front in experiments in legislation, and it is possible that Mr. Reeves, now Agent-General, but recently Minister of Labour in the present Administration, and the late Mr. Ballance, may be destined to be remembered as the pioneers in the most remarkable

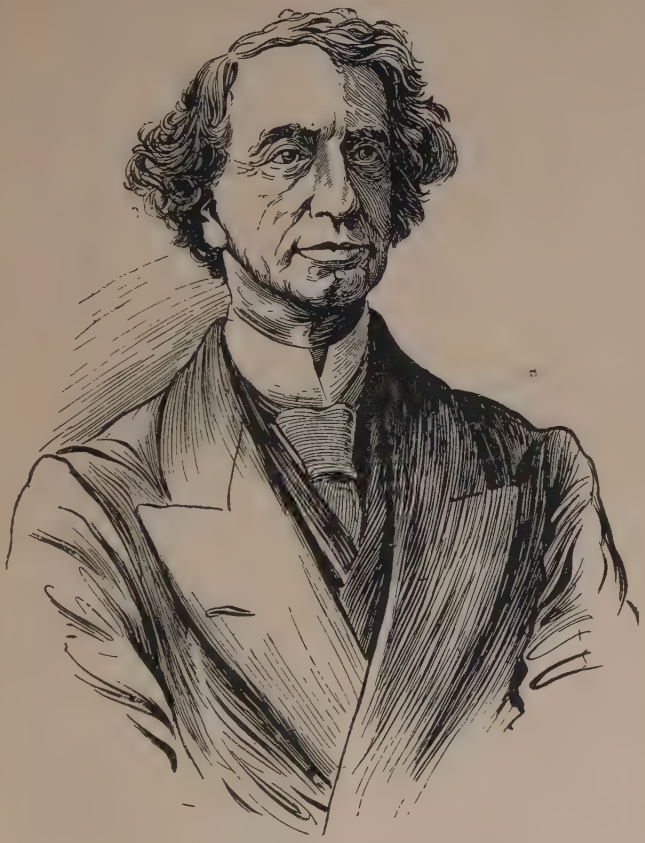
advance in legislation which has been seen during the Queen's reign. Up to very recent times, however, the men who are to be looked upon as the greatest colonists of the Queen's reign are three. The first who should be mentioned is Sir George Grey, who was born in Portugal during the Penin-

SIR GEORGE GREY.

sular War, on the day after Badajoz, where his father, a colonel of foot, was killed, started on his career as a British officer of the line, became a noteworthy traveller in Australia, and writer of books of travel as Captain Grey long before I was born, then became a great colonial governor both in Australasia and at the Cape, and, quitting the Colonial

Office service at the close of a distinguished official career, was in succession Prime Minister of New Zealand, leader of the Opposition, and again Prime Minister, and ultimately the real leader of the Australian democracy, among whom he made a triumphal progress at the time of the Sydney Convention. After the wonderful figure of Sir George Grey (a British colonist, but old-world European in his training, and an aristocrat in personal type) comes the wholly different but equally striking personality of the late Sir Henry Parkes, also a British colonist, Midland-born, and intensely English, but representative of the self-made man. Parkes was typically—even when a Knight Grand Cross, and a man who had served his colony over and over again as a First Minister, and worthily represented her on his missions to London—the successful English workingman, who has made his way by sturdy strength in every respect except the attainment of worldly goods. There was something eminently great about Parkes, in spite of many points which in a lesser man might have been called littlenesses. He was sometimes spiteful and sometimes ferocious. He was always offensively impecunious, and he was a writer of feeble poetry, occasionally characterized by a force which was not poetic; but his letters as a workman and as a young emigrant, lately published, show him at his best, and he was in essentials a great man of whom both the mother-country, which gave him to Australia, and the colonies, which received him, and which he helped to make into true States, may equally be proud. Sir George Grey and Sir Henry Parkes were both, it will be seen, British-born and essentially Englishmen, as was Adam Lindsay Gordon, the best poet whose writings have been Australian. But this state of things, in which what was most remarkable in the colonies was contributed from home, is passing away, and the colonial statesmen of the present—such as Mr. Reeves, Mr. Deakin, of Victoria, and the best of the younger men—are now proud of being native-born. The third great figure—also, like

Parkes, great in spite of manifold imperfections—is that of the late Sir John Macdonald, the type of the colonial statesman governing a difficult Dominion with the skill of a Disraeli or of a Cavour. The honour of membership of



SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

the British Privy Council has rarely* been bestowed upon colonists, but Sir John Macdonald will be longer remembered than that elegant and cultivated orator, Mr. Dalley, of New

* Until the Jubilee week of 1897.

South Wales, who was the first Australian admitted to the Privy Council, but who compromised his popularity in Australia by the extent to which he accepted personal praise for the sudden gratification of the widespread desire that the colonies should be represented in a British war by Australian

THE RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES.

troops. Sir George Grey was not made a Privy Councillor until after his retirement from his long public life. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who has also been made a Privy Councillor, stood for a time as the exponent of the policy of that fusion in South Africa of two great rival races which has been accomplished in the Dominion by the statesmen of Canada—a

policy which has been checked by the unhappy circumstances of last year, but which, we may be assured, is destined to revive, if not under the auspices of Mr. Rhodes, then under those of Sir Alfred Milner.

By the side of the great colonists, the list of whom might be indefinitely extended by the inclusion of considerable men like Sir John Forrest—who more than any other man may claim to have made Western Australia, which he first traversed from end to end as surveyor and explorer, and now rules with skill—there should be ranked the best governors, of whom the most successful in our own day have been some of the younger peers, who in the colonies have found their chance—Lord Jersey and Lord Carrington, for example, and, among the older servants of the Crown, Lord Dufferin.

It is a doubtful question whether the legislation of Australasia, or the statesmanship of Canada, as exemplified in the fusion of the French Roman Catholic and the Scotch Protestant elements, is the more interesting and gratifying colonial development of the Queen's reign. When Her Majesty ascended the throne, French Canada was in rebellion. Although the 60,000 French colonists who had become British subjects against their will in war had rapidly accepted our rule and fought alongside us after the United States had become independent—fought in some cases for the British Crown against their conquerors, who had fought for the British Crown at the time when the French were in arms against it—yet unwise policy, in an attempt to bring about a sudden and artificial fusion by forcible means, produced revolt. Absorption was resisted by a patriotic and religious people, who increased and increase more rapidly than any other white population in the world, and it was not till the early years of the Queen's reign that a wise policy recognised the justice of their demands, and brought about loyalty by the gift of freedom. May it be in South Africa between the British and the Dutch as it has been between

the British and the French in Canada! The circumstances in Canada were in themselves more difficult than the circumstances till lately had been at the Cape. Mistakes were made in Canada which at the Cape had been avoided. Recently Canada has been allowed to work out this problem of race-fusion for herself, and has succeeded as completely as has Switzerland. In South Africa gold and finance have interfered; but an enlightened public opinion at home, supported, it is to be hoped, by the public opinion of the majority of both races at the Cape, may restore the tranquil development of events, and lead to the same happy consequences in that federation of the future as in our great American Dominion.

Just as in Switzerland federal institutions allow fierce Catholics and fierce Protestants to show equal patriotism, and men of German race and tongue, of French race and tongue, and of Italian race and tongue, to work side by side for their one country, so in Canada we have a perfect example of the success of federal institutions. The undoubted superiority of the Canadian Constitution over that of the United States was to be expected from the dates at which the Constitutions were respectively settled, and from the unchanging conservatism of the United States, which has led to a too scrupulous adherence to the letter of the instrument to which Americans trace their liberties. But what could not be given by written words is the spirit in which the statesmen of Canada have worked their Constitution, whether those statesmen were Conservative Protestants of British race, like Sir John Macdonald, or, like the present Prime Minister of Canada, fervent Catholics of French blood.

Along with Canadian federation and race-fusion I have named Australasian legislation as the colonial development of which we have best reason to be proud. It is possible that the present year of the Queen's reign may see Australian federation, though without New Zealand, launched upon its

course; and in Australia the federal movement is bringing to the front young men, some of them hitherto but little known. Mr. Deakin, who is taking the lead in the movement in Victoria, is still young, but already known, having been Colonial Secretary in two coalition Administrations before he went back to the Bar, and, since he has again become a private member, the main supporter of that Victorian shops-legislation which is far in advance of anything of the kind which exists in Europe. In New South Wales the plebiscitary vote produced an enormous poll, which was headed by Mr. Barton, also, like Mr. Deakin, a native-born protectionist, but not so great an orator, though undoubtedly a man of considerable shrewdness.

Canada has been slow and steady in her legislation—anti-Socialist, and upon the side of property. Australia, though on the whole equally protectionist, has been far more democratic, and the experiments of the Australian colonies in graduated taxation and in direct Labour legislation are being followed in the mother-country, just as Australian legislation was followed in the adoption of the ballot, in the South Australian form, and in the adoption by Mr. W. E. Forster in the Education Act of 1870 of many points of the Victorian and other Australian School Acts. The experiments of New Zealand have been more recent, and more bold. With South Australia, she has established adult suffrage, and in these two countries alone of the whole British world—and alone of the whole world outside one or two parts of the United States—every grown woman possesses full elective rights along with every grown man. New Zealand, however, in regard to the political enfranchisement of women has been less extreme and less logical than South Australia. In these two self-governing colonies the suffrage is the same, but in New Zealand the right to sit in Parliament has not been conferred on women, whereas South Australia has given them the right to sit in both

Houses of the Legislature, and to become members of the Cabinet.

Those of us who are in favour in this country of the complete enfranchisement of women have often said that we know that the time has not yet arrived when the constituencies would be likely to avail themselves in a very high degree of the greater freedom of choice which would be afforded to them, and that the election of women to Parliament would be exceptional. Our view is confirmed by the fact that, although every Member of the Cabinet and every Member of both Houses of Parliament in South Australia might be women, there are no women in Parliament at all; and it is stated that at the General Election which followed the carrying of the complete measure there was not a single woman candidate. There is now in South Australia an occasional plebiscite for ascertaining popular opinion. The colony is 'churchy,' having been originally founded on a somewhat clerical system. It has often been said that a female electorate would be susceptible to clerical influence. The Church of England, the Church of Rome, and the Wesleyan body act together pretty generally in the Australian colonies against the secular system of public education. Yet when the people were consulted in South Australia, in four votes — in which the women electors took part — upon various points of the educational arrangements, an overwhelming majority, far larger than the ordinary party majority among the men of the country, pronounced in favour of secular education, and against the views of the principal and united Churches. In New Zealand it has also been found that the women voters would not follow the clergy or the priests against the national system of secular education; but while it was expected by the prohibition party that the women would emphatically condemn the drink traffic, this has not been found to be so in practice, and the women have generally gone in favour of the party supported by their class, rather than voted in what

may be called a faddist fashion. In saying, however, that the women on the whole do not support prohibition, it must be remembered that local option exists in New Zealand in a strong temperance form.

It is in the field of Labour legislation that New Zealand has lately distanced the other colonies. An Early Closing Bill of a comprehensive kind, somewhat similar to the Shops Bill for which the shop assistants are fighting here without much chance of early success, was carried through the House of Representatives in 1891. It was rejected by the Council or Upper House, an institution which, although it has been forced upon a few of the colonies against their will by the Home Government, is nevertheless on the whole supported, much as we might wish the contrary, by the Press and by the ordinary voter in all the colonies. A more moderate measure for a weekly half-holiday and for shorter hours of labour for women and children was carried recently into law. Victoria, however, chiefly by the hard work of Mr. Deakin, as a private member, has also passed an excellent measure for shops as part of an important Factory Bill; and New Zealand in this matter, as in regard to woman's suffrage, cannot claim to stand alone, but only to be one of the pioneers.

The remarkable Labour movement in Australasian politics —which on the Australian continent generally followed the line of the formation of an independent Labour party, which has become very strong (but not predominant) in several colonies—in New Zealand took the form of a permeation of the Liberal party with Labour views, and the infusion into the personal composition of the Liberal party of a large Labour element. The Liberal party in New Zealand—which had followed Sir George Grey in his franchise reforms, and had supported Sir Robert Stout, who combined the practice of the most respectable forms of law in a pious Scotch constituency with its representation on a somewhat Bradlaughite platform—began in 1889 to follow Mr. Ballance,

a man who advocated views on the whole more extreme than those which have yet been entertained by the First Minister of any British-speaking people. Mr. Ballance was a land nationalizer, and a man, therefore, with whom the Labour party were able to work without a compromise; and the fusion of the trade-unionists and of the Liberal party under the democratic franchise of 1889 led to the electoral triumph of 1890, and to the formation of the Ballance Cabinet of 1891. The first measures of the new Government were progressive land tax, progressive income tax, and an absentee tax, for each of which there was precedent in some of the Australian colonies, but which had not elsewhere been combined. The next step was in favour of perpetual leases of land, as against sale to individuals, and this has been followed by a law giving power to the State to repurchase private estates. New Zealand had long possessed a peculiar system of settling disputes between an individual and the State as to the valuation of land for taxation, by which the individual could force the State to take the land at the State valuation if he thought it too high. This power had led to the resumption of certain properties by the State, and the financial success which had attended these resumptions was the cause of the later reform. Other land legislation made the State the lender of money on freehold security as against the private financier, just as New Zealand had, previously to the advent of the Liberal-Labour coalition, established the State as the chief national insurance company. The principle of Crown holding and that of Crown lending are combined in the village-settlement provisions of the recent New Zealand laws. Small holdings of between twenty and fifty acres are let on perpetual lease to persons to whom money is advanced for all their earlier charges on the security of the improvements which they effect. The experiment has been absolutely successful.

Of New Zealand Labour legislation, pure and simple, the greater part has been enacted during the few years which

have followed the formation of the Liberal-Labour coalition and of the Ballance Ministry, although a part has been carried since the untimely death of Mr. Ballance. One of the measures was an Employers' Liability Bill, which prohibits contracting out, and improves the law somewhat more considerably than was proposed here in Mr. Asquith's measure, although it does not involve the insurance principle, rapidly gaining ground in England. As regards coal-mines, however, general insurance has been introduced, and is paid for by the owners in the form of a tax per ton on the output. Another measure was a Truck Act, which in its language does not greatly differ from the early Truck Acts of the United Kingdom, but which, it may be hoped, is better interpreted in the New Zealand Courts than its predecessors have been in these islands. The Factory Act of 1894 raises the factory age to fourteen, and no child under fifteen can work in a factory without an education certificate, while no child under sixteen can work without a certificate of physical fitness for the work of that particular factory. It is hard to know what can, since 1894, be a workshop in New Zealand, for the Act has made every workshop in which two persons labour a factory, the employer being counted as one. The Act also has established the ticket system for the clothing trade, by which articles not made in factories carry the stamp, 'This is tenement made.' The Act is, on the whole, more advanced even than the recent Factory Act of Victoria, although the latter is superior upon some points. The New Zealand Shipping Act of 1894 is in advance of the legislation of the world. Sir Edward Reed's Committee has failed to unanimously recommend a manning scale, and has agreed only, as regards its shipowning members, in declaring undermanning to constitute unseaworthiness, without defining what undermanning is. In New Zealand the manning scale has been introduced, and trade goes on, Mr. Reeves has told us, as it went on before. An amending Act was passed in 1896, by which seamen engaged in the colony or employed in the

coasting trade are to be paid the current rate of wage, which is now fixed by Conciliation Boards under another Act.*

The Department of Labour in New Zealand, besides doing the Labour work both of our Home Office and of our Board of Trade, engages workmen to do the Government work of our Office of Works, and on the larger scale which may be expected in a colony where most of the railways belong to the Government, and most of the main roads are kept up by them. Government work in New Zealand is no longer let to contractors. Government buys the material, draws up the schedules, and lets the work out in sections co-operatively to the men themselves—the men electing trustees, with whom the departments deal. It is found that the taxpayer loses nothing, while the workmen gain.

Great difficulty was met with in carrying many of these reforms through the Upper House, although the Legislative Council in New Zealand is somewhat less obstructive than are the elective Legislative Councils of some of the Australian colonies, it being a nominated body. It was found necessary, however, to substitute nomination for seven years in place of nomination for life, although this was not done until the Liberal party in the New Zealand Upper House had become relatively almost as weak as is the British Liberal party in the House of Commons. The Upper House had to be first swamped, and the Governor having objected to the swamping, the Home Colonial Office had to step in and decide the matter in favour of Mr. Ballance. It is a pity that we have not in the moon a Secretary of State who, when a Liberal Prime Minister falls out with the House of Lords, can thus incline the balance to the democratic side.

When Mr. Reeves resigned the Ministry of Labour to take up the New Zealand Agency-General in London, Mr. Seddon took the Labour portfolio himself. Several amending Acts to Labour Acts of the last few years have been very recently

* Mr. Chamberlain seems to have objected to the application of this principle to British ships.

carried. Their effect is to provide improved machinery for giving effect to the principles of the previous Acts, and none of them have been at all reactionary in character; but, on the contrary, they have all of them continued or even improved the principle of the chief measures. An Eight Hours Bill has passed through the Lower House, but been rejected by the Upper. It was more limited than the Bill previously rejected, and was confined to workpeople in factories. In practice few hands in factories in New Zealand work more than forty-eight hours a week, to which women and male young persons (lads under eighteen) are restricted. It is probable that the Eight Hours Bill, which will not have much effect for the reasons given, but is a useful declaration of principle, will be pushed through both Houses in the course of the present Session. The Conservative party is somewhat stronger in the New Zealand Parliament than it was before the last election, but, on the other hand, the Conservative party was far from offering violent opposition at the elections of last December to the Labour policy of Mr. Seddon; and most of the members of the Opposition virtually undertook not to repeal the Labour laws if they came into power.

While almost every one of the New Zealand Labour laws can be paralleled in some Australian colony, the whole body of these laws is in advance of the legislation of any single colony, such as Victoria, which, with the doubtful exception of South Australia, is the colony most likely to tread upon New Zealand's heels in this respect.

The education system of New Zealand is free, compulsory, and secular, as is that of Victoria and of the majority of the Australian colonies, and even of portions of the Dominion of Canada, although the peculiar strength of the Roman Catholic element in some parts of the Dominion has made special provisions, or a wholly different system, prevail in several of the provinces.

There are few similarities between the Dominion of Canada

and the Australasian colonies, and few between either of them and British South Africa, except that success of the principle of autonomy with regard to which I have already in this article said something. The remarkable extension northwards which has recently been virtually given to the somewhat old-fashioned colony of the Cape of Good Hope is generally attributed to the enterprise of Mr. Rhodes, but is mainly due to the Rev. J. Mackenzie. It was due to that remarkable missionary (who, by his influence on Mr. W. E. Forster, after he had left the Gladstone Ministry of 1880, and on Mr. Chamberlain, to whom that Cabinet entrusted the chief speaking in the House of Commons on behalf of the Colonial Office, because of the interest which he took in the question—interest there is reason to suppose that Mr. Mackenzie had excited) that the Warren Expedition was despatched to save Bechuanaland from the Boers, and that successive extensions of protectorate northwards laid the foundations of the ultimate extension of direct British rule. Even Matabeleland and Mashonaland were declared, by proclamation, to be under the influence of the British Crown a considerable time before the grant of the charter of the British South Africa Company to Mr. Rhodes and others. The period of disturbance caused by the Jameson Raid will not soon or easily be closed, but no one who is not blind to the course of history can doubt that the ideas of Mr. Hofmeyr will again prevail, and that even within the period of Sir Alfred Milner's rule the principle of peace between the races will again make progress in the normal South African mind.

South Africa has produced the greatest of Colonial writers —Olive Schreiner, whose 'Story of an African Farm' is worshipped even by those to whom her last book is an offence. It is a singular fact that the most noteworthy and the most widely-read of Colonial writers are chiefly women—Olive Schreiner, 'Tasma' (Madame Couvreur), and Mrs. Campbell Praed, although an old colonist at Melbourne,

who began to write late in life under an assumed name, has recently met with considerable success with an outside public. The French-Canadian poets are little known in England, but ought to stand, perhaps, next to Olive Schreiner among purely Colonial writers.

Turning from the facts of the present to visions of the future, our space would not allow on the present occasion of an adequate discussion of Imperial tariff suggestions such as those which have lately been made in Canada by the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier on behalf of the present Cabinet and the Liberal party which he leads, or such as those which were made at the last Colonial Conference, and previously, in the name of Mr. Hofmeyr and others, at the Cape. It is, however, an interesting circumstance, and one which may properly be referred to here, that these two sets of suggestions (equally interesting, and perhaps, in their first shapes, equally impracticable, but, nevertheless, suggestions based upon the idea of knitting together more closely the British Empire) have come from the leading representatives in the Empire of the French and the Dutch races.

I have been tempted to dwell at so much length upon the three great groups of colonies that I have left myself no room to touch upon the Crown Colonies and the protectorates and spheres of influence. Yet nothing is more striking than the trade success of some of the Crown Colonies, such as Ceylon (equally remarkable for natural beauty and for British enterprise), and those marvellous ports of call, Singapore and Hong Kong.

The protectorates and spheres of influence are supposed to be the colonies of the future, but the contents of their vast areas are of very varying degrees of value. The day may come when parts of British Central Africa and parts of British East Africa may be of use, but it is some way off, and it is doubtful whether as a whole those of our African dominions of the future which are distant from the sea are likely to repay us for venturing out of our true coast sphere.

Neither have I left myself space to dwell upon those problems of British defence, possibly by federal means, which have so great an attraction for myself, but which perhaps are somewhat foreign to the immediate purposes of this article. The key to the future of the British world is, it may be

OLIVE SCHREINER.

hoped, to be found rather in its union within itself than in its warlike power against the remainder of the world. If we should become as safe against strife between the Dutch and the British elements in South Africa as we have become safe against strife between the French and the British

elements in Canada, and if we can preserve decent and self-respecting relations between the two great branches of our own race—that seated in the United States and that seated in the dominions of the Queen—our defensive strength as the world rolls on will be overwhelming against all rivals except Russia, and the world ought to be large enough even for the Russians and ourselves.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

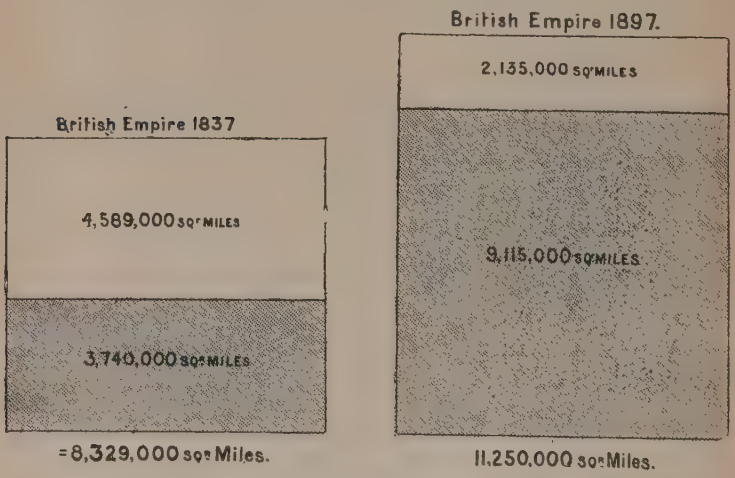
## X.

### *THE WIDENING OF OUR BORDERS.*

EVEN in 1837 the British Empire covered a large part of the land-area of the world—namely, one-sixth; to-day it occupies nearly one quarter; while, taking into account the United States of America, the English-speaking peoples

DIAGRAM NO. 9.

THE GROWTH OF THE EMPIRE.

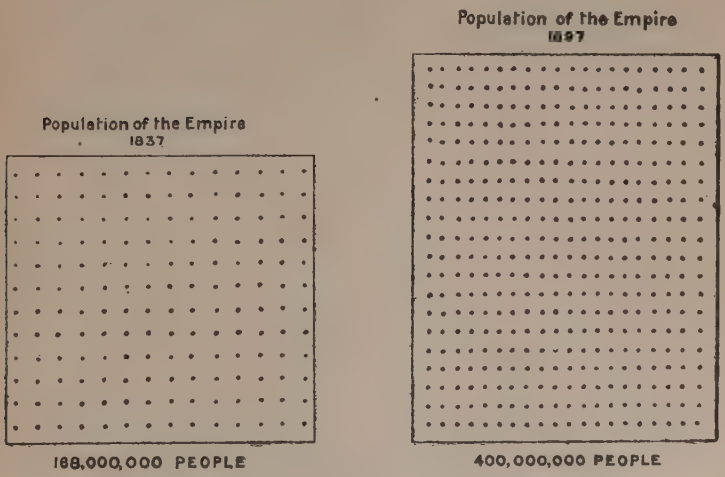



[The shaded portion of the two figures represents in each case that part of the Empire which consisted of settled territories and protected States; the unshaded portion represents, in 1837 unsettled tracts in North America and Australia, in 1897 spheres of influence in Africa.]

control about one-third of the area and population of the globe. But more remarkable than the actual increase in the extent of territory has been the development and opening up of the territory already ours sixty years ago. In the above diagram (No. 9) the shaded portion in each of the two figures practically represents for the two periods the *Official* British Empire—the portion recognised in Blue Books—the lands in which there was settled government in some form or another, and about which it was possible to state facts statistically. As will be seen, the Official British Empire to-day exceeds by nearly 800,000 square miles (or six and a half times the area of the British Isles) the whole Empire, settled and unsettled, in 1837.

DIAGRAM NO. 10.

THE INCREASE OF THE POPULATION.




[Each dot represents 1,000,000 people.]

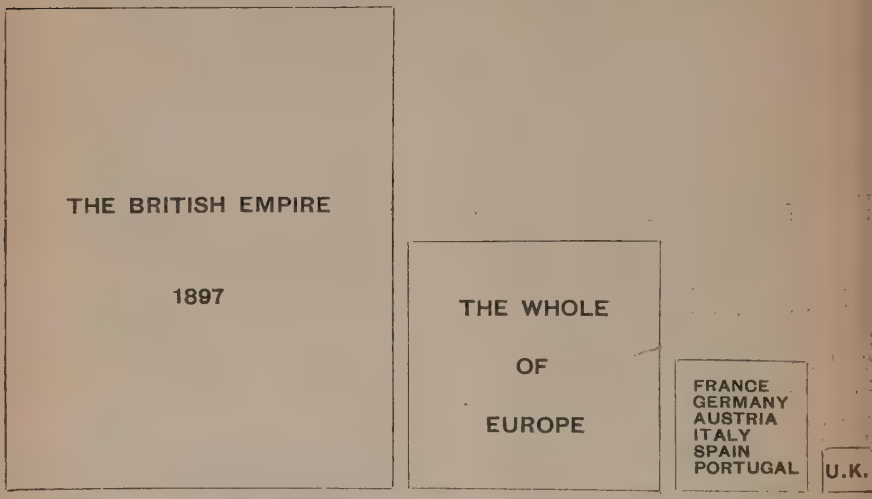
Diagram No. 10 shows the population of the Empire in 1837 and 1897. Of course, the density of population in the Empire varies enormously, from 530 to the square mile in

England and Wales to less than two people to the square mile in Canada and Australia. There is still plenty of room for the British race under the British flag.

### Diagram No. 11.

### THE BIGNESS OF THE EMPIRE.

The next diagram (No. 11) shows the size of the British Empire to-day by comparing it with the Continent of Europe, a number of European countries, and the United Kingdom, all drawn to the same scale. The large figure representing the Empire is just ninety-three times as big as the little square representing the United Kingdom (U.K.), and three times as large as that representing the whole of Europe.




[The figures are drawn to a scale of two-thirds of an inch to 1,000 miles.]

Not less remarkable than the extension of dominion has been the increase of the people. In sixty years the British race, helped by a strengthening infusion of foreign blood, but always dominant in feature and character, has nearly

trebled; while the burden of a world's empire, taken up by the inhabitants of these islands a century ago, is now borne with increasing ease by 50,000,000 of their descendants scattered all over the face of the globe.

The following table shows the distribution of the British race in 1837 and 1897. The population of the United States may be estimated now at 70,000,000, but of these about 8,000,000 are negroes, and at least 4,000,000 foreigners, not being British or Irish. Consequently 58,000,000 is a fair estimate of native Americans and others of British race living in the States:

| | 1837. | 1897. | Increase. | Per cent. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| The United Kingdom ... | 25,750,000 | 39,500,000 | 13,750,000 | 53 |
| British Colonists: | | | | |
| In North America ... | 1,250,000 | 5,500,000 | 4,250,000 | 340 |
| In Australasia ... ... | 125,000 | 4,250,000 | 4,125,000 | 3,300 |
| In Africa and Asia ... | 125,000 | 750,000 | 625,000 | 500 |
| Total Colonists ... | 1,500,000 | 10,500,000 | 9,000,000 | 600 |
| Total British and Colonials | 27,250,000 | 50,000,000 | 22,750,000 | 83 |
| The United States... ... | 13,000,000 | 58,000,000 | 45,000,000 | 346 |
| Total British Race ... | 40,250,000 | 108,000,000 | 67,750,000 | 167 |

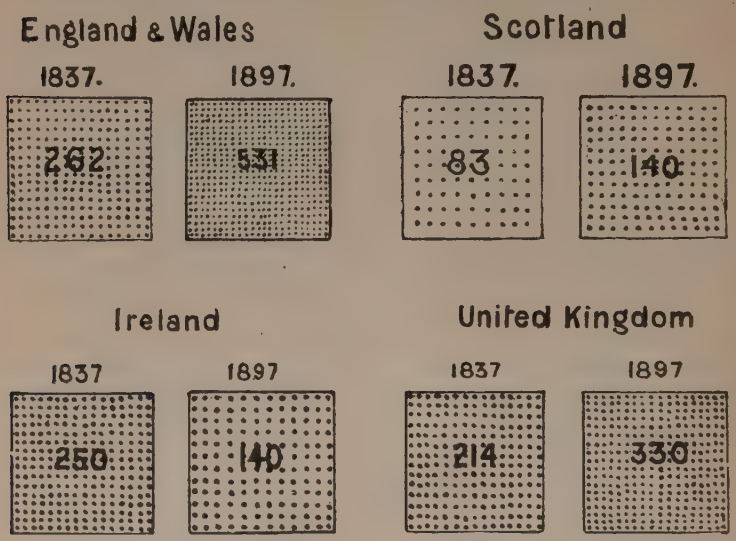
## Diagram No. 12.

### THE CROWDING OF THE PEOPLE.

Diagram No. 12 illustrates the change in the average density of the population in the British Isles during the last sixty years.

These figures mean that whereas in 1837 there were about three acres apiece for every inhabitant of the British Isles, there would be now rather less than two on a fair partition of the soil. Moreover, England and Wales are becoming so crowded that there is only about an acre and a fifth per head for the people in that part of the United Kingdom. An acre and a fifth is roughly a square of 76 yards, or the

size of a very small field. We may compare this with the three and a third acres (or a square of 130 yards) which




[Each square represents a square mile. The figures inside the squares refer to the number of persons to be accommodated on each square mile. The dots approximately equal the number of people.]

is the share of every Frenchman in the soil of France, and with the 28-acre field (nearly a mile in circuit) in which each American may stretch his limbs in comfort.

### Diagram No. 13.

### THE CAPITAL OF THE EMPIRE.

Finally, here is a diagram (No. 13) showing the growth of the capital of the Empire during the last sixty years:

H. Morgan-Browne.

## XI.

### *INDIA.*

In no part of the vast territories in which the British race has exercised the faculty of Empire have the sixty years of the Queen's reign been witness of more momentous change than in India. Nowhere have time and circumstance more severely tried the resources of British dominion, and nowhere have those resources been more triumphantly vindicated. If we have made mistakes, we have made them on a magnificent scale, and atoned for them with equal magnificence. If our performance has not always been the counterpart of our intention, yet has that performance in itself been splendid. Through all the blunders of our rule, and all the disasters of the years, we have wrought steadily at a grand imperial ideal. At first dimly and unconsciously, not seeing whither led the path which even then we trod, but now with clearer vision, firmer purpose, and more convincing success. It is this growth of the imperial idea, in relation to so large a population as that of India, that makes the changes there so important. The development of the imperial idea is, of course, the great feature of British history during the century, and is not confined to our relations with our great Eastern dependency; but nowhere else have the problems presented been more complex, the difficulties overcome more forbidding, and the results achieved—by reason of the very largeness of the task—more far-reaching.

1837 found our nascent imperialism still struggling in the

grip of a too obtrusive commercialism. The destinies of India were in the hands of the great trading Company, which surpassed in wealth and power, as well as in the extent of its dominions, many European States. There was, it is true, and had been in existence for fifty years, the Board of Control in England representing the Government, but India was far away in those days, and for the most part was still governed with strict reference to the payment of dividends to a number of British merchants. Parliament also had been careful at the periodic renewals of the East India Company's charter to insert provisions for the better government of the Indian peoples. Four years previously, in 1833, such a renewal had taken place, and Macaulay, in his speech thereon, had spoken in noble words the better mind of England on our duty towards India. Referring to a clause in that Bill which enacted that 'no native of India should by reason of his colour, his descent or his religion, be incapable of holding office,' he combated the doctrine, then in full vigour, but now in its decline, that we are only bound to confer on our subjects those benefits which we can confer on them without hazard to the perpetuity of our rule. 'To trade with civilized men is infinitely more profitable than to govern savages. That would, indeed, be a doting wisdom, which, in order that India might remain a dependency, would make it a useless and costly dependency, which would keep a hundred millions of men from being our customers in order that they might continue to be our slaves.' But these facts and these declarations notwithstanding, a perusal of the reports of the meetings of the Court of Directors held during 1837, at the Old East India House, will show how large in the eyes of the British public loomed the dividend, how parochial was the mind of the shareholders at those meetings, and how very far removed sixty years ago was the British people from an adequate conception of the immense Imperial interests involved in our relations with India. This state of things was not unnatural.

Indeed, it would have required a far more imaginative mind than belongs to Englishmen to realize what India meant when 16,000 miles of sea and four months of time stretched between them and their Eastern lands. All this was to change with the advent of the steamship and the cable; and it is a curious coincidence that in the *Times* of June 22, 1837, the report of the meeting of the Court of Directors, at East India House, is almost entirely taken up with the discussion on a scheme for establishing steam communication with India by the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, travelling overland by coach between Alexandria and Suez.

If English conceptions about India reflected strongly the limitations of the age, and offered a striking contrast to the ideas which have come to prevail, the conditions of our rule in India were not less divergent from those of the present day. The British Government was an unknown personality to the Indian peoples. Throughout the great peninsula John Company was the most powerful ruler, but it was still John Company, and unable to impress the Oriental imagination in the way that the puppet ruler of some deciduous Indian kingdom could still impress it. Moreover, although the Company was the strongest, it was not strictly the paramount power, for there were other independent rulers within the borders of British India as we know it to-day. There was Burma, shorn only of its coast districts; there were the Central Provinces (Nagpur), Oude, Sindh, and many minor States exempt from British rule; above all, Ranjit Singh, the lion of the Punjab, ruled the land of the Five Rivers, on terms of friendship with us, it is true, but still in absolute independence of British authority. The company's rule ceased at the Sutlej. Peshawur, to-day a British province, was a bone of contention between Ranjit Singh and Dost Muhammed, the Ameer of Afghanistan. The Sikh wars were to come. In 1837 the British power in India had still to meet in the great Sikh confederacy its strongest rival for the headship of the Indian peoples.

With the beginning of the Queen's reign events began to march quickly in India. The first twenty years of that reign, the last of the East India Company's rule, were years of almost unceasing warfare and annexation, culminating in the fierce struggle of the Indian Mutiny. The period opens with disaster. A British army invaded Afghanistan in 1839, and occupied Cabul. Two years later, after the assassination of our political agent, Sir Alexander Burnes, it began one of the most disastrous retreats ever recorded in British history. With the exception of a few prisoners, chiefly women and children, but one solitary survivor out of 4,000 fighting men and 12,000 camp-followers ever reached India again. There followed in quick succession war with Afghanistan, war with Gwalior, and the conquest of Sindh by Sir Charles Napier. Then came the first Sikh war. Within three weeks four obstinate battles were fought, and as a result of a costly British victory our borders were advanced from the Sutlej to the Beas.

The eight years of Lord Dalhousie's rule (1848-1856) were in their ultimate results some of the most important in Indian history. The current of events was irresistibly carrying the Company out of its depth. The final consolidation of British rule was taking place, conquest and annexation were playing final havoc with the legitimate business of a trading corporation, were it never so wealthy, powerful and public spirited. Under this great Indian proconsul the boundaries of British India were advanced almost to their present limits, while, by the operation of his famous doctrine of lapse, many native States in the interior of India passed directly under British rule. But not only did he hand over to his successor a map of India of substantially the same complexion as that map bears to-day, but his energetic prosecution of public works laid the foundations of that material and industrial progress which during the last forty years has been the accompaniment of British rule in India. His famous railway minute of 1853 clearly laid down the principles upon

which the Indian railway system has been extended, by public companies working under a State guarantee in one form or another. Under his rule, the telegraph and the half-anna postage—the cheapest post in the world—were introduced. Roads were built, canals were dug, important systems of irrigation were begun, education was sedulously fostered. In fact, Lord Dalhousie's Governor-Generalship formed a fitting link between the rule of a commercial company and the sovereignty of an imperial people. It must not be supposed that John Company had been a sordid or an indifferent ruler of the millions in its care. On the contrary, it held a record of which many nations might be proud. Still, the burden of empire was clearly becoming more than it could bear, and the immense changes in the extent and nature of the government which Lord Dalhousie inaugurated, no less than the grim compulsion of the Mutiny, were the natural precursors of India's transfer to the British Crown.

Lord Dalhousie left India in 1856, almost immediately after the annexation of Oude. He was succeeded by Lord Canning, who at the farewell banquet given him by the directors in London, spoke the following prescient words: 'We must not forget that in the sky of India, serene as it is, a small cloud may arise, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but which, growing bigger and bigger, may at last threaten to overwhelm us with ruin.' Into the story of that terrible time it is not here our place to enter—the facts have been burnt into the hearts of the British nation as few other incidents in their history have been. But if that time was fraught with tragedy beyond almost any that our race has passed through, it gave occasion for the most conspicuous example of what that race is capable of when it is compelled by circumstances to call out all its reserves of energy and force. Never was there more overwhelming disaster—never was disaster made so signally the instrument of success. The men of that time, they who bore the brunt of the attack, were not only winning victories against unheard-of odds, were not merely brave in

battle and heroic in death, but they were the upholders of the Imperial ideal in its hour of greatest tribulation. They did not simply quell a mutiny, but they set up a sign of such persistent and imperious power, that by their conduct in that terrible ordeal they completed with one stroke, as it were,

EARL CANNING.

the final subjugation of the Eastern mind to their dogged and dominating personality. And the men who did this thing were many, though the names which fate and history chose for fame were comparatively few. There were many Colonel Neills in those days, passing like the flame of vengeance and consuming all in their track; there was more

than one General Nicholson—the very incarnation of energy—moving like a compelling fate, planning all things, achieving all things, and then in the hour of victory giving up life as a unit in a storming party. It was this same General Nicholson whose character wrought so strongly upon Indian minds that a sect was formed who discarded all other gods and worshipped him, under the name of 'Nikkul Seyn.' It was

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NICHOLSON.

of him, too, that it was said that he was equally fit to administer a province or command an army. He died before he was thirty-six, mortally wounded at the siege of Delhi—a perfect type of the builder of empire. In other places other heroes—Havelock, Outram, and Campbell, and hundreds less prominently placed, but inspired as they—maintained in that dark hour the tattered flag of British

supremacy, till the fiery ordeal was passed and the British Empire in India stood forth purified of the last lingering traces of commercialism.

These men did their part, and did it well; but there was

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

other work to do. It was not enough to show unflinching steadfastness in disaster, or to exact exemplary vengeance for treachery without parallel. It was not enough for the strong race to show how strong it was; the responsibilities

of empire made heavier calls upon the character and statesmanship of our people than could be satisfied by desperate valour and stern retribution. It was necessary not only to punish but to govern, not only to mete out justice but to win back loyalty. It was easier to destroy in hot anger than to build up again the fabric of dominion fallen into such miserable ruin. Well was it for England, then, that the future of our Indian Empire was committed to the safe hands and serene judgment of Lord Canning. While most men, swayed by the strongest passions that beset humanity, let their thoughts range unceasingly in that quadrilateral of dreadful memories lying between Meerut, Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow, he put resolutely before him the true conception of our Imperial duty. Almost single-handed in that difficult time, he steadily refused to allow the thing that was done to influence him in the work he had to do. 'I will not govern in anger,' he proclaimed; 'I will never allow an angry and undiscriminating act or word to proceed from the Government of India as long as I am responsible for it.' 'Clemency Canning' he was called in bitter derision, but that same proud clemency of our first Indian Viceroy will long remain one of our chief claims upon the favourable verdict of history.

Upon this wise and humane policy, so courageously maintained by Lord Canning, the Queen's proclamation of November 1, 1858—the Magna Charta of the people of India—set the seal of the British nation's approval. More than that, this great instrument of reconciliation bore the impress of the Queen's personality, for it is on record that she, with her own hand, amended, in several important particulars, the final draft submitted for her sanction. 'We hold ourselves bound,' runs the Proclamation, 'to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects, and those obligations, by the blessing of God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil. . . . And it is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to

offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity duly to discharge.' This last clause especially represents a great advance on the academic negation of disability which was the theory, though hardly the practice, under old John Company's rule. Here, then, was a notable achievement in empire-building—one of the most notable of the reign. Not only did our statesmen put away from them all thoughts of legitimate if ignoble vengeance, but they began on the morrow of rebellion, while its embers still smouldered, to widen the liberties and to conciliate the sympathies of the people at whose hands their race had suffered the cruellest wrongs imaginable. It is not matter for surprise that in our relations with India we have not always lived up to the height of that declaration; but that would be a foolish criticism which should allow any partial and passing failure to detract from the signal merit of that great act of government. We have the fullest right that ever belonged to a ruling race to be proud of the leaders who shaped, and of the men who reluctantly, but loyally, carried out, the most difficult act of national forgiveness translated into the policy of a Government which it has fallen to the lot of a masterful people to perform.

At length there was peace—peace formally proclaimed throughout India on July 8, 1859. During forty years that peace has endured practically unbroken within the wide borders of our Indian Empire, and the work of ordered and progressive government has proceeded uninterruptedly from that day to this. Having known how to choose the better path at a time of tremendous stress, the sovereign people applied themselves at once and with energy to the realization of the goal which that path indicated. If at times they have shown hesitation or have seemed to shrink from all of sacrifice and of self-control which that path entails, there have always been far-seeing leaders among them to recall them to the clear sense of duties which must be fulfilled. The very magnitude of the task gave them incentive, and yielded

welcome distraction from too long brooding over the recent agony. Within two years from this time the finances had been reformed and placed upon a stable basis by the genius of James Wilson; the Bengal Tenancy Act, that great measure which secures to seventy millions of human beings to-day their ancient land rights, had been passed, and, above all, the famous Penal Code, originally drafted by Lord Macaulay, and the codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure had conferred upon the Indian peoples the blessings of settled laws and definite rules for the administration of justice. Nor does the credit for this rapid change from chaos to order belong entirely to the rulers of India. If England displayed a loftiness of aim and a genius for organization unprecedented in history, the great mass of the Indian peoples proved themselves worthy objects of this great experiment in governing an alien race on lines of political tutelage rather than on those of military repression. To England is due all the credit which belongs to unrivalled powers of initiative; to India, on the other hand, is due full recognition for the capacity to learn, to assimilate, and to enjoy. To both alike is due immense credit for the success—small hitherto it may be, but significant—with which two such opposite peoples were able, from so inauspicious a beginning, to settle down almost immediately to the common work of building up a new and happier India. In the memorable phrase of Mr. J. S. Cotton, if England was the willing teacher, India proved herself the apt pupil of political progress.

Lord Elgin's brief Viceroyalty, which followed Lord Canning's return to England, was succeeded by that of Sir John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence. His is a unique figure in Indian history. During the forty years in which he served in India he passed through every grade of Indian service, from that of assistant magistrate to that of Viceroy and Governor-General. With unsurpassed knowledge of the people and the country he was called upon to govern, he continued the great work of consolidation under the Crown.

But undoubtedly the greatest services he rendered his country were at the time of the Mutiny, when by his own supreme exertions he saved the Punjab from the horrors which overwhelmed the neighbouring provinces; and by a policy of

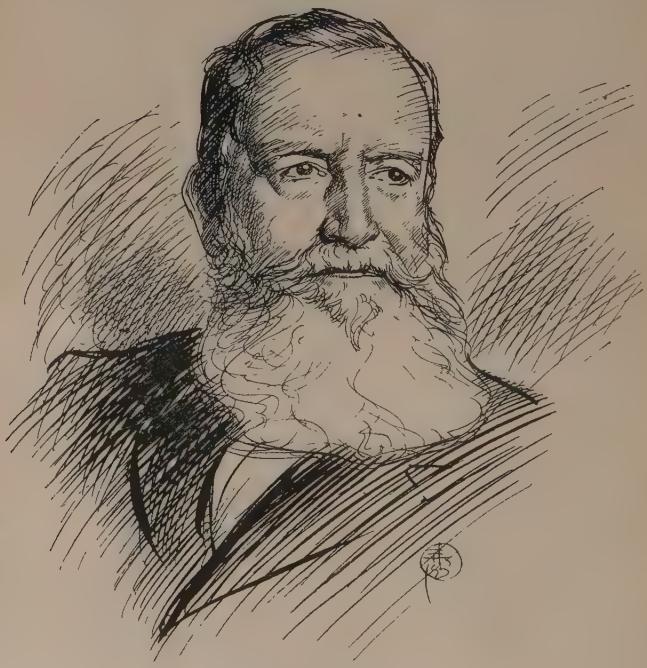
SIR JOHN (AFTERWARDS LORD) LAWRENCE.

mingled tact and firmness enlisted the turbulent border tribes on the side of British authority. With their help, who might have turned the scale against us, he played an important part in the final quelling of the Mutiny, and, in fact, was mainly instrumental in the final capture of Delhi.

Under Lord Mayo, the next Viceroy, the foundations of modern British rule in India were practically completed. Following the lines laid down a quarter of a century before by the Marquis of Dalhousie, he developed the material resources of the country by the rapid extension of roads, railways, and canals. He prepared the way for the final abolition of internal customs lines by a reform of the salt duties; he brought the interests of agriculture—the very life of India—under the more direct supervision of the State by the creation of an Agricultural Department; finally, he introduced in his system of provincial finance that healthy principle of devolution of financial responsibility which, on the whole, has worked so beneficently and so economically for all the provinces of our Indian Empire. It was, too, during his Viceroyalty that the first royal visit to India—that of the Duke of Edinburgh in 1869-70—awakened in the emotional Indian mind that sense of personal loyalty to a great Sovereign which had been wanting up to that time in our relations with the Indian feudatory princes. The subsequent visit of the Prince of Wales in 1875-76 but confirmed and strengthened this feeling, so essential in dealings with Oriental peoples. And the seed thus sown bore splendid and surprising fruit in the loyal offers of help to the British Government made by the Native States in 1885, when war between England and Russia seemed imminent. But the tragedy which has been too often associated with our rule in India claimed yet another illustrious victim, and in the full vigour of his noble activities Lord Mayo was killed by a convict in the penal settlement of the Andaman Islands in 1872. The last stone of the foundations had also to be cemented with blood.

There followed a period of pause. So great and so swift had been the changes wrought in fifteen years that rest was desirable and even necessary. Now battling with famine, now warring disastrously with the wild Afghans, Lord Northbrook, the great financial expert, and Lord Lytton, the

master of imposing ceremonial, directed for the next eight years the destinies of India, until in 1880 the Marquis of Ripon took over the reins of government. The Afghan war of 1879-81 provided ample work for the soldier and the financier. That of the soldier was done, all know how brilliantly, by General Sir Frederick Roberts, V.C., while



MARQUIS OF RIPON.

Sir Evelyn Baring (now Lord Cromer) achieved the not less difficult task of again putting the finances in order. These things done, there was scope and opportunity for the work of the statesman ; and it will always be remembered of Lord Ripon that he it was who inaugurated the latest phase of our relations with India—that of political education. By his large application of the principle of local self-government,

and by other measures placing greater responsibility in the hands of natives of India, he took the first conscious step towards educating the people to govern themselves. Naturally enough, this policy, when first adopted, aroused the fiercest

LORD ROBERTS.

opposition among the administrators of our Indian Empire. Men found it difficult to realize that to teach people to govern themselves is a higher function than to govern them even to admiration. But again, in spite of the obstacles which the instincts of our pride set up, we could not belie our own

political history. There was much drawing of unprofitable distinctions, there was some compromise, but in the end England the pioneer of freedom triumphed over England the proud ruler of subject peoples. From the days of Lord Ripon's Viceroyalty the British nation has become definitely committed to the task not only of governing, but of educating India. It is a mistake to suppose that this nobler conception of our ideal implies even remotely any ultimate severance of the connection between England and India; on the contrary, it is the surest hope of a closer and more enduring tie between the two. Of course the process must be slow; it will be slow; but looking back upon that time with the small advantage of fifteen years, we see to-day how wise and necessary was the first difficult acceptance of the less dramatic part. We find that the concessions we made are on the whole working well, that the further concessions they have induced are not only working well, but appreciably lightening for us the task of government, in that they serve to render that government less unsympathetic to the Eastern mind. Above all, the native agencies that we have set up in one form or another have become so many radiating centres of communication between the governors and the governed, explaining the methods of our administration, and making intelligible to the people the benefits which our rule confers.

There has been no fresh departure in the twelve years which have elapsed since Lord Ripon left India—the best-beloved Viceroy that ever ruled. There have been some notable events along with steady progress upon the lines of political development which he laid down. The Marquis of Dufferin (1884-1888) carried out the latest extension of our Indian territories by the annexation of Upper Burma. Under the Marquis of Lansdowne (1888-1893) was passed the Indian Councils Act of 1892, providing for the election of additional members to the Supreme and Provincial Legislative Councils, and granting to the members of these councils the right of interpellation and of discussing the financial

statement. Under Lord Elgin the country is passing through a time of severe strain. War in Chitral, happily successful, disorganization of the finances—brought on partly by the heavy fall in the exchange value of the rupee, and partly by extravagant civil and military expenditure—plague, pestilence, and famine are trying the resources of British administration and the staying-power of the people to the full. That under such accumulated ills there should be found some, both in India and in this country, ready to put all the blame for the distress which is rife upon the peculiar nature of our rule, as being both alien and costly, is perhaps only natural. But we must look at these things in proper perspective; we must not, in criticising that which is near, and therefore immediately important, lose all sense of proportion. We must keep our minds fixed upon the main streams of tendency, nor suffer our thoughts to be led astray by watching too closely the turbulent little surface eddies which seem for a time to monopolize the direction of the current of events.

If, then, we survey from this catholic standpoint the general drift of Indian history during the last sixty years, we shall find that the record is one of startling change and unexampled progress. The progress at least is undoubted, that is to say, the material progress, for in this India has shared to the limits of her capacity—some think beyond that capacity—with the rest of the British Empire. Practically, the vast systems of metalled roads, of railways, of telegraphs, of irrigation canals, which exist in India to-day are the work of the past sixty years. Western sanitary methods have been introduced into many of the towns—water and gas undertakings have been successfully planted in uncongenial soil. Trade has increased out of all comparison; factories have sprung up; a new era of industrial development has dawned; and, though the mass of the people are still miserably poor, they are not so poor in material resources as they were sixty years ago.

But of far greater importance and far more instinct with hope for the future is the great change which is coming over the mind of the Indian people, and the great development of our own conception of our relations with India. Slowly but surely there is awakening in Indian breasts a sense of public spirit. In spite of some failures, the municipalities and district boards are educating many in public responsibility. The facilities for internal communication, the closer connection with the outer world, are influencing in a remarkable way the impressionable, intuitive Indian mind. The changes may be slow in coming—custom dies hard in the eternal East—they may be hardly apparent on the surface of life, or only superficially apparent, but deep down in the profound Indian character they are taking place. Further, there is being slowly evolved among the scattered and diverse populations of India a spirit of national unity which cannot fail to modify in many unforeseen ways the moral and intellectual development of India. All these indications of a new and more vigorous life are as yet but feeble in expression, and confined to few in number; but such as they are, with all their vast possibilities for the future, they are the work of British rule during the last sixty years.

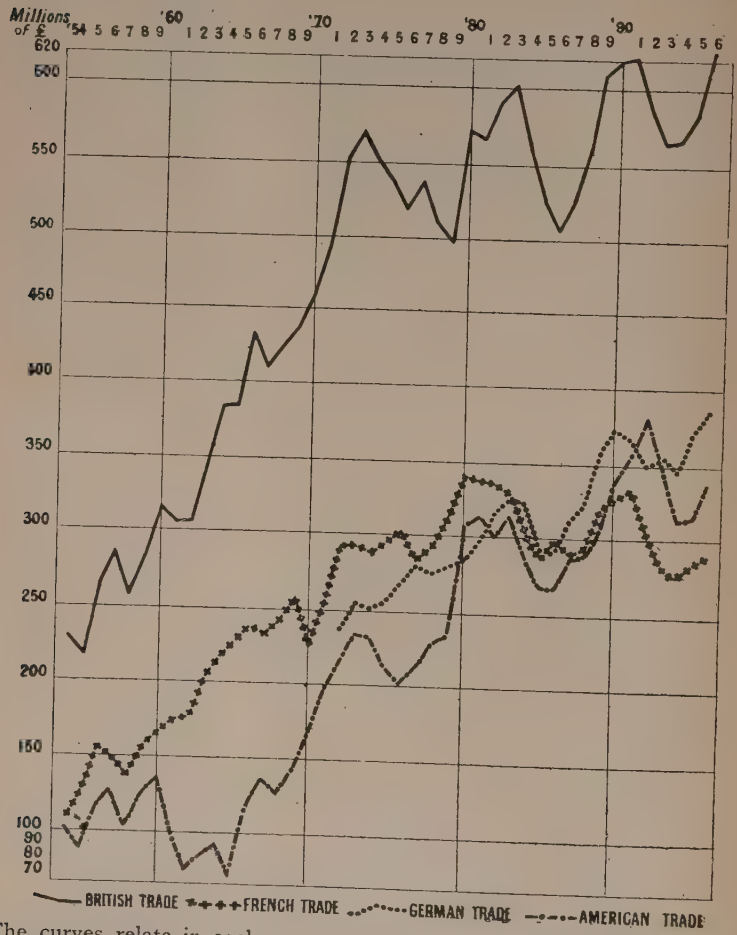
Turning to the change in Great Britain's attitude towards India, we shall find the contrast no less striking. In 1837 India was little more than a vast field of enterprise for British trade. Such political dominion as we exercised had been acquired, and was then exercised, mainly in the interests of that trade. Even in those days the British people had their ideals; but it must be remembered that India was out of the reach and almost beyond the control of public opinion at home. To-day no taint of trade attaches to our rule. In 1837 British power was represented by a commercial Company dividing with independent princes the sovereignty of India. To-day British power is represented by the servants of an ancient Crown, and Great Britain is absolutely paramount throughout the wide continent of

India. In 1837 India was a distant, detached land, half fable, half reality to the average Englishman. To-day India lies at our very doors, an integral part of the British Empire, no longer a land of fable for the acquisition of wealth, but a land of large responsibility and of onerous duty. In 1837 we had not ceased to strive with the natives of India in contest for the mastery of the soil. To-day we have already begun to teach the Indian peoples—now our fellow-citizens—the lessons of political freedom and individual liberty which we ourselves have learned at such cost in the past. Then we had not realized the magnitude of the task which our connection with India imposed upon us. Now we grow more conscious year by year of all that this connection means. Then the idea of Empire sat lightly on our hearts, and was irksome to our imagination. Now the greatness of our Empire weighs heavily on our mind, but we glory in the burden.

H. Morgan-Browne.

## Diagram No. 14.

CHART SHOWING FOR ENGLAND, FRANCE, THE UNITED STATES, AND GERMANY, THE COURSE OF FOREIGN TRADE, 1854-96.




[The curves relate in each case to *commerce spécial—i.e.*, imports for home consumption and exports of domestic produce and manufacture. With regard to Germany, the curve begins with the Empire. The figures for the years 1872-1879 have been partly estimated. In 1879 great changes were made in the valuation of German trade, which produced an apparent falling off in the amount of the imports. For these years, therefore, 75 per cent. of the official value of the imports has been taken as their real value.]

## XII.

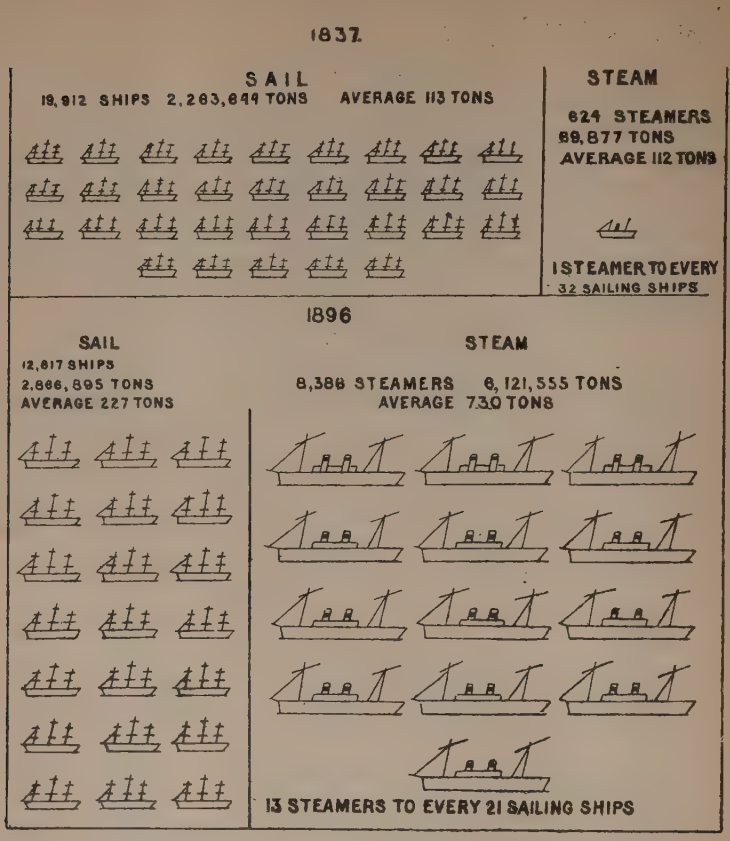
### *TRADE AND SHIPPING.*

Diagram No. 14 shows the total value of our imports and exports (excluding the 'emporium' trade) compared during the last forty years with that of France and the United States, and during the last twenty-five years with that of Germany. In 1855 our nearest rival (at that time France) was within a hundred millions of us; since 1870, with the sole exception of the year 1879, we have always been over two hundred millions ahead; while sometimes, as in 1873, 1883, and 1891, we have been more than two hundred and fifty millions in front of our nearest competitor.

### Diagram No. 15.

### OUR MERCHANT FLEET.

Even in 1837 the total tonnage of our merchant marine was greater than that of any country to-day (if we exclude the lake and river-boats in the United States). To-day the merchant navy of the British Empire, counting all vessels of 100 tons and upwards, is greater than those of all other countries in the world put together. The diagram which follows illustrates the great development of our merchant fleet in sixty years. The figures are taken from official statistics.




[The figures are relative in number and average size both in respect to the proportion between sail and steam, and to that between the years 1837 and 1896.]

## Diagram No. 16.

### OCEAN CARRIERS.

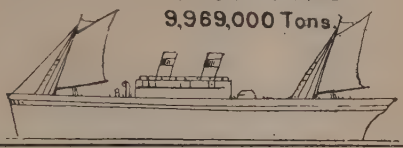
In the next diagram a comparison is made between the aggregate carrying capacity of the merchant navies of the British Empire, the United Kingdom, and four other countries. The figures, whether for numbers of ships or total

## THE BRITISH EMPIRE

| SAIL | STEAM |
|---|---|
| 3,856 SHIPS | 7,373 STEAMERS |
| 2,851,000 TONS | 10,508,000 TONS |

## THE UNITED KINGDOM

| Sail | Steam. |
|---|---|
| 2632 Ships. | 6,508 Steamers |
| 2,325,000 Tons. | 9,969,000 Tons. |

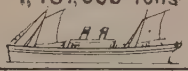


## THE UNITED STATES

| Sail | Steam |
|---|---|
| 2,535 Ships | 680 Steamers. |
| 1,229,000 Tons | 1,005,000. Tons. |

## GERMANY

| Sail | Steam |
|---|---|
| 673 Ships | 984 Steamers |
| 507,000 Tons | 1,437,000 Tons |

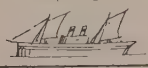


## NORWAY

| Sail | Steam |
|---|---|
| 2,264 Ships | 638 Steamers |
| 1,143,000. Tons. | 526,000 Tons. |

## FRANCE

| Sail | Steam |
|---|---|
| 592 Ships | 585 Steamers |
| 199,000 Tons | 931,000 Tons. |



[The size of the vessels is in proportion to the aggregate tonnage of the vessels of 100 tons and upwards belonging to the respective countries, according to *Lloyd's Register*, 1896-1897.]

tonnage, do not correspond with those given in the preceding diagram, as they are founded on a table in which the computation is differently made.

In shipbuilding our superiority is no less startling. From *Lloyd's Register* we find that of ships of 100 tons and upwards, nearly four times as great an aggregate tonnage was launched in 1895 (a year somewhat below the average of the past six or seven years) in England as in all other countries taken together.

H. MORGAN-BROWNE.

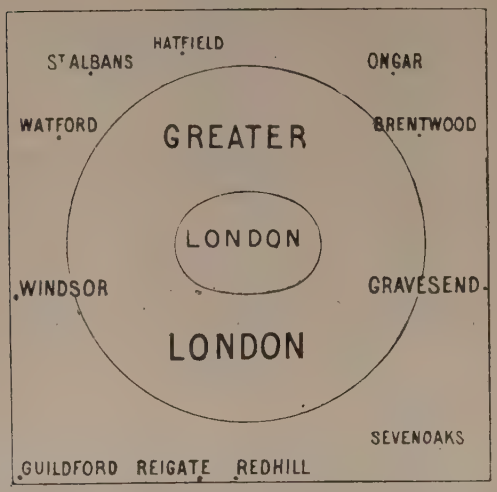
## XIII.

### *PRODUCTION AND INDUSTRY.*

It is not easy to realize the enormous aggregate production which the steady energy and mechanical skill of the British people turn out year by year from mine and factory. No other community of so many millions of human beings has ever attained to such a high average of industrial productiveness per head of the population. Of course the comparison must not be made with small communities, where the conditions of life rule very different from those which obtain in larger and more complex social organizations. But taking our three great industrial competitors—the United States, France, and Germany—we find that in those things which are the foundation of modern industrial success—the volume of foreign trade, and the production of coal and iron—Great Britain is nearly always twice as successful as her nearest rival. Thus, in terms of averages per head of the population, England does twice the trade of France, raises double the amount of coal raised in the United States, and produces nearly twice as much pig-iron. Germany does less than half our trade, raises only a third of the amount of coal we get, and makes only half as much pig-iron. The foreign trade of the United States is worth but a third of ours, while the coal and iron produced in France are respectively one-seventh and one quarter of our production.

## Diagram No. 17.

### OUR STAPLE MANUFACTURE—COTTON.




[The square figure represents a cotton sheet forty miles each way, being the equivalent of the production of cotton piece-goods exported every year from the United Kingdom. Certain places in the environs of London are indicated to show what extent of country such a sheet of cotton would cover.]

Diagram No. 17 is to enable the mind to grasp the enormous productiveness of our cotton factories, which turn out every year 5,000,000,000 yards of cotton piece-goods. What do these figures mean? Well; we may take the width of cotton piece-goods at a yard, so that we have a continuous strip of cotton one yard wide and nearly 3,000,000 miles long, or long enough to go 120 times round the world, or to reach six times to the moon and back. If this strip were cut up and the pieces stitched together so as to form a square, they would make a sheet forty miles each way. The above diagram shows the extent of country round

London which such a sheet would cover. It is only necessary to add that these stupendous figures only relate to our exports of cotton cloth for one year, and take no account of the amount manufactured for home use.

During the last sixty years we have exported over 156,000,000,000 yards of cotton piece-goods, or enough to make a sheet of 50,000 square miles in extent, which would just about cover England. In one continuous strip one yard wide this quantity would just reach from the earth to the sun—90,000,000 miles.

## Diagram No. 18.

### OUR STAPLE PRODUCT—COAL.

The next diagram (No. 18) deals with the coal raised in the United Kingdom in a year. The enormous size of our coal-stack can only be dimly realized by comparison. In the diagram the estimate of the coal-stack has been reached as follows: Solid coal weighs on an average from 78 lb. to 83 lb. the cubic foot. For stacking purposes, considering the great pressure which would be exerted in the centre of such a mass, from 72 lb. to 75 lb. have been reckoned to the cubic foot, or rather more than thirty cubic feet to the ton. The great Pyramid of Cheops, here drawn to scale, would fill Lincoln's-inn-Fields so that a cab could not drive round the square. In the pit which would contain this stack of coal all the bricks that would build a city like London might be stowed; if the pit were deepened and narrowed sufficiently it would become a hole 18 feet in diameter, going right through the earth, or it might be represented by a tunnel over 30 feet in diameter—3 feet bigger than the Blackwall Tunnel—from London to New York. The second part of the diagram is on a scale fifteen times as large as the first part. By it we see that from the British coal-stack raised in one year a wall 100 miles long could be built round Greater London—*i.e.*,

FIG. 1.

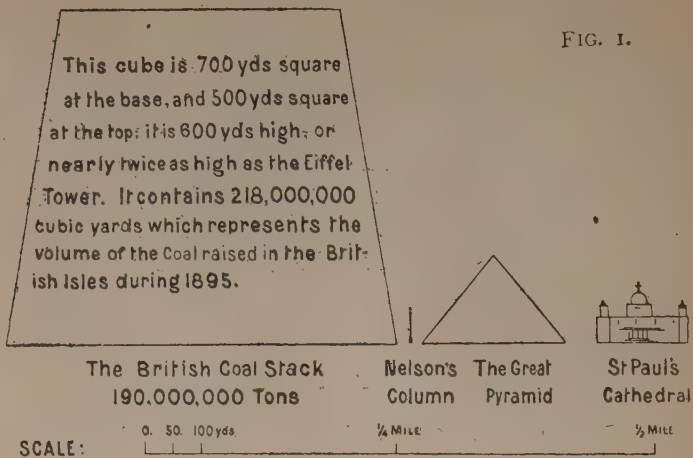
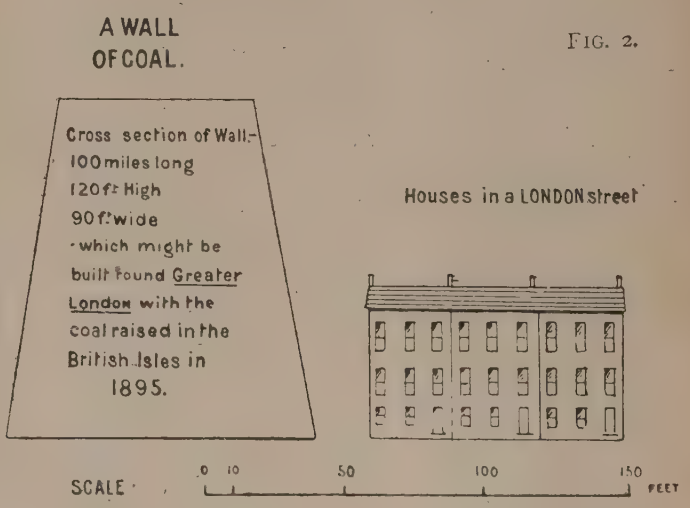

This cube is 700 yds square at the base, and 500 yds square at the top: it is 600 yds high, or nearly twice as high as the Eiffel Tower. It contains 218,000,000 cubic yards which represents the volume of the Coal raised in the British Isles during 1895.
The British Coal Stack 190,000,000 Tons
Nelson's Column
The Great Pyramid
St Paul's Cathedral
SCALE:
0. 50. 100 yds.
¼ MILE
½ MILE

FIG. 2.


A WALL OF COAL.
Cross section of Wall:-
100 miles long
120 ft High
90 ft wide
which might be built round Greater London with the coal raised in the British Isles in 1895.
Houses in a LONDON street
SCALE:
0 10 50 100 150
FEET

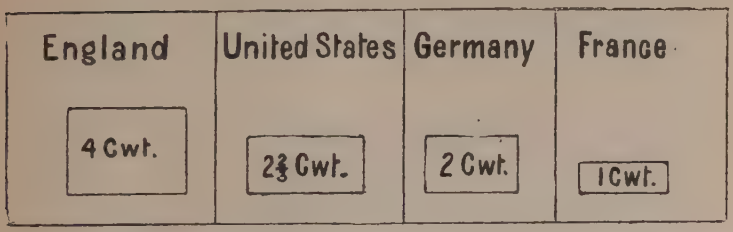
[It should be observed that the scale in the two parts of this diagram varies very much.]

at a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross—which would be as thick as the frontage of three good-sized London houses, and more than twice as high. Or, again, if all the coal raised in one year were dumped down in Regent's Park and Hyde Park, it would completely fill both these parks with two great heaps 150 feet high all over.

The coal raised during the last sixty years would have to be represented by a cube twenty-seven times as great as that shown above, for during the reign we have extracted a CUBIC MILE of coal from our mines. Into a hole a mile square and a mile deep the buildings in all the capitals of the world might be raked without filling it up. And yet if this cubic mile of coal were reduced to powder and evenly distributed over the British Isles, it would only cover the country with just half an inch of coal-dust. It is only necessary to add that we raise every year per head of the population twice as much coal as the United States, three times as much as Germany, and seven times as much as France.

DIAGRAM NO. 19.

THE PRODUCTION OF IRON.




[The figures represent the amount of pig-iron produced in each year per head of the population in each of the above-mentioned countries.]

Diagram No. 19 shows that in the production of pig-iron —so essential to modern industry—we maintain our traditional superiority. Naturally there are limits to the amount of pig-iron which a nation can consume—as there are limits

to the quantity of food which an individual can usefully eat —and we must expect the difference between ourselves and other nations in this connection to gradually diminish as they more nearly approach the limits of satiety. The point to note is that for the present in this most important particular we are a long way ahead of our commercial rivals.

H. MORGAN-BROWNE.

## XIV.

### *FACTORY AND MINE LEGISLATION.*

FOUR years before the Queen's accession Lord Althorp's Commissioners were sent to the factory districts to see what was happening there, and how the ten hours agitation could be defeated. Lancashire was the seat of empire in those days, and multitudes of miserable children, whose deft fingers pieced up the cotton-ends, were our empire-builders. In some of the factories children of five and six were found at work; many were under seven, still more under eight; and this though the legal limit was fixed at nine in 1819. The children were driven and beaten by overseers to keep them up to their work. A little Scotch girl told the Commissioners how, when she was too small to put on her 'ain claithes,' the overseer used to beat her till she screamed. The boys were beaten black and blue with rope-ends, and fell to the floor crying out for mercy. In the north-eastern district the slubbers would beat and kick the children to keep them on the run. At Nottingham and Leicester the Commissioners noted that there was no time for breakfast or tea; the children took it as they could, a bite and a run; and the food was often uneatable from the dust. The children's own accounts of their weariness are sad reading. They were 'sick tired.' The little piecers at Leicester worked from half-past five in the morning 'till the dark hour.' In the carpet-manufacturing districts the children were often called up at three or four in the morning, and kept on for sixteen or

eighteen hours. One of them was found in the middle of a thirty-four hours' spell. Richard Oastler, the children's Wilberforce, who gave up everything for the movement, told how he had seen children at seventeen or eighteen years of age so broken down that they could not walk without assistance; how children were awakened at four or five in the morning, and smaller children, fast asleep, were carried on their backs to the mill; how parents would hear their child's voice in the small hours of the morning asking, 'Father, is it time? Father, is it time?' The mothers told him that they could hardly bear their lives, and the men that they would sooner be transported than see it going on; but they walked the streets destitute, and had to submit to it or starve.

There is a companion picture of the Kindergarten where miners' babies were reared when Queen Victoria came to the throne. Five years after her accession some facts about the coal-trade first leaked out. For it was by a pure mischance, Lord Shaftesbury tells us, that the Blue-Book got into the hands of Members, the Home Office, acting according to its lights, having intended to suppress it. The mine was even more terrible and cruel than the factory. 'It must appear to every impartial judge of the occupation,' said Mr. Carlton Tufnell, one of the Factory Commissioners of 1833, 'that the hardest labour in the worst room in the worst conducted factory is less hard, less cruel, and less demoralizing than the best of coal-mines.' The Commissioner of 1842 found the pit-workings swarming with miserable children. The thinner the seams the greater the demand for these coal babies. Near Oldham, in the mountain-mines with their thin strata, the children went below when they were four or five. 'Some are so young,' writes the Commissioner, 'that they go in their bedgowns. One little fellow whom I endeavoured to question could not even articulate, although his father, between whose legs he hid his little black face as he stood before me, answered for him that he was seven years old.' In Durham and Northumberland there were many children

of five, six, and seven employed, and throughout a large part of the West Riding and in Shropshire, and elsewhere, it was the same story. In South Staffordshire little children went into the holes in the small mines with baskets to get coal, which they dragged to the foot of the shaft on their hands and knees. Most of the children were trappers, and sat behind their door in the dark for twelve or fourteen hours a day. But cases of children of three being carried down by their fathers to hold the candle were not unknown, and very small children were found useful for dragging corves of coal, through ways which were only twenty-two inches high. In Lancashire and Yorkshire it was the general custom for girls and women to be employed in the ordinary work of the mines. They had to crawl on all fours, dragging the tubs to which they were harnessed over the rough ways. Little girls of ten and eleven were often found at this work. In the Scotch mines, women and children had to carry the coal on their backs to the surface up ladders, the strap being fastened across the forehead. Children of six and seven, with these loads, climbed in the day ascents equal to fourteen times the height of St. Paul's. 'You must just tell the Queen Victoria,' said Isabel Hogg, a Scotch collier woman, 'that we are good loyal subjects; women-people here don't mind work, but they object to horse-work, and that she would have the blessings of all the Scotch coal-women if she would get them out of the pit and send them to other labour.'

A curious picture of the sort of education that was given to the workman's child may be put together from the various reports of inspectors and commissioners. There is a pathetic story of the schooling of a little pit-boy, aged six years and seven months, in the 1842 Report. He was at school at three years old, and his father wanted to make him a better scholar. 'When he gets a little more hardened to the pit his father means to send him to the night-school, and stop an hour off his sleep.' Night-school, with work beginning at three in the morning, cannot have been very successful,

but that was how the fathers of our present miners got their schooling. Leonard Horner, the great factory inspector, complains bitterly as late as 1857—twenty-four years after the Factory Act, which pretended to secure two hours' daily schooling for textile children—that the law, 'while it would seem to provide that the children employed in factories shall be *educated*, contains no enactment by which that professed end can be secured. It provides nothing more than that the children shall on certain days in the week, and for a certain number of hours each day, be enclosed within the four walls of a place called a school, and that the employer of the child shall receive weekly a certificate to that effect.' The teaching given within these four walls was a mere farce. It often happened that the schoolmaster could not sign the certificate with his own name. 'Pray, sir, can you read?' asked Horner. 'Aye, summat,' replied the teacher; 'at any rate, I am before my scholars.' Another inspector writes: 'The engine-man, the slubber, the burler, the book-keeper, the overlooker, the wife of any of these, the small shopkeeper, or the next-door neighbour, with six or seven children on the floor and on her lap, are by turns found teaching the young idea how to shoot, in and about their several places of occupation, for the two hours required by law.' One of these schools was held in the coal-hole of the engine-furnace by the fireman, and taught from fragments of books nearly as black as the fuel. In 1843, Horner reports that in an area of eight miles by four, including the towns of Ashton and Oldham, and a population of 105,000, there was not one public day-school for poor children. As to the factory Sunday-school, it was, as Southey said, 'an additional cruelty, a compromise between covetousness and hypocrisy.' Indeed, so far as education was concerned, it made little difference whether the child was under the law or not. The schooling was a mere sop to public opinion. In 1862, again, the Commissioners who were visiting the non-textile factories, for which no legislation then existed, found the children in all stages of savagery and

neglect. One child thought that Queen Elizabeth was on the throne. Another one, seventeen years old, 'has heard of the Queen, but only knows that it is the Queen, not what her name is or what she does for the country—thinks she sees to us.' 'Don't live in England—think it is a country, but didn't know before,' a Birmingham lad of twelve told the Commissioners.

The factory child of 1897 is still the youngest worker in the factories of Europe, though the age-limit has been raised to eleven. And he is far from being properly developed. How should he be, working double tides of factory and school-work—what we are pleased to call half-time? But compared with the starving, moiling, tortured slave-child of the early reign, what a difference! Here are the average weights of the mill child of 1833 and 1873:

| AGE | 1833 | 1873 |
|---|---|---|
| 9 | 51·76 | 58·56 |
| 10 | 57·00 | 61·55 |
| 11 | 61·84 | 66·78 |
| 12 | 65·97 | 70·57 |

And yet, writing in 1891, Dr. Torrop, of Heywood, points out that 'the medium average of Lancashire factory children is not equal to the average elsewhere. This is much more distinctly marked among children of thirteen, full-timers, who have passed some years in the factory, than it is in those of ten years of age. Of sixty healthy children, averaging thirteen and a half years, and taken as they came (thirty-one girls and twenty-nine boys), the average weight was 74 lb., or 18 lb. below the average of good health elsewhere.' Outside the textile trade there are very few half-timers. Everywhere, however, the law as to children's work is in a muddle, full of anomalies and serious flaws, and in no case is the border-line between work and education up to the best Continental standard. We still insist on fighting foreign competition with the children exposed to fire in the front rank.

'We are not sorry,' wrote the *Times* in 1844, 'that the public attention should be forcibly called from wealth to labour. The harsh din of mill-owner against landowner, agriculturist against capitalist, everywhere stuns the ear. Very good sort of men are seeming to forget that wealth of whatever kind is absolutely worthless, except for the sake of those who are to be made comfortable and happy thereby. They are acquiescing in the fact of millions being bowed down and ground down, body and soul, to the earth in the straitest penury and most incessant and brutish drudgery, so long as they see wealth accumulating; so long as stacks and storehouses are growing and filling, and rents are rising; so long as steam-engines are going, stocks getting low, credit good, and returns frequent. Very good sort of men, for they are not necessarily worldly or selfish who feel thus; they only identify wealth and happiness, and then forget that both may be confined to a few, as they most undoubtedly are at the present time. . . . The steam-engine is, as it were, a fourth estate of the realm—a mighty foreign power introduced. It aggravates private into public evils, and domestic into political. But most happily its very greatness, which otherwise would make it intolerable, reduces it to order. It can be timed. It cannot hide oppression *intra parietes*. Its size and power make it a public agent, and bring it under public duty.'

But the timing of the engine was only part of the work. Factory industry meant not only long hours, but an unwholesome congestion of humanity boxed up with whirling machines in a hot and poisonous atmosphere. It was not enough, therefore, to say that women and children should only work for a certain number of hours a day. The question was as to the conditions of labour. And the answer came from practically every industry which doctors diagnosed and Commissioners made notes of that they were so bad that flesh and blood, though 'hardened to the pit,' could not endure them. The State had to turn sanitarian as well

as time-keeper. Ventilation, cleanliness, dust prevention and the like, have no more come of themselves than the Saturday half-holiday, the statutory meal-time, and the ten hours day. And besides the general sanitary difficulties and dangers, there were special trade evils that called for special measures. Take the case of the potteries. In 1841 Mr. Scriven found the child-jiggers and mould-runners working from half-past five in the morning till six at night, and often on till eight, nine, or ten, in 120° of heat. The heat from the red-hot stoves was so great that he burst two thermometers near by. The boys ran out to their dinner without stockings, shoes, or jackets, with the mercury at 20° below freezing. And, of course, they died of consumption, asthma, and acute inflammations. Twenty years later the same thing was going on. And though the scourers were dying from potter's rot, and lead-poisoning was carrying off its victims, it took still another thirty years before Mr. Asquith brought anything like an effective pressure to bear on the general health conditions of the industry. Neither the statutory work day nor general sanitary regulations availed in the case of the red-hot stove or the flint-dust; and I am afraid that this instance establishes another point with equal certainty—namely, that the appearance of the State on the scene has not been followed by any immediate miracle. The Act which followed the report of 1862 vaguely required good ventilation in the few trades to which it applied, and for the rest empowered the employers to shift responsibility on to their men, for masters were allowed to make their own special rules and enforce them on the men on pain of fine. If we sum up roughly the record of the sixty years, we find that, till quite recently, such special health regulations as there were applied only to the most urgent cases. Up to 1891 the State had only laid it down that white-lead workers must be furnished with the means of washing, and that inspectors might require fans to be installed in dusty trades; that children and women engaged in wet spinning should

not be unduly soaked; that bakers should not sleep among the dough; and that cotton weavers should not be subjected to more than so many degrees of humidity and heat. Even now the conditions of special trade reform laid down by the Act of 1891 are very far from perfect. But at least the law is empowered to come to the rescue in every dangerous trade.

From interference with child labour we have gradually drifted into legislating directly for the adult worker. Grown-up women were turned out of the mines in 1842, with the boys under ten and the girls; and they were first protected in the textile factories in 1844, night-work being prohibited, meal-times made compulsory, and the hours restricted to twelve. Women were, in fact, placed on the same footing as young persons—*i.e.*, boys and girls between thirteen and eighteen. In spite of outbreaks of protest from time to time, not from the women themselves, but from their friends outside, they have substantially kept this position up to the present time. As to men, there is still, I believe, an idea floating about that the Factory Acts do not apply to them. But it so happens that in the course of years the State perceived that even the free and independent British workman was not proof against accidents and injurious health conditions. The mother crept in behind the children, and the father behind the mother. His hours have not been touched directly, but where he works with women and children the factory clock virtually marks his working-day. In his own factories and workshops the union has brought down the hours far below those fixed by law for the protection of women. As things stand to-day, the workman in factory or workshop enjoys protection in regard to sanitary conditions, safety regulations—so far as they go—and special health rules. The protection in some respects is, however, strictly relative. Parliament was scandalized in 1895 by the suggestion that men should not be allowed to clean machinery in motion, and even a Liberal Government dared

not propose to put a stop to this murderous practice in the case of women. Until that year, indeed, the fencing of the dangerous machine more and more strictly was, with one or two comparatively small exceptions, the only attempt which the factory law had made to prevent accident; though it had also concerned itself with the notification and registration of accidents—not to much effect as far as general accident statistics are concerned, since there has been no attempt at a uniform system for this and the other industries, such as railways, mines, and shipping. Powers have now been given for stopping work in a dangerous factory or workshop, and for stopping the use of a dangerous machine, and a beginning has been made in some of the more perilous outside trades by bringing docks, warehouses, ships loading and discharging, and some building operations, under certain of the safety provisions.

The miner has had a hard fight to get his crying need of protection recognised. The 1842 Act was not a men's Act, nor a safety Act. The one inspector was instructed not to go down the mine, and not to report on safety. The miners had to trust to two things—one, the power of combination; the other, the chance that the steady succession of terrific explosions would catch the public ear. It has taken a fierce agitation extending over years to get the State to intervene at all effectually. Inspection was won for five years in 1850, and from that day to this the Mines Inspector has been a power in the land. How ventilation was enforced, the second outlet secured, the certificated manager placed in command, and—not till 1887—the age of boy labour raised from ten to twelve, would take too long to tell. It was the Hartley accident, when 204 men were entombed by the blocking of a shaft, that led to the second shaft being enforced. But Parliament had its capricious and indifferent moods then as now. In 1866 the Oaks explosion, with its loss of 361 lives, occurred, while one of the innumerable Select Committees on Mines was sitting. The Committee

duly reported in 1867. But it was the end of the Session, and what would you have? Until 1872 nothing more was done. Looking back on the state of things in 1842, we see how far the miners have travelled since. The men who work in the pits to-day had a cruel childhood, but they have come through, and they are in a position not only to speak for themselves, but to shape the course of legislation for their own protection.

The State has gone some way in the course of the last sixty years to recognise that the workman who suffers from economic helplessness is also entitled to protection. The miner's check weighman, the particulars clause in Mr. Asquith's Act, the Truck Act, are cases in point. Then, again, it is coming to be recognised as a maxim of sound statesmanship and social economy that there are circumstances under which it is better for the State to act on behalf of the workmen than to leave the workmen to settle things by a war *à l'outrance*. The legislation in regard to railway hours and the Eight Hours movement for miners are cases in point. Here we have a species of factory legislation—the State putting its seal to conditions which have behind them the full weight of the workmen's organizations.

It was Lord Ashley, afterwards the Earl of Shaftesbury, who had to bear the brunt of the fight in the days when State intervention savoured of the devil and chaos. It was the most heroic fight in and out of Parliament ever made on behalf of the worker. He was almost alone in the House, though he had Lancashire and Yorkshire behind him, and could write of the 'singular truth, fidelity, and affection of the operatives.' The *Globe* described him as the Prince of Canters, and every orthodoxy in England had its fling at him. His diary from 1833 up to the inclusion of non-textile factories and workshops in 1867 is the story of one sustained encounter with British Philistinism. In a retrospect of the field he wrote:

'I had to break every political connection, to encounter a

most formidable array of capitalists, mill-owners, doctrinaires, and men who, by natural impulse, hate all "humanity-mongers." They easily influence the ignorant, the timid, and the indifferent; and my strength lay at first ("tell it

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not in Gath!") among the Radicals, the Irishmen, and a few sincere Whigs and Conservatives. Peel was hostile, though, in his cunning, he concealed the full extent of his hostility until he took the reins of office, and then he opposed

me, not with decision only, but with malevolence, threatening, he and Graham, to break up his administration and "retire into private life," unless the House of Commons rescinded the Vote it had given in favour of my Ten Hours Bill. The Tory country gentlemen reversed their votes; but in 1847, indignant with Peel on the ground of the Corn Law repeal, they returned to the cause of the factory children. Fielden and Brotherton were the only "practical" men, as the phrase then went, who supported me; and to "practical" prophecies of overthrow of trade, of ruin to the operatives themselves, I could only oppose "humanity" and general principles. The newspapers were on the whole friendly; some very much so; a few, especially the local journals, inconceivably bitter, though balanced by local papers sound and hearty in their support. Out of Parliament, there was in society every form of "good-natured" and compassionate contempt. In the provinces, the anger and irritation of the opponents were almost fearful; and men among first classes of workpeople, overlookers and others, were afraid to avow their sentiments. It required during many years repeated journeys to Lancashire and Yorkshire, no end of public meetings in the large towns; visits, committees, innumerable hours, intolerable expense. In very few instances did any mill-owner appear on the platform with me; in still fewer the ministers of any religious denomination. At first not one, except the Rev. Mr. Bull, of Brierley, near Bradford; and even to the last very few, so cowed were they (or in themselves indifferent) by the overwhelming influence of the cotton lords. . . . The pressure upon purse and upon time was very great; the pressure upon strength was greater; but the pressure on the mind was greatest of all. I endured terrible anxieties.'

It was long before Lord Ashley got a good word from any leading statesman. Bright insisted that time must not be wasted in tinkering up these sores; the people asked for freedom of industry and for the liberty of buying food where

they pleased. Hume held that the working classes were capable of taking care of themselves: Parliament had no right to interfere with the capital or labour of any man. Macaulay, before his conversion, protested against the 'intermeddling of Mr. Southey's idol, the omniscient and omnipotent State,' and pleaded for 'leaving capital to find its most lucrative course.' Lord Londonderry quoted evidence in the House of Lords to prove that the Midlothian collieries would have to be closed if the women were shut out, and he threatened that if once the inspectors were let down into his mines they would not easily get out again. In an insolent letter to Ashley he referred him to the following tribute to the healthiness of mines by one Dr. Mitchell:

'That the air of the pit is not unfavourable to life may be seen from its effect on some of the animal creation. Horses thrive well, and so do asses, if the pit be not too warm. Midges are in millions, woodlice not uncommon, nor the insect called forty-legs; and beetles are found in all parts of the pit. Mushrooms grow at 100 yards distance from the foot of the shaft. Persons previously lean when they go into the pit become fat.'

Descendants of Lord Londonderry are not wanting to-day —indeed, they are much in evidence—but the forty-legs and the stout pitmen will hardly put in another appearance, even in the House of Lords. Happily there is a genuine scientific spirit astir, and we are bringing the test of the worker's well-being to bear all along the line. But I have not space to say more of this here, nor to touch upon the great extension and the increasingly fruitful work of the Factory Department. Things are moving, but there are obstinate problems to be dealt with yet. Even the successes are not final. The standard of life is rising, and the expansion of our legislation must keep pace with it, otherwise the helpful influence of the State may become the grasp of the dead hand.

VAUGHAN NASH.

## XV.

### *LABOUR'S RETROSPECT.*

To make complete a sixty years' inventory for Labour in the British Empire is to write for that period the history of a never-ending struggle of the better portion of humanity for a higher social life.

To indicate what Labour has achieved since 1837 is to register the undeniable material progress of the working classes as a whole, and, in so doing, record the greater commercial prosperity, political power, and social stability of the English-speaking people.

To compare the present condition of Labour with sixty years ago, however, is to deal with shifting standards, varying conditions, that can only be weighed by the test of time, which disillusionment and a long-range survey alone can yield.

But even admitting this basis of comparison, there is much to be said in a transient way for the ideals, the struggles, and, on the whole, success of that class whose yearnings for a better lot began 'when Adam delved and Eve span,' and whose tardy entrance into public life—the province of government, the field of municipal and poor-law administration—has been the special feature of the past sixty years.

Since 1837—a period of bad trade, worse harvests, rampant protection, universal unrest, social striving and political ferment—British Labour has displayed the great

faculty of dogged persistency. In its attainment of social revolution by industrial reform it has used all men and all measures for its advancement. What it could not get by law it secured by strikes and combination; where either failed, municipal regulation was invoked or legislative control called in. Whilst being cosmopolitan in its aims, it has avoided the countless dreams, the viewy aims and starry visions that the dreamers and prophets of Labour have mused or mourned over.

The first to practise Internationalism, if not to preach it, British Labour has always affirmed that organization began at home, and accepted the national unit as the base of international action, and along that line has worked and won.

It has respected and accepted the inspiration of 'idle singers of an empty day'; but in its attainment of the real has failed to follow the search after short-cuts to the millennium, and rapid transits to Labour Eldorados, that at all times have been urged upon it by the least practical, but not less sincere, of its advisers. It has harnessed to its chariot the enthusiasm of the co-operator, the thrift of the friendly society, the fanaticism of the Socialist, and the business ability of its trade union civil service. In promoting its welfare it has used the social hopes of all, the creeds of none.

The Labour movement in Britain, in avoiding theory and sentiment, has often earned the taunt of being selfish and insular. This is the price for being practical, the premium for success; but if it has been unromantic, it has secured over sixty years a greater measure of success than where ideals and doctrinaire theories have alone prevailed. And in that period no other nation's workers have displayed the continuity of a conscious class movement for better conditions so successfully.

Its defeats, through organization, have been invariably converted into compromises; its repulses, deferred successes, and its victories—are they not the heritage of universal

Labour, to the permanent gain and glory of the human race?

In the early forties the ardent spirits fighting for Labour at home sought exemption from slow but sure progress here by transferring to newer countries boundless energies that the old country could not or would not use.

There, under freer and virgin conditions, have grown up Labour codes, social obligations, sanitary regulations, and shorter hours, that, in their turn, have been used as models and exemplars for England to slowly follow, and other countries to imitate.

Out of the long pilgrimage towards its promised land that the Labour host has been slowly treading across the wilderness of industrial subjection, its wandering alternated by sorrow and song, suffering and success, no sixty years have yielded such a continuous progress in improving status, wages, hours, holidays, and general well-being as that period which is being obtrusively celebrated and absorbed by the military and bureaucratic elements who have had really the least to do with its success.

The merchant, the trader, the artisan, the sailor, the navvy, the miner, the engineer, and builder—these are men who will not occupy a front place in the Jubilee procession. But it is their brain or brawn, the civilian element, the industrial mind, the engineering genius of adventure and risk of limb that have made our industrial system successful and the envy of the world.

The Victorian epoch, in so far as it has made for civilization at home and abroad, has had Labour for its base, continuous industry for its structure, peace for its maintenance, and too often acute poverty, accidents and death for its army of industrials in its early stages. And of all the forces in the universal Labour host none has had its face more to the light, its heart imbued with finer courage, its mind with higher purpose and its capacity for leadership, assimilation, and organization better tested than the British Labour

Movement. It has always been the pioneer, often the main-guard of that ever victorious army of the common people, whose march began in slavery, and whose disbandment will only be secured when Labour has ceased to be a distinctive class title, and 'workman' is merged in the citizen craftsman of a co-operative commonwealth.

The year 1837 found the workman politically disfranchised, industrially a mechanized automaton, socially ostracized; after centuries of repression, just learning the power to combine; his trade union suspect, his citizenship denied, his mental faculties untrained, his personal productive powers overtaxed, his children driven too early to work, his home too often a hovel, his wife too frequently the slave of a slave. His low wages paid at long intervals, often in a public-house, and frequently subject to truck, he was powerless against arbitrary deductions; for his special exemption ordinary laws were unmade: he was in the State, but not of it.

Factory legislation was hardly worth the name. Sanitary supervision was almost unknown. The great industry claimed him as a hand, the home industries often as a sweated victim, and society yielded to him as a privilege what he now enjoys with others as a right. He had no public libraries, polytechnics, baths, or free education. The amenities belonged to the aristocracy, the brutalities to the workman. His sports, like his work, were often cruel and degrading. His holidays were scarce, too often disgraceful orgies. His employment long and monotonous, his play had to be exciting when not brutal. He drank more than he does now, and his self-respect was less, but with all this he never was a snob, rarely a cad, and nearly always the splendid savage the Englishman is reputed to have been when industry and empire were in the making. Centuries of dependence on others made him prone to regard communal provision through the Poor Law as licensed aids to dissoluteness. The community who had been neglectful of him he

retaliated upon by being thriftless with its collective funds and public charity. And in this respect he only resembled farmers and manufacturers. His earnings were rarely enough to enable him to learn how to save, and his greatest defect was his low number of wants, his low standard of dissatisfaction, his animal contentment with his lot, his lack of hope, his submission to his fate.

But his day of awakening came. The legalizing of combination in 1824, the extension of political power in 1832, the growth of Chartism, the magnificent work and education of the greatest Englishman of this century, and most powerful of formative influences of all time, Robert Owen—these, with the extension of railways, steam, and industry, forced upon the workman that other times meant other ways. And he was not slow to follow his better instincts under good advice, wise and devoted leadership, and, taking the years that have sped since 1837, he has lacked neither one nor the other.

Given freedom to combine that was only really entered upon sixty years ago, what did workmen do? They started the beginnings of that splendid system of trade-unions that now has 1,500,000 members, £2,000,000 of funds, with a power of offence and defence greater than enrolled membership. That has been a barrier and shield to all who have had the courage to raise it on their behalf. It has raised wages in some cases over fifty per cent., it has reduced hours, humanized industry, and at last is recognised by nearly all as the agency of collective bargaining and protection of all who work by hammer and hand. Its annual Parliament has grown in numbers, influence, and respect; its literature, machinery, and constitution have been copied by the Labour movement in all countries, and it is only fair to say that where Britain's example in Labour organization is not followed, there Capitalism remains unchecked, monopoly paramount, and individual greed triumphant.

Concurrently with the formation of trade-unions for in-

dustrial protection, the workman realized the necessity—failing State provision—of finding some agency wherewith to meet the demand that accident and sickness made upon him. And in less than sixty years 24,000 societies have sprung into existence, with a membership of 8,500,000 members, with over £30,000,000 of funds, and an income of

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£7,000,000 annually. The trade-union provided him the wages, the friendly society, by its collective thrift, the agency wherewith to soften his lot.

Side by side with these two great streams of working-class protection and philanthropy there has grown up another, and potentially greater than either, the co-operative movement. Less than sixty years old, this rapidly-growing

institution shows signs of greater permanent benefits than any product of the Victorian era. Conceived in communism, nurtured by altruism, threatened in its later stages by a too commercial spirit, there are all the signs that it will avoid the sentimental difficulties of its creation by the correction applied to it by its business side, and continue to grow, a State within a State, till it absorbs what is outside in distribution and production, or, failing that, will cause, as it is rapidly doing, the State and municipality to follow its example.

Where co-operation terminates and collectivism begins is difficult to define. Some day the Labour movement may be strong enough to bring about the unity of both. Till then it remains a monument of working-class combination, a tribute to the capacity and character of British Labour.

Still far behind what it should be, but infinitely better than it was sixty years ago, is that feature and primary necessity of life—good house accommodation. It says much for the average workman that he increasingly spends a disproportionate share of his larger earnings on his home. It is equally creditable to all classes of society that greater importance is attached to this problem, and it shows every sign of quickly yielding to the desires of all, as every day sees private interest, stimulated and driven by public example, making some attempt to do what it too long neglected, and what it will be regarded soon as the exclusive duty of municipalities to provide. Closely connected with the question of the demand for larger homes, the desire for smaller families is being made evident to all who witness with pleasure that the ratio of increase of population in the last ten years is equal to an aggregate reduction of one million of population as compared with the ratio of increase of the previous decade.

The home, the size of the family, and the domestic economy of the workman's household, are being favourably influenced by the better training boys and girls are receiving in cooking

and kindred matters by polytechnics and technical schools. If these check the vagaries of taste, correct the wasteful selection of foods and indisposition to cook, above all the repugnance to soups and boiled food, that limited space in towns have imposed upon workpeople, they will reap still

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further the nutritious benefits of the undoubtedly cheaper and better foods they now can buy with their higher wages.

Not least amongst the welcome changes that have come over the mass of the people is the growing sobriety and the relative diminution of drunkenness. Saint Monday is less

popular than he was, his votaries are rapidly declining, and in some districts have disappeared altogether, whilst drink has been banished from the factory, and is leaving the workshop during working hours.

There is still room for great improvement, but we must mainly look to education and counter attractions to still further reduce the too prevalent drinking habits of the precariously employed. Certain it is there must also be noted the development of a purely Victorian vice, that of gambling and betting, that has now, to their detriment, a greater hold on workmen than sixty years ago.

The prevalence of the nine-hours day, the Saturday half-holiday, the incoming of the eight-hours movement, the growing dislike to overtime, have given facilities to sports and pastimes undreamed of by artisans sixty years ago. Cricket, football, bicycling, rowing, and other sports are accessible to and enjoyed by all. Sixty years ago the rural workman had the advantage; this has now been transferred to the town, and city populations have pastimes now that engender better health, longer life—the Engineers have added twelve years to their life in forty years—and increasing cleanliness and better dress.

In no department of labour has there been wrought a greater and more needful change than in the rapidly extending fields of Imperial and municipal employment.

The hours are shorter, generally eight per day; the wages higher; the amenities of service considerably improved, and generally the service thereby rendered more efficient.

Imperial employment, that often used to be very bad, has in most cases come level with the best employers, and those not yet in that condition soon will be.

Municipal labour in its humbler stages has simply been revolutionized. The scavenger, dustman, sewerman and general labourer have very rapidly made up the leeway that communal neglect or inability to organize had imposed upon them.

With here and there exceptions to the general higher level that are in process of being remedied, no section of labour has profited so much for so small an amount of effort and initiative on its own part.

The fact that nearly 300 local authorities have inserted Fair Wages conditions in their contracts, and that direct

ERNEST JONES.

employment is rapidly extending, indicates that public service, direct and indirect, has lifted its labour to a higher level.

The marked improvement in skilled male labour and the organized unskilled trades has not been the lot of every section of British labour.

Woman labour has greatly increased, and has not deteriorated where new industries have been created or extended.

But there are still large sections of woman labour in which handwork and homework prevail whose conditions are no better, in a few cases worse. But recently there is a strong tendency to reverse this and enable women and girls to participate in what male labour has undoubtedly secured.

Woman has suffered because she is not a permanent soldier in the army of industry.

Marriage breaks the continuity of her interest in her trade. Legislation, public opinion, and social forces are combining to prevent her being any longer the Cinderella of the industrial family.

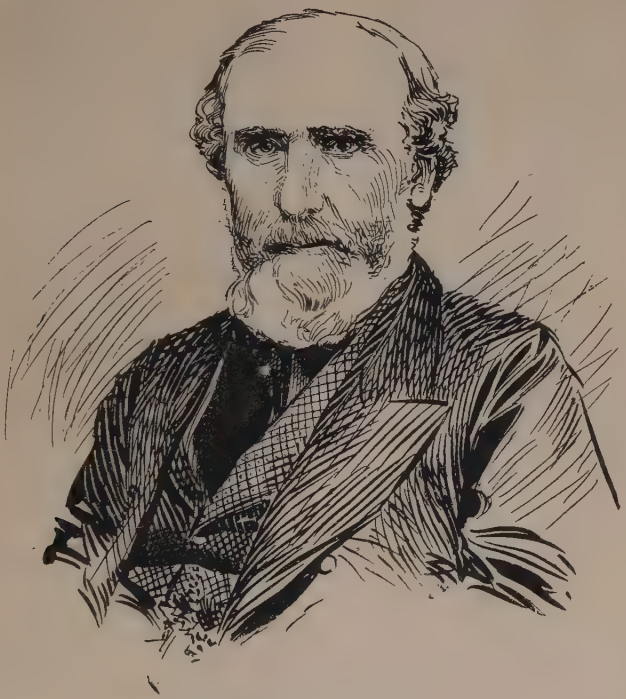
Notwithstanding the wonderful efforts of Mr. Arch in the sixties and seventies, rural labour has not improved upon nor even maintained the position he achieved for it. Economic causes are alone responsible for this absence of the labourer from that proportion of improvement his fellow-workman has secured.

Still, he has profited indirectly, where he has retained employment, by the very cheapness of the food that has displaced many of his fellows. But where the labourer has presented a bold front, and, as in some parts of Scotland, insisted upon good conditions, these have been conceded to him. Only from changes in the land system and organization can Hodge get permanent relief. Till then he must be content with what comes his way.

Another section of Labour whose lot has not proportionately improved is that of the sailor. Where improvement has taken place it has been incidental to the evolution of bigger ships and Parliamentary control, and not due to the desire of shipowners to give Jack what he deserves and should receive as one of the chief factors in the growth of the nation. Civilization and modern commerce exact a

heavy tribute from all sections of Labour. They have both been in the past sixty years not so mindful of our sailors as his work and risk deserve.

The workless worker, curiously, has in later years, thanks to the Socialists, been a larger factor in ameliorative legislation, municipal provision, and industrial accountability than hitherto.



ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

His existence is the perennial reminder of our faulty method of organizing society and producing wealth. He suffered in silence in 1837, and accepted his lot with Oriental submissiveness until nearly starved. He now sees a more excellent way of relieving his lack of work by reducing the excess of it on the part of those employed, and in the past fifteen years

the unemployed has demanded attention, and received it in a way undreamt of sixty years ago.

Since the collapse of the Chartist movement in 1848 there has always been a keen desire for Labour representation. Slowly that has been achieved, till now there are over 1,000 workmen members of governing bodies, local, educational, magisterial, and imperial.

Admittedly they have done good work, rarely abused their trust, and been relatively free from all the disabilities that were freely urged against their election. Agreeing to differ on many questions, they have avoided the independence that means impotent isolation, and have co-operated with each and all on broad human industrial questions and social reforms.

Leavened by Socialism, tempered by native shrewdness, Labour representatives in Britain have hitherto pursued in working out their ideals the line of least resistance. This required more courage than would have been possible for men of another class, and has finally been rewarded with success for Labour interests simply because no other policy has been proved by experience to be possible.

Now that this has been demonstrated, and fusion is taking the place of faction, there are hopes of British, Colonial, and American labour devising some rational, concerted plan by means of which Labour legislatively can improve its position through the councils and parliaments of the world.

The sixty years that have closed have witnessed many changes, some revolutions, but no transformation more remarkable than the hopeful oncoming and ingathering of the common people who labour.

Originating in England, developed in the colonies, followed the wide world over, the growth of organized labour has made social 'freedom broaden slowly down from precedent to precedent.' There is no sign yet of failure; there are only signs of further improvement at an accelerated pace; as wisdom grows, respectability does not deaden, and courage

does not diminish. In it all there is a moral hopefulness, an intellectual quickening, a personal worth, a communal force that will save our people from stagnating or wealth from corroding the mainsprings of our social, political, and industrial life.

The much that has been secured is the incentive for the more to follow, the stimulus and experience to undertake what has yet to be remedied. To have carried on the fight that has been fought by others is to have been honoured; to have carried a flag in that uprising of British Labour, to have had some share in the building up of the 'nobility of Labour, the pedigree of Toil,' is to have helped in the construction of

> 'A nation
> Made free by love, a mighty brotherhood
> Linked by a jealous interchange of good.'

JOHN BURNS.

## XVI.

### *VICTORIAN SCIENCE.*

Science, whose concern is with facts, cannot dispense with symbols. The geographer engirts the earth with an imaginary equator; the astronomer seams the heavens with an imaginary ecliptic; the chemist, in his formulæ of the composition of bodies, borrows the letters of the alphabet; and the historian uses ciphers wherewith to mark time. He knows that there is no real detachment; that past and present are indissolubly linked in one chain of continuity; but he avails himself of the resting-place which notable events afford for survey of contrast between things that were and things that are, and fixes his dates accordingly.

That 'there is nothing new under the sun' is an adage the fallacy of which it has taken science but a short time to expose compared to the centuries which have passed before the adage which declares that 'seeing is believing' was refuted. The correction of the false impressions conveyed by the senses, as, *e.g.*, of a flat and fixed earth, was arrived at only after long experience and observation.

As it is the sun himself who is subpœnaed in evidence that there is nothing new under him, astronomy, the oldest of the sciences, should have precedence in our survey of scientific advance. As is well known, the weapons with which science attacks its problems are observation and experiment. But while many things may be seen, not all of them can be tested. This defect seemed to apply notably

to the heavenly bodies, and it was a cheap and easy prophecy (we find Comte himself among the seers) that suns and planets, and the still more remote stars, nebulæ, and comets could never be subjects of analysis. The refutation of that prediction is among the chief triumphs of science in the Victorian era. For the light radiated from the sun and other suns—every so-called 'fixed' star being presumably the centre of a solar system—has been broken on the spectroscope and made to tell the secret of their chemical constitution. Fraunhofer discovered the dark lines which crossed the sun's spectrum in 1817, but forty years passed before their marvellous significance was known. Every vaporized substance exhibits a spectrum of fixed lines peculiar to itself, and where those lines are shown to be coincident with Fraunhofer's, the presence of the same substances in sun or star is demonstrated. Nearly forty elements, among which may be named iron, sodium, hydrogen, and carbon, are proved to be common to earth and sun; and, speaking broadly, the stars, whose light has been thus far analyzed, are found to be made of the same stuff as the sun himself. The nebulæ and star clusters, broadly speaking—for throughout the universe there are gradations—fall into two classes. Lines of luminous hydrogen show the nebulæ to be masses of gas—perchance worlds in the course of formation. The clusters are resolvable into stars, as the researches of Lockyer and other physical astronomers show. The spectroscopist seems on the verge of classifying stars into the young, the vigorous, and the dead; while the measurements of Huggins on the displacement of the lines in the spectra of stars 'in the line of sight' indicate whether they are approaching or receding from our system. Thus far, in brief, as to the spectroscope; but of scarcely less importance is the photographic camera as an agent of research. Not only does it take portraits of the heavenly bodies, so that we may watch the convulsions which tear the mottled solar surface, and stand, as it were,

on the edge of lunar craters, but the chemical plate, being sensitive to invisible light, secures the pictures of stars beyond the focus of both eye and telescope. And as the record which it secures is infallible, it is a priceless key both to star positions and to stellar distribution. At this moment

SIR JOHN HERSCHELL.

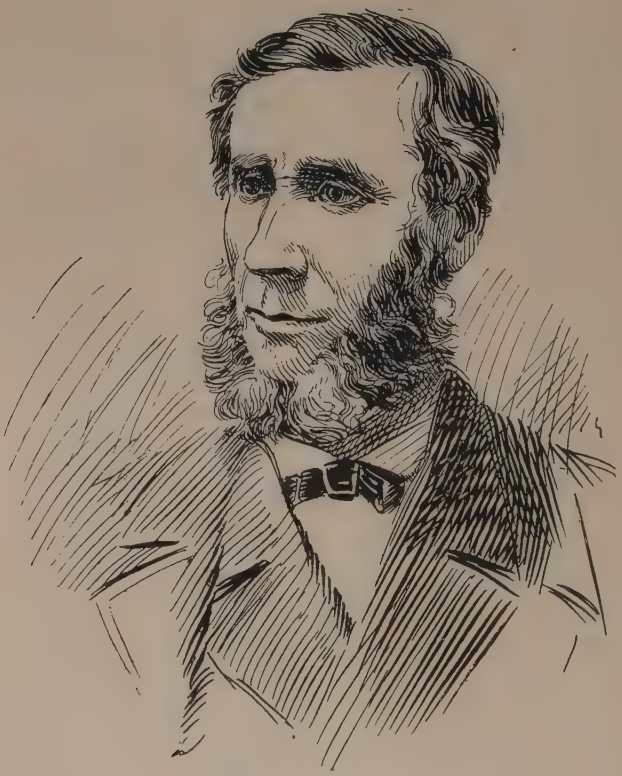
astronomers in both hemispheres are constructing a photographic chart which will give the exact places of more than a million stars; while some twenty millions in all will have their existence inscribed upon the exquisitely sensitive negatives. We have, thus far, said nothing of mathematical astronomy; but although its importance is shorn by the

achievements of astrophysics, its triumphs are written in the discovery of Neptune by Adams and Leverrier in 1846, and in the ascertainment, during the past sixty years, of the distances of about fifty stars. The nearest, *a* Centauri, is about twenty-five billions of miles from our system, involving an interval of about four years before his light reaches us.

Passing to chemistry and physics as the closest allies of astronomy, we find that progress in both mainly rests, at least on their philosophical side, on the atomic theory—a theory with which, in Liebig's words, 'all our ideas are so interwoven that we cannot carry ourselves back to the times when it did not exist.' From Davy and Faraday to Clerk-Maxwell, Tyndall, and Lord Kelvin, the successors of Dalton have sought to probe the mystery of the structure of matter. All that can be said here on a subject upon which so much might be said is that, since our knowledge of the constitution and properties of matter is limited to its activities, its ultimate nature remaining an insoluble problem, an added force is given to the words of Lord Kelvin, 'that it is scarcely possible to help anticipating the arrival of a complete theory of matter in which all its properties will be seen to be merely attributes of motion.' To existing proofs of the fundamental connection of matter in its several states there has been added that supplied by the solidification of certain gases under a temperature well-nigh as much below that of the Arctic regions as ice itself is below that of boiling water. In the discovery of new elements, that of thallium by Mr. Crookes in 1861 is perhaps remembered only by the expert, while Ramsay's discovery of argon, a constituent of the atmosphere, and helium, a constituent of the sun's chromosphere, is of yesterday. A slight difference of density in nitrogen led to the discovery of the one; and the most delicate research revealed the presence of the other in a Norwegian mineral.

This is, perhaps, a suitable place to refer to that great discovery with which the names of Colding, Joule, Helm-

holtz and Lord Kelvin are prominently connected, namely, the Conservation of Energy, or the doctrine that the sum-total of energy in the universe remains the same in amount amid the changing forms—all being phenomena of motion—in which it may exhibit itself. Both Matter and Motion are indestructible.



PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

But chemistry has its practical side, and herein Faraday may be said to have led the way. His discovery of benzene led to the unlocking of the riches of exquisite colours in coal-tar, and to his experiments are due the development which applied electricity has reached as a lighting and motor power.

We have but to name patent manures, oil of vitriol, sulphuric acid, and the recent discovery which shows the advantage of sowing in the soil the bacteria which assimilate nitrogen, to indicate the important part played by chemistry in the factory and the field. That seeing of the invisible through the camera, which has been already spoken of, has nowadays familiar illustration in Röntgen's discovery of the X-rays, as he calls them, by which the shadows of unseen objects, as, *e.g.*, bullets and needles in bodies, of skeletons, and of vital organs, are imprinted on a sensitive plate.

That the unknown may reveal itself as the most potent is seen in the wonderful development of electricity as a motor power and as a vehicle of communication between mankind. In the one it is probably destined to effect even a greater revolution than that wrought by steam; in the other, its application is doubtless still in its infancy. The reflection is striking that until water was vaporized and harnessed to an engine no advance in modes of locomotion had been made since those remote ages when man tamed the camel and the horse. Although this branch of our subject runs the risk of becoming a schedule, only comparisons of figures can give the measure of mechanical progress. Steam-engines, more or less imperfect, were doing various kinds of work before the time of Watt, and the first locomotive was built in 1804, but no marked development took place until the present reign. In 1837 there were 110 miles of railway in the United Kingdom (the third-class carriages then, and long after, were roofless and seatless—mere cattle-trucks); in 1897 the mileage is 18,000. America shows still more remarkable progress, the development of electric and cable tramcars in even small towns in the States shaming us. But space forbids our travelling outside these islands. However, we keep the van in shipping. The registered tonnage of our commercial navy is eleven millions, representing fifty-two per cent. of the maritime carrying-trade of the world as compared with 1840, when our share was

twenty-seven per cent. The fourteen days occupied by steamers in 1838 in the passage from Bristol to New York is now reduced to five days; our liners have reached a speed of twenty knots, and our torpedo-boats a speed of thirty-two and a half knots per hour. Our vast supplies of energy in

MICHAEL FARADAY.

our coal-beds account for much, but improved metallurgy, as, for example, in the Bessemer and Siemens-Martin methods of making steel, whereby that metal can be sold at under £4 per ton, has contributed enormously to British supremacy in railway and maritime engineering.

The time would fail us to tell of all that mechanical

science has effected by steam, gas, and oil engines, and by pneumatic and hydraulic machines as labour-saving apparatus, and we can only refer to the great engineering works which remain among the mightiest monuments of the Queen's reign. Chiefest among these are the Forth and Tower Bridges, and the Severn and Blackwall Tunnels. Passing over revolutions in industries effected by inventions, of which printing and sewing machines are examples, we come to one of the chief civilizing agents in this reign —namely, the electric telegraph. Wheatstone and Cooke took out their patent for this instrument in 1837, the year when Her Majesty ascended the throne, but nearly thirty years elapsed before the Atlantic cable enabled her to exchange greetings with the American President. The latest development, wireless telegraphy, has yet to prove itself capable of successful application between long distances over disturbed areas; but the extension of the telephone from continent to continent is in the nearer future. It should be remembered that while Bell, among rival claimants, has the credit of its invention, its perfection is due to Edison's carbon transmitter and to Hughes's microphone.

Leaving the products of the earth, and man's skilful employment of them, for the earth itself, we find nation in healthy competition with nation in filling up blanks on the world's map. In 1837 these were wide and frequent in the interiors of Africa and Australia; now but a few remain. One evidence of the prominent part which Britons have played in exploration is in the bestowal of the Queen's name on hundreds of places in the four quarters of the globe. The remotest known land in the Antarctic regions bears the name Victoria, so does an inlet of Nares Land in the Polar regions, where Nansen's memorable enterprise has imprinted the foot of man in a latitude nearly 200 miles farther north than reached by previous explorers. Among these the most honoured names are those of Englishmen, and with Franklin, that 'heroic sailor-soul,' lies the honour of dis-

covering the North-West Passage. As becomes the greatest maritime Power in the world, Britain has kept to the front in ocean surveys, and additions to our knowledge of the life that fills the deep sea. One of the most impressive results of the *Challenger* expedition, outside further knowledge of the luminous fish which haunt the dark abysses, was the bringing up with the remains of sea-creatures numerous

LORD ARMSTRONG.

minute granules of native iron. These, as Mr. Murray suggests, are almost certainly of meteoric origin, fragments of those falling stars which, descending upon us from planetary space, burst into fragments as they come into contact with the denser layers of our atmosphere.

The service rendered by chemistry to astronomy is scarcely less in importance than that which it has rendered to geology.

The foundations of this science were finally settled by Lyell's monumental 'Principles,' published in 1830. Examining into the nature of changes now in operation, and studying their causes, he explained the past by the present, making what is known as the uniformitarian system a canon of geology. The order and succession of the several classes of unstratified and stratified rocks being settled, it remained only to fill in details, and to prosecute examination into the composition and structure of rocks. In this last-named work the chemist and the microscopist have joined hands. If it fell within the limits of our survey to include the history of controverted questions, we should refer to the discussion which long raged, and has not yet wholly died away, round the earliest assumed living creature, known as *Eozoon Canadense*, fossil forms of which Logan and other geologists contended had been found in the Laurentian rocks of Canada. But few authorities now admit its organic character. Each stratum has its peculiar fossils representing the life-forms of the period when the rock was deposited. The older the rock, the simpler is the character of its organic contents; and, what is of the highest importance as confirmation of the doctrine of an ascending and related life-scale, a certain proportion of these are found to be transitional forms. Of course, as is to be expected from their nature, there are fewer specimens of these than of organisms which had arrived at balance with their surroundings, but enough have been recovered to fill up some missing links. Here geology makes its most important contribution to the 'doctrine of descent,' and, in the shape of palæontology, connects the past and present life-history of the globe. Cuvier's great disciple, Richard Owen, led the way among us in the collecting of groups of fossil vertebrates from various parts of the world, those special to Britain being described and depicted in the fine quartos of the Palæontological Society, the publication of which was begun in the forties. His work was supplemented by Huxley's discovery of the

intimate structural affinities between birds and reptiles, and by the series of remarkable discoveries of mammalian forms in the United States, Northern India, the Far East, and elsewhere, not excluding the classic soil of Attica. But in America, whence comes everything of magnitude, the enterprise of Marsh, Cope, and others has disentombed the remains of dinosaurians, and a most plentiful supply of extinct mammals. The beds of the Rockies have yielded the fossil ancestors of the horse, from creatures with three and four hoofed toes on each foot to the five-toed Phenacodus, a creature about the size of a fox. To these 'finds' may be added those of the transitional forms between pigs and hippopotamuses; between tapirs, horses, and rhinoceroses; between sloths and beavers; between seals and whales; and between lemurs and man-like apes. The tertiary deposits have thus far yielded no remains of the common mammalian ancestors from whom man and ape branched off in their several directions. The earliest evidences of man's remote antiquity and primitive savagery were supplied by the unearthing of rudely-fashioned stone tools and weapons in the Somme valley in 1839. But twenty years elapsed before the conclusions drawn from them by M. Boucher de Perthes, their discoverer, were accepted by *savants*. When these conclusions, however, could no longer be disputed, the collection of implements of like material and character from all parts of the habitable globe went on apace, and the foundations of the science known as prehistoric archæology were well and surely laid. Evans, Lubbock, and other authorities accepted the classification of prehistoric time into the Older and Newer Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages, which had been suggested by Danish antiquaries, and, with the modification which admits no break between the two Stone Ages, that division stands as a convenient recognition of stages of human culture. Although the finding of proofs of man's handicraft reduced the importance of any argument drawn from the absence of his fragile remains, palæontology

has made eager search for these, but, as yet, with slight success. Their paucity is explicable in many ways; but both East and West have contributed specimens. A skull found in the Neanderthal in 1857; two skeletons with skulls in a cavern in Spy, Belgium, in 1886; and, more recently, a portion of a skull, with a well-developed thigh-bone and a molar tooth at Trinil, in Java, supply concurrent testimony to a type much lower than the average man of to-day. Indeed, the last-named specimen has been dubbed *pithecanthropus erectus* by its discoverer, Dr. Dubois, who thus commits himself to the belief that it represents an intermediate form of man and the anthropoid apes.

As these references carry us within the boundaries which, for convenience, since they have no real existence, are drawn between the *inorganic* or not living, and the *organic* or living, we touch that great department of biology, or the science of living things, in which advance has been so marked as to have become actual revolution.

At the time of the Queen's accession an unsettled feeling as to the truth of the doctrine of the fixity of species of plants and animals possessed men's minds. The scepticism expressed in the eighteenth century by Erasmus, Darwin, Buffon, Lamarck, and others, each of whom cited good reasons for the unfaith that was in him, gathered force in the nineteenth from the researches of Von Baer, Schwann, and Von Mohl. Von Baer had omitted to label some embryos which he had preserved in spirit, and found himself unable to identify them. But he was not troubled, having long observed that the feet of lizards and mammals, the wings and feet of birds, and the hands and feet of man, all arise from the same fundamental form. Then followed his great work on the development of animals, published in 1837, with its evidence of the identical appearance of the embryo of man, fish, dog, serpent, and so forth, in the early stages, and its explanation that each animal, as it advances from the rudimentary to the adult stage, recapitulates the

series of stages through which the ancestral form passed. Hence the human embryo has a gill-like slit, and, at later stages, a membrane which supersedes it; a bridgeless nose; a movable tail; while three months before birth it is covered with hair all over, except on the palms and soles. In 1839 Schwann discovered that every plant and animal is built up of cells, the lowest life-forms being one-celled and the higher being composed of many cells, which become modified into tissues and organs. In 1844 Von Mohl discovered that the cells are the result of a very complex union of the elements carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, to which the name 'protoplasm,' as the material basis of life, was given. Thus, step by step, the organic was reduced to its lowest physical term.

With this group of facts, with others drawn from sources briefly indicated above—notably, from the clear relation of past life-forms to one another and to those extant—biologists were set on the quest after some explanation of the descent of the millions upon millions of dead and living species from a common ancestry, monad being at one end of the scale, and man at the other end. Thus the theory of development was in the air; it permeated the earlier writings of Herbert Spencer, and was applied by him to the sum-total of things; it trembled on the lips of others less famous than he. Then came the man—more correctly, two men, each with the secret in his hand. Darwin, as the result of foreign travel, and of long and patient observation at home, and Wallace, while still in the tropics, independently formulated, and made public in 1858 a theory of the origin of species, the simplicity of which made men of keen insight like Huxley curse the stupidity which had blinded them to the operation of things going on under their very eyes. Both show that, as every living thing multiplies its kind at so rapid a rate, there would, if all the offspring came to maturity, be no standing-room, still less food for all, within a measurable time. The result is a struggle for life, in which the weaker

go to the wall. The strong survive to bequeath their elements of strength, whereby they won, to their offspring; and, moreover, as each individual varies from every other, the favourable variations are seized on as further aids in the struggle, and are transmitted by the winners to their descendants. Hence, in the course of time, arise new species as the result of 'descent with modification'; hence, too, the application of the term 'natural selection,' as a convenient fiction, to Darwin's and Wallace's theory. This theory, the most notable outcome of scientific research in the Victorian era, marks as great an epoch in biology as Newton's explanation of the law of gravitation marked in our comprehension of the dynamics of the universe, and, moreover, has profounder and wider results, since it touches man himself on every side, and falls into line with the march of the grand theory of development, which, under the general term of 'evolution,' has created, as it were, 'a new heaven and a new earth.'

The matter in motion of which the universe is made up being indestructible, the various changes occurring therein are changes of state or mode—as of matter, from gaseous to solid, or *vice versâ;* and of motion, as heat into light, light into electricity, and so forth—the resultant being the present distribution of matter and motion. Diffused and unstable vaporous stuff slowly condensed into suns, with their systems, and with outliers in the shape of tatterdemalion comets and other fugitive bodies. A certain stage of planetary existence being reached (we can speak only of the earth), life has appeared, and organic evolution takes up the story at this point, telling the history which has man as the subject of its final chapter.

For some time after the publication of Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and of Huxley's 'Man's Place in Nature,' there were deep and strong prejudices against the inclusion of man in the general processes of development. He remained a seeming note of discord in the universal order. But the

force of the evidence was too powerful to permit exceptions, and that evidence, driven home by men of the masterly type of Huxley, has compelled surrender of the last position in which the opponents had entrenched themselves. Thus there is afforded full play for the application of the scientific method to man; and for the inclusion, under the term anthropology, of the study of his psychical as well as of his physical characteristics. Enormous is the field thus covered by this youngest and most vigorous of all branches of research. It is filled with eager workers—ethnologists, comparative mythologists, folk-lorists, students of institutions, customs and languages—each one finding in his own domain evidence of gradual development, and teeming examples of survivals which have their physical correspondences in the embryonic stages already described; finding, also, that his materials are complemental to those gathered by his fellows, and, therefore, contributory to that unity which is the note of all things.

It has been claimed with justice that the advance in medical, surgical, and sanitary science which has been made in the last sixty years is greater than that made in the previous sixty centuries. The filthy nostrums with which quacks plied the sick, and faith in which is still strong among rustics; the horrors which attended amputations; the diabolical treatment of lunatics—these are banished. The old empiricism is dead. Anæsthetics, in deadening sensation, have made serious surgical operations possible and easy; antiseptics, for the discovery of which Lord Lister has the thanks of humankind, have, in preventing putrefaction of wounds, saved many a life and limb. Pasteur's researches in bacteriology led to the formulating of the germ theory of disease which is setting the physician on the track of many a pest, and suggesting the application of antitoxins for its destruction. The old adage that 'prevention is better than cure' is being acted upon in the sanitation which has properly become the duty of public bodies, and which will

ultimately extirpate diseases once thought to be parts of the conditions of existence.

The omissions in every branch of our wide survey which space has compelled will be obvious enough to the several classes of readers interested. As in an anthology, each will miss his favourite poem. But if the lines traversed have been laid with any approach to likeness of direction, they will converge to one terminus. For the lesson of fundamental unity in all phenomena is the chief lesson to be learned from the story of Victorian science. All kinds of matter are probably modifications of one primal element; all modes of motion are varied operations of one unknown power; all differences in living things are of degree, and not of kind; and the correlation of the physical forces has its equation in the spiritual realm. Coal, graphite, and the diamond, which, superficially, seem to have nothing in common, are composed of the same element, wherefore the chemist calls them allotropic. And they are types of the Universe.

EDWARD CLODD.

## XVII.

### *VICTORIAN LITERATURE.*

GREAT ages of literature seldom coincide in their beginnings and duration with the reigns of rulers: Periclean, Augustan, Elizabethan, are terms of convenience rather than of accuracy. But, with few exceptions, Victorian literature is indeed Victorian, alike in date, tendency, and effect. In 1837 there were living but two writers of very eminent rank, who belong almost equally to the present and to preceding reigns—Landor and De Quincey. Inferior to these, but similar in that respect, are Leigh Hunt, Hallam, Disraeli, with a few more. Of the Queen's first two Poets Laureate, Southey closed, in 1837, his active literary life, by publishing the final edition of his poems. In the same year of accession the spread of Wordsworth's fame was shown by his first American edition; his greatness was established, his work done; he wore the laurel as a veteran. The year 1837 saw the appearance of Landor's 'Pentameron,' of De Quincey's 'Revolt of the Tartars,' of Hallam's 'Introduction to European Literature,' of Lockhart's 'Life of Scott'; but these were not young writers destined to adorn a new reign and age, nor was that true of the living Campbell, Rogers, Moore, Peacock, Hood. But the previous year was marked by the first publication of Thackeray; and in 1837 itself Carlyle published the 'French Revolution,' Dickens the 'Pickwick Papers,' Newman the 'Via Media,' Browning the play of 'Strafford,'

Tennyson his poem 'Saint Agnes' Eve,' Macaulay his essay on 'Bacon.' In Scott's phrase, ''tis sixty years since'; but it brings the first of those years very near to us, if we add that 1837 was also the year of Mr. Swinburne's birth, and that only two great living poets, Mr. De Vere and Mr. Meredith, are his seniors. Dickens excepted, all those authors of 1837 had published important work; but Carlyle, the oldest of them, was no more that forty-two years of age, and neither of him, nor even of Tennyson, can it be said that he had won a general and undisputed welcome. It was a day of new things and of new men. None the less, in poetry at the least, it was by a singular infelicity of fate that the field was so clear for the new men; but for varieties of tragic chance, Byron would have been alive, aged forty-nine, Shelley aged forty-five, and Keats aged forty-two, the exact contemporary of Carlyle. Strange to think that mere boys, not yet twenty years old, might have 'once seen Shelley plain' and Keats! *Dis aliter visum.*

Doubtless, the signal starting-point of modern English literature, its severance in primary and palmary characteristics from that of the great literature of Queen Anne and the first three Hanoverian sovereigns, began before the French Revolution, and dates from the days of Cowper, Collins, Gray, Chatterton, Blake. Their magnificent successors, who 'returned to nature,' to the Elizabethans, to romance, to idealism; who fed upon Plato or upon Kant; who were thrilled or troubled to the inmost soul by the movement of humanity; among whom were austere and secluded prophets, fiery and passionate pilgrims, men of intensity and vehemence—these are the great men of the English 'enlightenment' in literature, and from them this whole age of writers has descended. But from the prime of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the prime, so suddenly cut short, of Byron and Shelley, to the year of accession, stretches a period mighty with change and import. War was over, Parliament reformed, Catholics emancipated,

slavery abolished, education encouraged, railways opened; the year of the first reformed Parliament was the first great year of the Oxford Movement, in which were published those significant works, 'Tracts for the Times,' as also the 'Bridgewater Treatises.' There was an ever-increasing devotion to physical science in discovery and application; there was a passion for the 'diffusion of knowledge.' To give a wide extent of meaning to Wellington's famous phrase, there had come about, in a hundred ways, 'a revolution by due course of law'—a revolution very English, the result of energies mostly peaceful. Yet, as a matter of fact, a war had been declared in the hearts and minds of men. The chief and paramount writers of the last sixty years might be divided into those who, surveying the works and ways of the age, have in the main pronounced them 'very good,' or at the least have not fought crusades against them; and those who, with a revolt against material ideals, have been strenuous fighters, or have withdrawn to dreamland. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin against Mill and Macaulay—there is a broad illustration of the distinction; or, again, Tennyson the old against Tennyson the young.

There are Victorian writers who seem generally placid and content, untroubled by any stress of the spirit; but scarce any of the greater artists in Victorian literature fail to bear marks of conflict, to show signs of a deep stirring at the heart, in face of 'this unintelligible world.' To use Plato's metaphor, successive 'great waves' have come upon them, from the regions of science, philosophy, sociology, religion; it was inevitable that the finer work of the age should be magnificently ardent and militant, or full of a wistful endurance, or beautifully remote from the 'drums and tramplings.' Nothing surprises the student of this age's literature; he expects every variety of individualism, yet finds more varieties than he expected. And he fails to find any court of appeal, any oracular centre, urban or academic. Criticism has more and more, since Jeffrey's day, resigned its judicial

claims or functions, its venerable code of laws. Poets or historians, novelists or philosophers, *trahit sua quemque voluptas;* and the critics do not otherwise. It is not wholly because ourselves are part and parcel of the age, that we find it so infinitely diversified and variegated; it is equally due to the fact that, though its intellectual activity may not be greater in kind than that of preceding ages, yet there are more intellects in action, more aspects and influences, more questions and possibilities, prompting them to act. We have become cosmopolitan both in space and time; citizens of the whole world, and not heirs alone, but coevals, of all the ages. Our most excellent literature, viewed as art, is not that which has brought us most foreign fame; our poets, assuredly, and after them our writers of imaginative prose, far surpass our scientific, philosophic, economic, sociological authors. But these are the more esteemed abroad, and have exercised a profounder influence; as, indeed, it is but in the line of tradition that they should. Shakespeare, Richardson, Scott, Byron excepted, not our poets and novelists, but our Lockes and Humes and Adam Smiths have seemed our glories to the nations; of this age's writers, Carlyle and Tennyson may be tacitly accepted for great names, but Darwin and Mr. Spencer are familiar classics.

None the less, eminent as they are in the world of thought, they are hardly so in the world of art. Let the poets have the first place. In 1837 poets were wanted: Landor was the sole poet of any greatness in full possession of his genius and strength; for the rest, there was much poetical writing of the lower kinds accomplished, but rarely distinguished. Tennyson and Browning had for companions two poets only of their own generation, from whom high things might be expected—Taylor, whose noble 'Philip van Artevelde,' with its memorable preface, appeared in 1834, and Miss Barrett, afterwards Mrs. Browning, who published her version of the 'Prometheus' in 1835. There was a vast difference between the first achievements of Tennyson and Browning:

the one began with all manner of dainty prettiness, often exquisite enough, in the 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical,' of 1830; Browning, with the passion and thought of 'Pauline,' in 1833. He held on his way, long so lonely, by publishing 'Paracelsus' in 1835, at the barely credible age of twenty-three; while Tennyson 'found himself' in the poems of 1833 in 'The Lotus Eaters,' 'Œnone,' and 'The Lady of Shalott.' Until the appearance of Arnold's and of Patmore's first poems, these two, with Mrs. Browning and Landor, were alone on the high paths of poetry, the silent Wordsworth watching them. But for these great voices, the period from 1830 almost up to 1850 was desolate of poetry 'in the highest'; Emily Brontë and Clough, the one with her brief note of passion, the other with his wistfulness of humour, are the only notable names beside those of Sir Aubrey de Vere and his greater son. Others there are of some merit, of a certain charm, fairly assured of a little obscure remembrance; but none others in the prominent ranks. The two poets of pre-eminence stood in singular contrast to their brothers in France, where, from 1830, admirable poets had surrounded the two or three masters. And their manners of life served to intensify their temperaments. Tennyson eschewed a 'crowded life,' and kept away from the busier scenes of English life and literature; Browning, so much a voluntary exile from England, quickened his vivid imagination by contact with the ways and traditions of many lands. Tennyson, the laborious artificer, the leisured, contemplative, brought to perfection certain paramount themes of thought, and notably, in various imaginative ways, the thought of *law*, universal, social, the very breath of existence; Browning, with his intellectual and emotional rapidity, his immeasurable interest in human passion, his incessant dramatic vision, cared supremely for *life*, its manifestations and meanings in the individual soul. Thus, Tennyson, in his whole range of work, has created few characters that are profoundly moving

and alive, while Browning has created a hundred; Tennyson required a touch of the grotesque, the use of dialect or the like, to make us realize individual character. He is at his greatest when, with full command of rhythmic and pictorial beauty, he gives us the philosophy of emotion, as poetry alone is able: wisdom, imaginative and prophetic, steeped in

TENNYSON.

the magic of nature; a Virgilian inspiration. Browning, without this felicitous stateliness of tone, has an equal gift: he wrings the eternal out of the temporal, triumph out of failure, faith out of uncertainty, for each single soul that has

a passionate life; a moment's passion becomes a pledge of immortality and an ultimate perfection, and the whole world is full of such testing and attesting moments. As Tennyson's elaborate form is the fit clothing of his tranquilly impassioned moods, so does the more abrupt and breathless utterance of Browning accord with his sudden exultations and shouts of triumph, whilst it can be musical with infinite pathos, subtile with infinite alertness. He answered modern questionings by appeals to the common heart of man, which knows itself, and triumphs in the knowledge of its greatness: his large and curious learning, his varied experience of life, his practical sympathy with many forms of artistic effort, enabled him to play a thousand variations upon his ardent theme, the witness to the divine of each single soul. Tennyson rather looked to the increase of knowledge from without, to discovery and to rational progress, for the welfare of mankind; to fresh revelations of a world controlled from end to end by Law, the Divine Wisdom. His latter years show him more and more a mystic, who relies upon imperious intuitions, with a certain impatient disbelief in the potency of scientific salvation. Tennyson, with his inveterate distinction and elaborate loftiness of beauty; Browning with his intensity and prodigality of interest and imagination—these are the two commanding glories of Victorian poetry, who fill the age full of their presence and genius. The next poet, Arnold, so calm and clear, so wistful and smiling, of a voice so pure and plangent, of a sad, enduring dignity, the disciple of Sophocles and Wordsworth, holds a place apart; classic in restraint, sparing of his riches, he expressed with gracious emotion the intellectual disquiet of his time, yet always with a radiant trust in truth and beauty; his finer, rarer work has a gentle and stately loveliness, a touch of imperishable charm. Other great poets among the Victorian dead are Coventry Patmore, Rossetti, Christina Rossetti, and William Morris; the names suggest how profound a 'stream of tendency' towards ideals increasingly besets

the modern mind! The Pre-Raphaelite movement, the Catholic, the social protests against mechanical views and ways of life, are witnesses to its essential divinity. In the odes of Patmore, those marvels of vision and music, we find the poet of the Incarnation; the chief of Catholic poets since Dante or Calderon. With Rossetti, we go through a dream-world, where the ultimate beauty lives, and the 'love which moves the sun and all the stars'; as he sang, the English tongue took a rich and mystical vibration; but his poetry is still firm, definite, strong, filled with earthly imageries and symbols. His sister, the truest artist among English women, sang her Christian faith with an equal fervency of imagination and thought on fire. Morris took romance at its strangest and at its strongest, romance of mediæval mystery, of ancient tragedy, of dateless legend, and wrought tale upon tale running over with life's fulness; more and more there passed into his work the note of militant appeal against the ugly degradations of life, which cripple and stifle its worth. A fifth famous poet, Mrs. Browning, seems to stand somewhat alone; personal and imaginative passion, passion also for ideal justice in the ordering of classes and peoples, chanted in a music now strained and disordered, now splendid and sweet, these are her notes: in a sense, she, with Sydney Dobell at a certain distance, represents magnificently that scattered band of poets called, in its lesser members, the 'spasmodic'—men of a turbid unrest and agitation, stormily dissatisfied with things, and sometimes gifted greatly with voices too violent or uncertain for pure beauty. Traces of this we find in all but a choice few of Kingsley's poems; it is not absent from the wearier poems of Clough, despite his dramatic humour and his courage. Names of poets crowd upon the memory, poets whose share of fame seems sure, such as Fitzgerald, with his golden paraphrase from Persia; Thomson, the unhappy singer of unhappiness; Hawker of Morwenstow, with his magical fragments.

Of the living, Mr. Swinburne is assuredly most conspicuous and audible. Contrasted with Tennyson and Browning, he is strangely limited and monotonous in his power, but that power is prodigious and profuse; mastery of rhythm and rhyme and rhetoric; a rush of music in torrent and flood; surges of song rather splendid and swift than delicate and sweet; imageries and thoughts repeated with infinite variation rather than various; a chanting to the praise of the passionate senses and of certain passionate emotions—all this, accomplished with unfailing vehemence and ardour of execution, is Mr. Swinburne's excellence in achievement. Mr. Meredith, among our elder living poets, is at once the most enchanting in natural description, and the most illuminating in the interpretation of life; Mr. Austin Dobson heads the Victorian votaries of the lighter graces; Mr. Bridges loves the refined scholarship of his craft, and these two latter names suggest others, their worthy colleagues. But of these we have not space to speak; and, though there be not a few poets born since 1850, and of a manifest distinction, they and their maturer work will belong, we trust, to the twentieth century. The poetry of these sixty years has been plentiful, various, multiform, to an astonishing degree; with no supreme drama, it has been thoroughly dramatic; Browning's titles, 'dramatic lyrics,' 'dramatic romances,' apply to a vast amount of it, and might be supplemented by 'dramatic idylls,' with the like. Even the more introspective poets have shown a kind of dramatic curiosity in noting and displaying the play of their thoughts and moods, and the relation of them to the general scheme; sonnet upon sonnet and song after song seems to be a dramatic soliloquy, quick and coloured with the imagery of the tragic stage. It may even be that these years have produced no one single acknowledged masterpiece, towering above all else in its author's work and in that of others; but there is scarce a tendency of thought, a phase of feeling, a kind of form, a line of interest, that this

long period has not used in poetry with a rich success. As a body of work Victorian poetry stands first and highest and safest among the products of Victorian literature: the finer spirit of the age is surely there.

The fiction of these years has been voluminous and

CHARLES DICKENS.

popular; keen intellects, rare wits, powerful emotions, have gone to the making of its chief examples. Yet it may be doubted whether any English novelist of this period is of European fame, the heir to Richardson's or Scott's repute.

If any, then Dickens and George Eliot, among two very diverse sets of Frenchmen. For most of our fiction has been intensely insular; in no bad sense, but to an extent which baffles or repels the foreign reader. Our novels have not, for the greater part, even emulated the perfect faultlessness of 'Clarissa' and 'Tom Jones,' in artistic propriety of design, intellectual consistency of intention: they have been abundantly delightful, but waywardly, audaciously, capriciously so. The novel has become hybrid: it gives us history, philosophy, theology, criticism, social science, not always, even in the greatest writers, decently digested and absorbed into the life of the work. But the novel has been generally accepted by England as an eclectic form of literature; and the result is a goodly roll of excellent writings. Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, George Eliot—these are the most notable of the dead, and admirably characteristic of their times; lesser names are Reade, Trollope, Disraeli, Bulwer, Kingsley, Mrs. Gaskell. Taken together, thought of in one breath, these names, otherwise of so various a connotation, suggest social questions, religious problems, moral difficulties; not the facile enjoyment commonly associated with 'light reading,' nor the artistic pleasure given by works of imagination. Severally considered, each name suggests certain qualities of wit, humour, pathos, romance, of style and construction, of intellect and insight, of wisdom and passion; but the general effect of considering the vast Victorian fiction in the mass is the thought that it has a historic value somewhat out of proportion to its artistic. Even 'Pickwick,' that light-hearted and light-handed masterpiece, gives us the infamies of a debtors' prison; and sweaters' dens, lunatic asylums, the truck system, child labour, the Poor Laws, with the like, have followed from some novelists; mental doubts, matters of science and faith, ethics and apologetics, have engaged others. Even of Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë could say that he was 'a lion come up out of Judah,' an inspired

Titan warring with hypocrisies and lies. That was to her his unique office and paramount distinction; while George Eliot's works are to many a kind of Scripture, embracing prophecy and Gospel. But all this, true and not wholly unwelcome as it is, is not the whole truth: there is the art which produced the pure perfection of 'Esmond,' the tragic

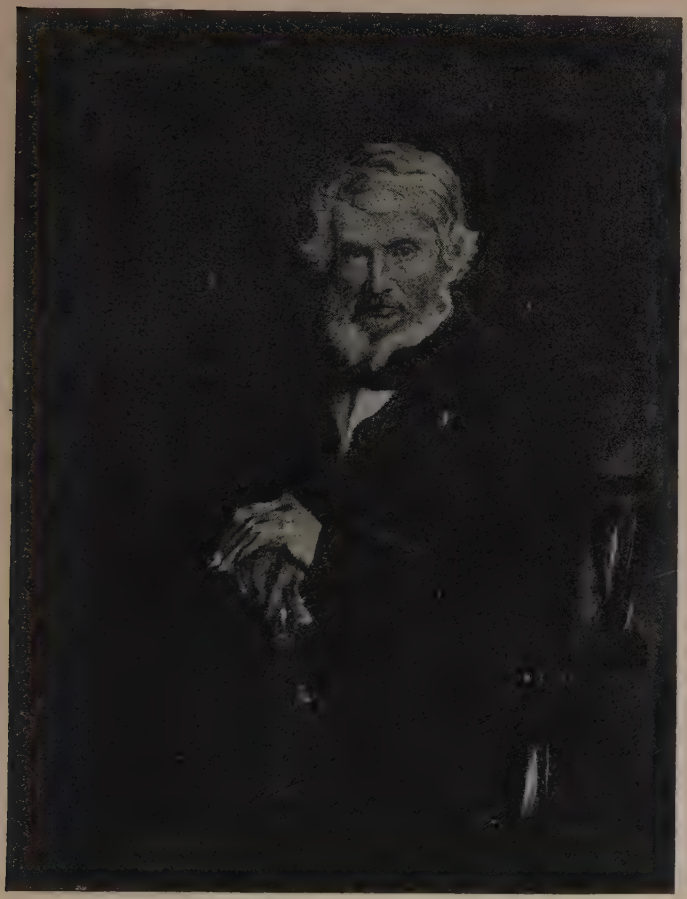
GEORGE ELIOT.

passion of the Brontë stories, the spacious beauty of 'Adam Bede,' the skilled vivacity of Dickens' masterpieces, or that chief of our historical romances, Reade's 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' In spite, too, of all that has been said of the melodrama in Dickens, the pedantic phraseology in George Eliot, the personality in Thackeray, style has kept a high

level of excellence; characterization, the discernment of types, the invention of incidents, the presentment of scenes, have been wonderfully plenteous and good. Of Dickens and Thackeray it is particularly true that their works are little worlds, peopled with immortal inhabitants and full of abiding-places; there is caricature, there is triviality, there is extravagance, but there is life at its heights, its depths, its homely levels. The Brontës flashed upon us lightnings of passion, pathos, irony, in the swift hour of their genius; George Eliot, with slow, sure hand, elaborated large stories of a resolute nobility, filled with compassionate humour and wisdom. These writers cover between them wide spaces of English life and sections of English interests; add to them their brilliant lesser colleagues, and it will be hard to find any characteristic region or portion of English society untouched by the fiction of the sixty years. Among the living, two men certainly stand in the line of the great succession: Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, artists of a passionately arresting genius, as full of intellectual beauty and imaginative reason as any living poet; men who have persistently ennobled their art. And to-day younger artists of laudable pains are at work in the same field, with a conscientiousness almost self-defeating. The short story, the fair or fiery romance, the portraits of the day's common life, the studies savouring of certain soils at home or at the ends of the earth, they are being wrought out by many and considerable writers, as, for example merely, by Mr. Gissing and Mr. Kipling. Indeed, the novel in its various forms 'is too much with us'; but at least it has had throughout the Victorian age, and it still has, admirable craftsmen in its service.

That age abounds in writers hard to designate or define. Can we call Carlyle a historian, or Mr. Ruskin a critic? To take a lesser name, what is Symonds, who wrote history, poetry, criticism, biography, translation, with a world of scholarly, descriptive, and speculative essays? Or there is Stevenson, the indomitable artist in so many forms of his

art, and triumphant in so many. There are, of living writers, Mr. Lang and Mr. Gosse, who have succeeded,



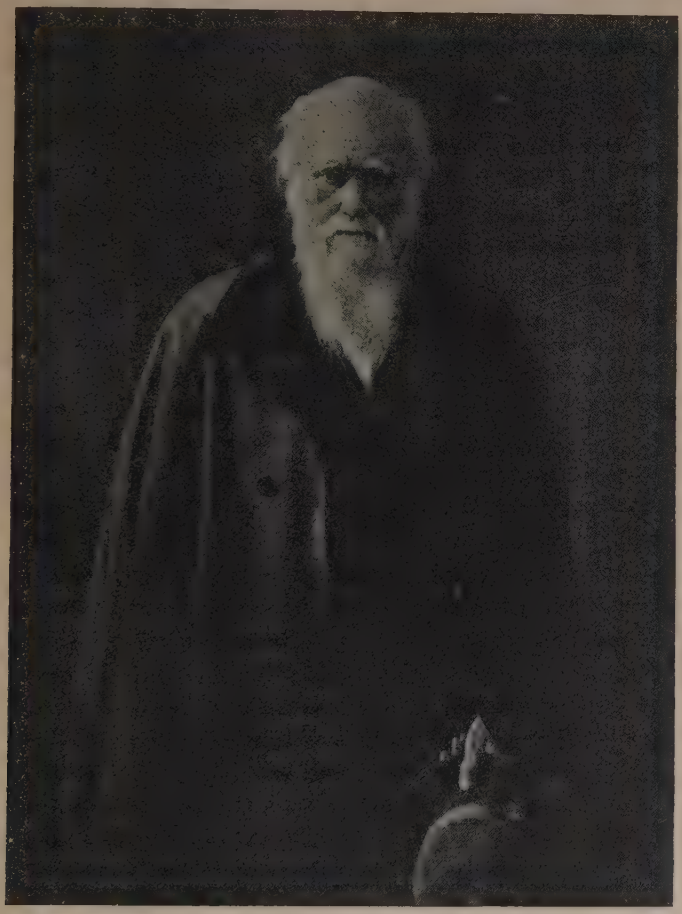
CARLYLE.

(*By Millais.*)

between them, in touching and adorning almost every form of literature. Another feature of the age is its comparative lack of great dominant masters in history and philosophy,

regarded as artists in literature and, at the same time, as authorities upon their themes. The penetrating distinction of De Quincey helps us here: there is the Literature of Power, which lives by its appeal to the imagination and the higher faculties, even though its foundations in fact be cast down; and there is the Literature of Knowledge, which perishes when its truth to material fact is discredited. To take the historians of the age: there are Grote, Thirlwall, Milman, Merivale, Finlay, Macaulay, Arnold, Carlyle, Hallam, Kinglake, Green, Freeman, Froude, Dr. Stubbs, Dr. Creighton, Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Lecky, to name no more. It has been a dry and drudging age of rigorous research, of laborious recourse to origins and sources, of patient appeal to records and remains—that upon one side; upon the other it has been a fantastic and dazzling age of dramatic style, of brilliant partiality, of poetical sentiment, of didactic impulse. Historians of either side will doubtless survive, these for their Knowledge, those for their Power; but has a single historian of the age so united the better good gifts in either kind as to come even close to Gibbon, with his marshalled facts and processional advance? Or, to take the philosophers, with a wide use of the word: we have Mill, Hamilton, Mansel, Ferrier, Lewes, Buckle, Ward, Austin, Clifford, Green, Maine, Dr. Martineau, Mr. Spencer, with Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Mr. Wallace, and not a few beside. What controversies, theories, discoveries, the names suggest! And, since 1859, the memorable year of the 'Origin of Species,' what watchwords and battle-cries we have heard: evolution, sociology, anthropology, heredity, environment, psychology, psycho-physiology! Of a truth, Darwin and Mr. Spencer, men of heroic labour and devotion, have filled the world with the sound of their names, and every province of thought with their own thoughts; whatever may befall the discoveries and the consequent theories, their authors have set in motion so vast and various an activity of mind, that there can be no fear of

obscurity or oblivion falling upon them. Since Newton in physical science, Darwin only—since Hume in philosophic



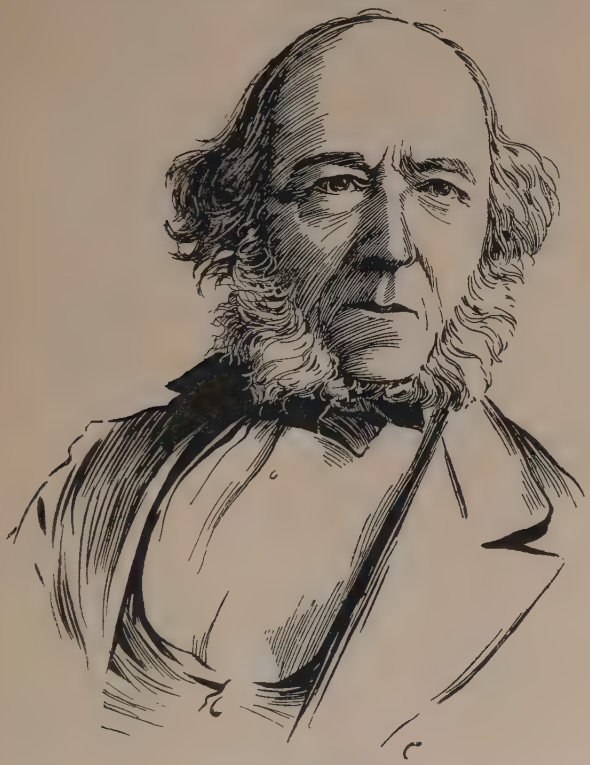
DARWIN.

(*Hon. J. Collier.*)

thought, Mr. Spencer alone—have made English names familiar words to all civilized mankind, far beyond the laboratories of science, the libraries of philosophy. But

that they, or any other writers of philosophy and science in this reign, are great writers, as Bacon and Berkeley are great, is unhappily most untrue; beside Mansel and Dr. Martineau, there is scarce one who shows 'a fine sense of his words,' and few who, like Mill, show so much as *lucidus ordo*. For distinguished writing in prose, other than that of fiction, we turn to another class: to the 'prophets,' to the men who speak in 'thunders of thought and flames of fierce desire,' or with 'Elysian beauty, melancholy grace'—prophets, the outspoken, or the prescient, or both; men of superb denunciation or of witching laughter, of tumultuous or subtile zeal, of delicate grace or moving majesty. Carlyle, Newman, Mr. Ruskin, and, beneath them, Pater and Arnold: in these, the age finds voices too potent or too gracious for the inattention of any age. Carlyle wrote the most imaginative prose, Mr. Ruskin the most eloquent, Newman the most pure; and each could strike at will, with absolute success, any note in the scale of emotion. The precise and emphatic doctrines of Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin are losing, perhaps have lost, their tremendous hold upon men's minds; those of Newman, spiritual power though he has been, have yet to do their full work, and cannot at once prevail. But the spiritual fire of the three, piercing, refining, consuming, has not died down; things of the earth, earthy, find it fatal to reckon with these three witnesses for the Holy Hill. In each of them there is sometimes a beauty almost terrible in its strength or in its sweetness; passages which our earlier writers can equal, but not surpass, in a mighty or a plangent music, a storm or a murmur of living words. Arnold's work in prose has upon it no such seal of an imperative inspiration; his finer and more celestial genius spoke in verse. But he fought with stupid complacencies and stubborn prejudices a fight not the less effective for being conducted in an elegantly mundane manner, and from a vantage-ground of superior ease. Newman once said of Pusey that he 'discharged his olive-branch from a catapult.' Arnold stood in

the classic olive shades, and dexterously smote the passing Philistine with light darts. It was an excellent and valuable practice; but in his work for pure beauty and right reason, when he was neither assailing nor defending, but letting his love of men and things distinguished play about them in the light of his 'sad lucidity,' he produced essays of a classic



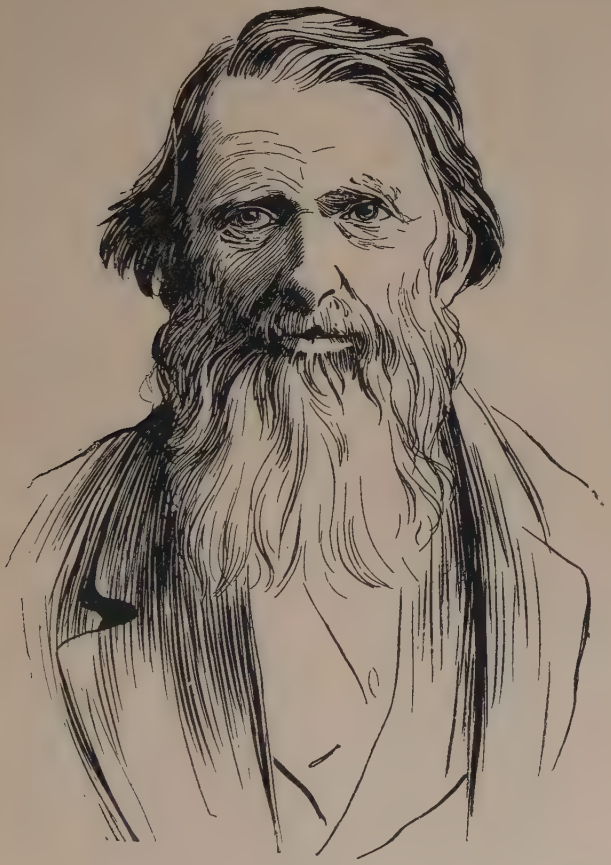
HERBERT SPENCER.

fineness. Pater, prodigal in labour, frugal in production, concentrated himself from the first upon estimating and interpreting the values of rare or supreme personalities, moments, achievements, in the arts, in philosophy, in aspects and ways of life, writing of them with an exquisitely patient

search for the word and phrase, which were to him the precise equivalents in language to that of which he wrote.

Direct criticism and a unique kind of critical narrative, wherein an imagined personality underwent the influences which the writer desired to examine and appraise, were his two modes of expression; and certain of his essays, with 'Marius the Epicurean,' are among the loveliest, as they are among the profoundest and loftiest, writings of the sixty years. From Macaulay upon Bacon, to Pater upon Plato, so scurvily and pitifully dealt with by Macaulay! It is a long and crowded, and most instructive passage, and we have but touched upon a few of its chief interests. All the younger living authors are passed over, with most of their seniors; and for the past, nothing has been said of such men as the cordial and incalculable Borrow; of those dissimilar and eminent clerics, Maurice, Church, Pattison, Stanley; of the literary statesmen, Disraeli, Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, the Lyttons, Mr. Morley, Mr. Balfour, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Bryce; among poets, of Barnes, Lord Houghton, Beddoes, Woolner, Horne, Bell Scott; nothing of the great travellers or theologians; nothing, in short, of a meritorious multitude. Ireland, with her literary revival, with the names of Mangan, Ferguson, Carleton, Banim, Allingham, and the like; and Scotland, just now so profuse of herself in fiction, cannot here be treated worthily, even though Stevenson be the youngest dead writer, of late years, whom it were not presumptuous, though it might be premature, to count a classic. Every high name in the sixty years' literature implies a great influence and a great following; that, doubtless, has been mainly true in every age of literature. But this age has seen an immense diffusion and reproduction of literature, a vast mass of mechanical appliances brought to bear, increased facilities for publication, distribution, purchase: literature itself may or may not have been the gainer, but it has at least made itself felt in the land as a power and a force to which other ages of

literature can show nothing equal. This does not of necessity imply that more men have cared for poetry or fine prose, and judged it well, in the age of Tennyson, than in the ages of Scott, Pope, Dryden, Milton, Shakespeare; but it certainly



RUSKIN.

implies that innumerably more men have come into direct contact with ideas of the high and formative kind, which in the past seldom reached beyond a single class; it also, and still more, implies that such writings of simple refreshment

and delight, as, for example, a great part of Dickens, have spread yet widelier. Of literary art, as a question of design, composition, selection, proportion, the judges are always few; Mayfair no more abounds in them than Whitechapel; but that perfectly legitimate use of literature, which consists in ignoring or overlooking the form, whilst enjoying or profiting by the matter, now numbers its innumerable employers. Again, every eminent writer comes, more and more, to imply an increase of writers, since the possible number of readers is always increasing; from an awakened sense of intellectual things, from the admiring spirit of discipleship, from *influence* in all its forms, first the desire and then the capacity to write have always sprung. And thus the Victorian age is rich to a startling degree in writers of ability, whom no rapid survey can so much as mention.

Macaulay's glitter is not a glory, but he lives by it, and deserves to live; yet of the old Victorian writers there is none who more completely exemplifies the spirit which the last thirty years have exorcised and banished. A sea has burst those orderly Dutch dykes, bringing with it mystery, romance, music, a sense of awe, thrills of anticipation, felt upon every side of life and thought; its surges roll through the later chaunts of Tennyson. Our philosophy and poetry, our methods and ideals in fiction, our critical and historical manners, have 'suffered a sea-change,' not altogether into results of a definite or permanent preciousness; but we cannot fail to feel that, as the eighteenth century closed in a 'return to nature,' so the nineteenth is closing in a return to the spirit. We are unlearning the baser doctrines of materialism in all its senses and applications, and realizing, with Sir Thomas Browne, the 'magnalities' of existence. 'Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness'; from the stern facts of science, once held so deadening and destroying to the ideals of the spirit, has come their enlargement, their confirmation, their sustenance. It is too early to estimate the effect upon literature

of the action and reaction due to scientific discovery and theory; but without doubt the age is drawing to its close in no spirit either of sleek optimism or of blank despair; it is ready to repeat the last lines of Browning and of Tennyson, to unite joy with reverence toward the ultimate mystery. The literature of these years, troubled as much of it is, has yet insisted that 'precious is the soul of man to man'; which could not be were the soul a metaphor and man a machine. Kindly and cordial they seem, the Victorian poets and novelists and teachers, who are past question great; for all the marks of battle, none of the greatest has done anything that keeps him from our love. They have stood, each after his fashion, upon the side of Urania: for so much nobility, so much delightfulness, *laus Deo*. Men of all arts, all professions, all crafts, are looking back over the sixty years with pride in their forerunners; men of letters have not the least cause and claim of all to say, in the words of the ancient Scripture: *Laudemus viros gloriosos et parentes nostros in generatione sua. Multam gloriam fecit Dominus magnificentia sua a sæculo.*

LIONEL JOHNSON.

## XVIII.

### *ART IN THE VICTORIAN AGE.*

THE Victorian age, we are continuously told, is one of sordid commercialism. And yet there is no question that it has witnessed the growth of an active and widespread interest in art. Modern commercialism, thanks largely to the practical prop of scientific discovery and invention, has created enormous wealth, and it is only where there is enormous wealth —in the civilized world, at least—that art flourishes.

It was a mere chance that in the past the power which money gives was first in the hands of the Church, and that the Church therefore patronized the artist, who necessarily furnished the work the Church wanted. The artist was not a better man than he is to-day, nor had he finer ideals and aims; but patrons demanded religious subjects, and the painter supplied them. Later, he was as ready to respond to the calls of the State, for which, indeed, he often did his greatest work. It was not for the Church that Rubens, and Velasquez, and Rembrandt, and Raphael for that matter, painted their greatest pictures. The State found a rival in the individual, destined eventually to supplant it altogether. You have but to go to the National Gallery to learn that, even with Raphael, the favourite of popes, the artist's portraits of men were often greater works of art than his altar-pieces to the honour and glory of God and His saints. Of course, one could point to Fra Angelico, who painted religious pictures because he thought, honestly and sincerely, that it

was his mission; and it is as certain that for Tintoret and Veronese the stately decoration of beautiful palaces was the work they genuinely wished to do; but in neither case could the painter have accomplished the task so congenial to him without the support of the wealthiest men or institutions in the world. When that support was taken away, when he became unpopular with the rich, Rembrandt's example is proof of how much he suffered personally; and who shall say how irreparable has been the loss to us? To-day these facts are apt to be ignored. But it is true now, as always, that the patron is a necessary evil, and if he has grown to be so artistic, so well educated that he knows more about the artist's work than the artist himself, he is still absolutely indispensable. However, the reason why there should have been such activity among artists during the Victorian era is of importance solely to the historian; the great question is whether the results have justified the activity.

The enthusiast, unoppressed by doubt, can insist upon the increase in the number of museums and galleries, and their enormous improvement, due either to State aid or individual generosity; can point to the new and hopeful scheme of general art education, South Kensington spreading out its branches to all parts of the United Kingdom; to the bigger prices fetched at sales, private and public; to the beneficent gift of art to the people, picture exhibitions now helping to temper the gloom of East and South London; to the unprecedented industry of the press, not a paper willing to dispense with the art critic or to spare the artist the publicity of the personal paragraph. Look at the army of students struggling in the art schools! Look at the swarms of full-fledged artists every year let loose upon the town! Why, it is by the thousand they are now entered in 'The Year's Art'! And the endless series of pictures painted, of drawings published! What other signs, what other proofs of healthy activity could be asked for? All these facts, however, only explain the measure of that enormous interest in art which, as I have

said, is characteristic of the Victorian era. Everything has been done that could be done for the artist; that is quite true. But what has the artist done for himself? Nothing else matters. Would Lastman's studio be remembered if Rembrandt had not studied in it? Would the amiable conditions made for the artist in Philip IV.'s palace be of note had not Velasquez taken advantage of them? Victorian schools and exhibitions would be quickly forgotten if the Victorian reign were found not to have produced anything worth producing.

But the Victorian reign has not been as barren as some people would have us believe. The wonder is that so much has been accomplished, in spite of the absurd nonsense talked and written about art, in spite of the absurd effort to manufacture artists. I know that the adjective 'Victorian' has come to be a byword, a term of reproach, a synonym for everything that is meretricious or common. Was it not in revolt against Victorian barbarism that the adventurous pre-Raphaelites boldly posed as shopkeepers, in emulation of mediæval masters—that the wave of æstheticism was sent sweeping over the land? Was it not the Victorian era that inaugurated the horror of horsehair, the clumsiness of the crinoline, the anecdote of the Academy? To it must we not ascribe the hideous flowered carpet, the irrepressible antimacassar, the dowdy coiffure that we know so well in many paintings and drawings? An era of ugliness, and this not the beautiful ugliness in which artists ever exult—so we are assured. But to consider the period dispassionately is to find it has been no less maligned by the lover of a more remote past than over-praised by the enthusiast. Art has 'happened' even in the Victorian age.

I admit that with the painters—that is, the English painters—progress has not been marked; indeed, it has required all these sixty years to convince them of the greatness of the traditions and standards that were theirs when the Queen came to the throne. Nor can I deny that in

architecture the record is not more glorious; the century can boast no Wren, not even an Adams, and Victorian culture has taught many architects little but how to destroy the beauty bequeathed by earlier and wiser generations. The English decorator just now may set the fashion to the world —no very noble achievement—but is the interior of the late Victorian house, though Morris papers cover the walls, and Morris carpets lie on the floors, as lovely as the Georgian mansion in its stately simplicity? On the other hand, however, never before the Victorian age, never before Alfred Stevens showed the way, were there sculptors who were also great artists in England; a little more than a hundred years ago the Royal Academy, then just founded, could find but Wilton and Carlini, both long since forgotten, to represent sculpture within its ranks; to-day the sculptors form the strongest group at Burlington House.

Again, in the art of black-and-white the development has been as genuine. The great days of etching and lithography in England belong to the present reign. Nor need one look further back for many of the most distinguished draughtsmen who ever devoted themselves to the illustration of books. If it was long before 1837 that Bewick gave the incentive to modern book illustration, it was not till twenty years later that the art was carried by the masters of the sixties to a perfection which he could not have foreseen. The Victorian period may have produced more than its share of humbug and rubbish. But, while the rubbish must perish with it, the great art, which also has been its product, will survive to free it for ever from the ridicule Victorian critics have heaped upon it.

It is curious that the date popularly supposed to have ushered in the decadence of English art is almost the same as that thought to herald the Renaissance in France. In 1830 the Frenchman was at the beginning of an important period in the history of his country's art; in 1837 the Englishman was at the end of an interval of splendour. For

the latter the prospect—as we cannot fail to see in looking back—was gloomy. England had had her great men, her

CONSTABLE. (*By himself.*)

great schools. But few were the masters now surviving; few even the lesser artists whose talent was strengthened by

adherence to fine and dignified traditions! Of all the portrait-painters who succeeded Reynolds and Gainsborough, only Beechey survived, and in a couple of years more his career also would be completed. Landscape painting threatened to perish with the men who were the first to perfect it. Constable died the very year of the Queen's accession; Bonington and Crome had long since preceded him; in five short years Cotman was to follow. Turner was to keep on working for more than a decade, but he was, if possible, less of an influence than they, both feared and misunderstood by his contemporaries. 'Nobody in all England at that time (1839)—and Turner was already sixty—*cared*, in the true sense of the word, for Turner but the retired coach-maker of Tottenham and I,' was Ruskin's verdict. He was as isolated in his art as in his life; more successful financially than Constable, officially than Crome and Cotman; but, for all that, little in sympathy with the men who welcomed the young Queen to the Academy of which he too was a member. If Barker was another who survived, and Linnell, and Müller, and perhaps one or two besides, the exceptions make but a scanty showing. Even the development of water-colour, that eminently English art, belongs to an earlier period, though De Wint, Copley Fielding, and David Cox had some years yet before them. With William Hunt, was it not to find its proper place, as authorities have told us, in the cheerful breakfast-room of the suburban villa?

And now, who are the men to whom we refer especially when we speak of the early Victorian group? Mulready, Maclise, Wilkie, Haydon, Etty, Egg, Ward, Leslie, Eastlake, Landseer in their time were the best known. When the Queen, shortly after her marriage, decided that the walls of her summer house at Buckingham Palace should be decorated, Maclise, Leslie, Landseer, Sir Charles Ross, Stanfield, Uwins, Etty, and Eastlake were chosen for the task—a fact that points to them as the prominent and popular painters of the period. To-day, when one looks at

the rooms filled with their work in the National Gallery, one is appalled by its pettiness, its lack of distinction. Several among the number had learned their trade well enough, and occasionally could paint a good picture. Etty, for one, had genuine feeling for colour. It was in these very years that Haydon was making his last desperate struggle in the cause of Grand Art. But of true grandeur in art, none of them seems to have guessed the meaning—to have understood with Crome that if your subject is only a pigsty, you must dignify it. Theirs was the veriest prose of paint, and dull prose, too.

However, that same epoch-making 1837 saw two events which, insignificant in themselves, meant more for artists than the coronation and all the royal functions. One was the migration to Antwerp of a retired English purser that his son might study there with Baron Wappers; the other, the first appearance at Christ Church, Oxford, of a certain wine-merchant's son as Gentleman Commoner, in all the pride of silk gown and velvet cap. Madox Brown and Mr. Ruskin, who were no small factors in the art movements of the second half of the Victorian era, set out upon their career in the same year as the Queen. I have no intention of exaggerating the significance and value of the pre-Raphaelite movement, of which Madox Brown was the forerunner, if not the founder, and Mr. Ruskin the prophet. In the actual creed proclaimed there was little in sympathy with English thought and feeling—it was practically a foreign growth, fostered by foreign influences. Madox Brown had had his training on the Continent—in Antwerp, in the Paris of the Romanticists. He, at least, knew something about the German 'Nazarenes,' already by that time in their decline. Rossetti, the artist, was always the Italian, whatever Rossetti the man may have been. Besides, as the very name they gave themselves explained, he and Millais and Mr. Holman Hunt aimed at a revival, not a development. They wanted to go back, but not like the leaders of the Renaissance, to a great period in

art; they preferred the immature, the unformed, the tentative. But they might have gone back still further, to the men who painted themselves blue, and though their own

MADOX BROWN.
(*By Rossetti.*)

work might have been of less interest, the principle they upheld would have been the same. For it was because, not so much of the special methods adopted, as the war they

waged against the petty, vulgar, pretentious standards of the day, that the agitation they led was so important. The great fact that distinguished the pre-Raphaelites was that they thought and felt like artists, and, in so thinking and feeling, gave an impetus in the right direction.

In this they were not alone. Painters like Mason, Samuel Palmer, Calvert, Mr. Watts, of the same, or an older, generation, were doing their best, each individually, to stem the current of commonplace. The truth is, the pre-Raphaelites did not originate the movement that made for reaction ; but by associating themselves together they gained such strength as, at the moment, to play a leading part. Reaction was in the air, as it had been at Paris some few years before it there culminated in the poetry of Victor Hugo and the painting of Delacroix. Hardly more than a decade elapsed from the time the Brotherhood flung down the gauntlet with the first pictures painted according to the pre-Raphaelite formula, to the more memorable days when Mr. Whistler was making his etchings on the Thames ; and Mr. Whistler, who fared still less well with the public than they, has been a much stronger power for good. Pre-Raphaelitism has all but disappeared from current exhibitions —has only Sir Edward Burne-Jones and Mr. Walter Crane left as its exponents. But every day the influence of Mr. Whistler is more clearly seen in the work of the younger men, in the tendencies of the younger schools. For Mr. Whistler, fortunately, was neither oppressed by mission nor a slave to theory. His aim was but to do the best that was in him to do, not to imitate the imperfections of the men who were only feeling their way some three or four hundred years ago.

There is one special outcome of this influence which should not be overlooked. To Mr. Whistler is due that revival of etching which is one of the great glories of the Victorian era. Men had etched in England before his time. To go no further back than this century, there had been the

plates of Wilkie and Haydon, and Crome and Cotman, and Turner. But Wilkie's and Haydon's were few. Etching

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER.

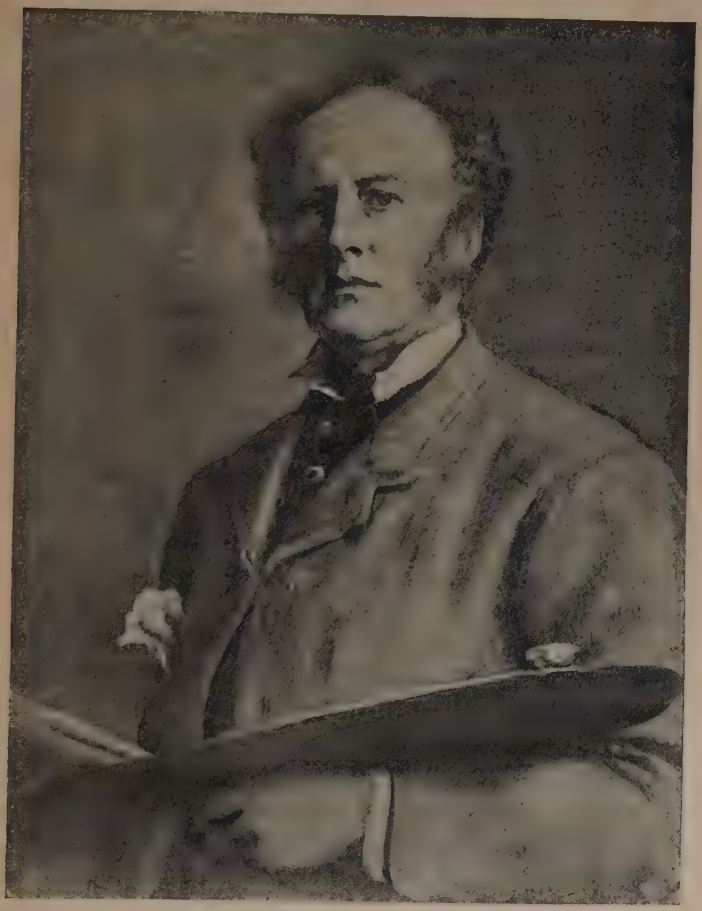
(*By Himself.*)

with Crome and Cotman may have been delightful in its results, but it was not a medium in which they worked very

freely and spontaneously; while with Turner it served chiefly to sketch in designs that were to be finished by mezzotint. It was Mr. Whistler who in this country first used the needle as Rembrandt had used it, who showed that here was an art as worthy of the artist's serious attention as painting or sculpture, who etched because he could thus best express a certain effect or his mood at the moment. Had no artists been fired by his example, had he himself never produced the beautiful Dutch and Venetian plates, the Thames series alone would have sufficed to make the England of the nineteenth century as classic ground as the Holland of the seventeenth for the etchers of all time. To the chance accident of an American's residence in this country, the Victorian era owes one of its chief distinctions. But it so happened that other artists—among them a second foreigner, M. Legros—had their interest roused, and, in the course of time, the publication of Mr. Hamerton's "Etching and Etchers," and the formation of the Society of Painter-Etchers, with Sir Seymour Haden as president, were practical proofs of the new zeal for a long-neglected art. And, as an outcome of this, have we not had the original plates of Mr. Strang and Mr. Short and Mr. Watson, the reproductive etchings—quite the most wonderful ever printed—of Mr. William Hole, of Edinburgh?

I think it ought not to be forgotten that just as Mr. Whistler was beginning to reveal the great beauty of etching to artists, they, or as many who concerned themselves with the graphic arts, had lost their zest for lithography—lost it for a time, that is; Mr. Whistler himself was to show them their mistake later on. But no survey of the art of the Victorian period would be complete that did not take into consideration the work of the lithographer during its first half. For it was then lithography flourished in England as it had not before, as it has not since, though to-day we may point to the occasional masterpiece that the earlier generation of lithographers never rivalled. Prout had had probably more to do than any other Englishman in encouraging the

art. Mr. Ruskin has praised his work because he says it shows the beauty to be had from drawing upon the stone. But Prout's great merit was his readiness to work with



MILLAIS.

(*By Himself.*)

Senefelder, with Hullmandel, with Ackermann, in order to develop the resources of the lithographer, to improve litho-

graphic papers, chalks, zinc, etc. One of his first lithographs, signed and dated, was made upon the lithographic paper then in use, and published as an example in the English translation of Senefelder's history of his invention. Harding, Cattermole, Lane, Lewis, Vintner, Nash, were some of the men who did most to profit by his initiative. Often their prints were very beautiful. But here, as in France, the cheap lithograph of commerce increased and multiplied, until the artist relinquished lithography almost altogether to the handkerchief-box and the business-card. Not only this: by the middle of the century a new outlet had opened for the energies of the draughtsman.

For at that time, to those who had eyes to see, another sign of the discontent with existing standards was the sudden appearance and speedy development of a new school of book illustrators. Illustration there had been in the previous fifty or sixty years, and very excellent and delightful of its kind. But Turner and Stothard and Stanfield and David Roberts and the others had worked mainly for the steel engraver; and the young illustrators who took their place were, in a way, legitimate descendants of Bewick. He was the inventor of the new art of wood engraving, which made it possible to print the illustration directly with type, as the old woodcut had been printed. Since his time, English wood-engravers had been to France and come home with new ideas. Clennell and Harvey had worthily carried on the good work at home. The English edition of Menzel's 'Frederick' had shown what was being done in Germany, and there is no difficulty in tracing the influences which helped to form and develop the styles and methods of the illustrators of the sixties. Not that I think this lessens the originality and vigour and value of their work. For, remember, the pre-Raphaelites, Whistler, Sandys, Boyd Houghton, Pinwell, Walker, Keene, Leighton, are a few of the men who illustrated the books and magazines that to-day are so prized by the collector and the student, that are being made the subject of appreciative essays and

elaborate volumes, that are looked upon as the perfect flower of book illustration in England.

It was at very much the same period, towards the middle

ROSSETTI.

(*By Himself.*)

of the century, that Alfred Stevens began to learn what a drawback genius may be to success. Try and recall for a moment the sculptors who had worked in England since

the days of the mediæval builder and decorator; for a time mostly foreigners, with Roubiliac; Wilton, Bacon, Banks, Flaxman, Chantrey had been the chief Englishmen, and not even Flaxman can be ranked with Stevens. One might have thought that the first great English sculptor would have been greeted in London as Cimabue, the first great Italian painter, had been in Florence. But his story—this is no place for its repetition—is one of struggles and disappointments. He, like Mr. Whistler, was bound to be misunderstood in an age when the artist was so rare. But we know his worth now that he no longer lives to enjoy his fame, and the Sculpture Room at the Royal Academy shows that if English sculpture began, it did not end with him. There are other movements that might be traced to virtually the same date, and that would be interesting to follow: the revolt from the anti-macassar and the whatnot, with Morris, Marshall, Falkner and Co. for leaders; the gradual emancipation from the yoke of Victorian Gothic and Stucco. But space is wanting, and these movements, if many of their episodes would be amusing to record, simply offer further confirmation of the restlessness, the growing dissatisfaction with existing standards, that is as characteristic of the second period of the Victorian era as stagnation is of the first.

And what of the last, the third period? What has come of the new life that, during the fifties and sixties, was infused into the studios and schools? At a glance the prospect is alarming. So much more bad work is turned out than was dreamt of in 1837. But this is the fault of the system of universal art education, unfortunately thought so hopeful a feature by the philanthropist. The danger, perhaps, is not so great as it appears. It is with art as with literature. The penny novelette has not silenced Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy, nor has much cheap doggerel discouraged Mr. Swinburne or Mr. Henley. And so Mr. Whistler has not ceased to paint because the multitude choose to dabble with colour. Mr. Watts and Sir Edward Burne-Jones are not deterred from

exhibiting because little insignificant galleries spring up at every turn. Mr. Sargent and Mr. Orchardson do not give up portrait-painting because every weakling or amateur would emulate the photographer on canvas. If we look to individual artists, indeed, 1897 can make a braver show of names than 1837, though some of the giants of an older generation were not then dead. But to realize the full extent of the change we should consider, rather, tendencies and standards, and here the advantage is with us. Remember that artists in 1837 had great traditions, and that they deliberately threw them away to stoop instead to the petty and the popular. Had the pre-Raphaelites, when they refused to remain in the slough of commonplace, returned to 1837 instead of to the fourteenth century, less time would have been lost.

As it is, it has taken all these sixty years to get back to the truth from which artists in England had strayed so hopelessly. But much already has been done to bridge over the interval. Look, for instance, at the portraits by the younger men—by the Glasgow school—Mr. Melville and Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Lavery and Mr. Walton; by Mr. Steer and Mr. Furze, and the others of the New English Art Club; by Mr. Greiffenhagen. I do not mean that theirs are the conventions only of Gainsborough and Reynolds. But, thanks to the reminder —a reminder as powerful as timely—given by Mr. Whistler, they realize that a portrait should be, not a brutal, silly likeness, but a beautiful picture. And look at the landscape painters—again of the Glasgow school—Mr. MacGregor, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Dow; or Mr. North and Mr. Alfred Parsons; or Mr. Tomson and Mr. Lemon; or Mr. Peppercorn and Mr. Conder, Mr. Leslie Thomson and Mr. Edward Stott—and too many more to mention. Have not they—several, it is true, by way of French and Dutch Romanticism —learned to believe with Crome and Cotman and Constable that to be true to Nature is to see not merely its meaningless facts and details, but all its wonderful romance, and grandeur,

and loveliness, even its solemnity and sadness; they do not paint like Constable, perhaps, but in their attitude toward art and nature both, are they not in accord with him? I know that only yesterday Pinwell and Walker were the great men, as Landseer and Phillips were the day before, as the Newlyn School, one might say, at 10.45 this morning! But, somehow, fashions come and go; art lasts. These people may all be great painters. I do not pretend to decide. The conclusions to which the survey I have tried to make has led may be wrong. The National Gallery is the property of the nation and belongs to the people, and the picture in it that the people appreciate most is Mr. Frith's 'Derby Day.' In five hundred years—who can say?—it may be acknowledged that they are quite right, and it is only Mr. Ruskin and the rest of us who are quite wrong!

However, who could deny that Chantrey is not well exchanged for Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Onslow Ford and Mr. Frampton and Mr. Anning Bell and the others of the group who have raised the sculptor's art—and Mr. Gilbert the goldsmith's—from depths of insignificance? Illustration would need a chapter to itself, so completely has it been revolutionized by photography, the wood-engraver having to compete with the mechanical engraver. Much good has come of this Victorian invention, and with it the attendant evils of cheap process and printing. Illustrators have suffered more than painters from a host of incompetent competitors, and among them may be no one group to equal the men of 1860. But many are draughtsmen of genuine accomplishment aad cleverness—Mr. Parsons, Mr. Anning Bell, Mr. Phil May, Mr. Raven-Hill, Mr. Beardsley, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Ricketts, Mr. Hartrick, Mr. Sullivan—the list is not short, while one cannot forget, in this connection, the name of another American who, like Mr. Whistler and Mr. Sargent, has lent distinction to the Victorian era. I mean Mr. Abbey. A step has been made in the right direction, not ventured upon by the men of 1860, probably because

they had not the opportunity. For to-day the beautiful book, the beautiful page is cared for, as well as the beautiful drawing; no little of the incentive having been given by William Morris and the Kelmscott Press. And the draughtsman, disheartened by the commercial uses to which the photographic processes—so admirable when not abused—have been put, begins to appreciate once more the autographic methods of reproduction, and thus we have the present revival of lithography, and some of the most beautiful prints the stone has ever yielded. There is hope even for architecture. All architects are not devoted to pulling down the good because it is old. Mr. Webb, Mr. Street, Mr. Norman Shaw, Mr. Ernest George, Mr. Jackson, and more than we have space to name, can be thanked for an improvement in the appearance of the modern street, though, as yet, this is in private houses rather than in public buildings. And to Mr. Lewis F. Day, Mr. Crane, and the Arts and Crafts we owe equal improvements in our wall-papers, our carpets, and our furniture. To be sure, there are new absurdities to vie with the old antimacassar and stucco. But, on the whole, there is more thought for beauty. People would avoid vulgarity if they could, though, naturally, vulgarity may be to their taste.

But in the very effort to escape lies danger. There is too much thought. With more inspiration and less thinking the craftsman would be more becomingly equipped. Art is threatened by the self-consciousness, not merely of those who pose as precious and believe that, by aping the manners, they will borrow the ability of their betters, but by honest serious workmen who groan under that burden of experience and knowledge which is the accumulation of ages. However, given a little sense of humour and gaiety of heart, even the evil of self-consciousness may be conquered.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

## XIX.

### *THE VICTORIAN STAGE.*

THE Victorian stage; not the Victorian drama. If the reigns of monarchs synchronized with the epochs of the drama, the labours of chroniclers would be agreeably lightened. But it is not so: the birthdays of the Court and those of the playhouse are kept apart. The year 1837 is a *point de repère* for the political but not for the theatrical historian. No new dramatic tendencies made their entry, no ancient dramatic traditions their exit, just at that moment. For the first twenty-five years of her reign Queen Victoria, during the whole of that period an assiduous playgoer, witnessed plays differing in nothing essential from those which provided her royal grandfather with some refreshing slumbers, and her royal uncles with some fascinating acquaintances. The early Victorian drama was, in fact, only the Georgian drama in its decline. The English romantic movement of the century in its teens, which had revolutionized poetry and the novel, had given no impetus to the acted drama. While there had been great players—the Kembles and Edmund Kean—and great theatrical critics—Hazlitt and Lamb and Leigh Hunt—there had been no great dramatist. This was the dismal period when Gifford could remark with truth, 'All the fools in the kingdom seem to have risen up and exclaimed with one voice, "Let us write for the theatres!"' The few writers for the theatre who were not fools only contrived to show that dulness is a poor alternative to folly. It

is said that persons have read the plays of Coleridge, of Milman, of Joanna Baillie, and still live; the fact, if it be a fact, attests the recuperative vigour of the human organism. The truth is, two of the great critics just mentioned, Hazlitt and Lamb, did the stage an ill service by their persistent poaching (and in Lamb's case, abortive practice) of Elizabethanism. They thus helped to turn the drama into what Thomas Lovell Beddoes justly called it about this time, 'a haunted ruin'—filled with plaster-cast Shakespeares. 'Say what you will,' wrote Beddoes, 'I am convinced the man who is to awaken the drama must be a bold trampling fellow—no reviver even, however good. These reanimations are vampire cold. . . . With the greatest reverence for all the antiquities of the drama, I still think that we had better beget than revive.'

When her Majesty ascended the throne, and for many years afterwards, there was no sign of the man whose bold trampling was to awaken the drama. It was still in the period of vampire-cold reanimation: the period of Artificial Tragedy and of Artificial Comedy. The history of this period groups itself naturally round three names, the first illustrious, the second and third by no means inconsiderable—Macready, Charles Kean, and Phelps; and its extent may conveniently be defined by Macready's entry upon management at Covent Garden in 1837 on the one hand, and, on the other, by Phelps's retirement from Sadler's Wells in 1862. During what was practically the whole of this period the English drama continued to stand—or to totter—*super antiquas vias;* living on old traditions, or, rather, dying of them.

William Charles Macready—who in the hierarchy of English acting probably ranks next after Betterton, Garrick, and Edmund Kean—was an ugly man (Gautier, when he visited Paris, wrote of his 'masque de singe anthropophage') with a beautiful voice, and what Alice's Mad Hatter called Anglo-Saxon attitudes. He had a lofty mind—somewhat too

lofty for the player's profession, which he made no secret of despising—a morbidly acute sensibility, and an execrably bad temper. He never forgot that he had been at Rugby School; and even remembered something of what he had

MACREADY AS VIRGINIUS.

learned there. It is said that he was accustomed to note 'business' on his parts in Latin, so that it might not be understood by his comrades, in addressing whom he was wont, if the anecdotes may be trusted, to use the very plainest

English. But great allowance must be made for the manager of such huge unwieldy establishments as Covent Garden and Drury Lane then were. Of the first of these houses Macready—not long turned forty, and acknowledged as the

HELEN FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN).

Primate of the English stage—undertook the management in the summer of 1837, passing to the second in the winter of 1841. His company included Samuel Phelps, James Anderson, Henry Howe, Harley, Tyrone Power, Miss Faucit, and Mrs. Glover. His repertory consisted of Shakespeare and

the plaster-cast imitations to which allusion has already been made—such as the 'Ion' of Talfourd, Gerald Griffin's 'Gisippus,' and the 'Hunchback' and 'Virginius' of Sheridan Knowles. For new authors he turned to two men then little, but now universally, known—the one a poet of genius, the other a charlatan of talent. Robert Browning, who had already given him 'Strafford,' now contributed 'A Blot on the 'Scutcheon'—both successes 'of esteem' only—while Bulwer Lytton provided him with successes of commerce, if not of literature, in 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Richelieu,' and 'Money.' Browning's plays have long left—if, indeed, they can be said ever to have been included in—the acting repertory; Bulwer Lytton's had a long lease, and still have a semblance, of life. The reason of each fact is not far to seek. Browning's construction was too involved, his meaning too obscure, and his expression too crabbed for the theatre; while Bulwer's tricky, forcible-feeble rodomontade had borrowed enough warmth from the French romanticists to be grateful in a 'vampire-cold' theatre. Even pinchbeck Hugo was a welcome change from pinchbeck Shakespeare. A third new author was young Westland Marston, whose 'Patrician's Daughter' (Drury Lane, 1842) was hailed as an attempt to apply the formulas of poetic drama to the facts of modern life, and was expected to establish 'the principle of characters talking poetically in plain dress.' That this expectation was not fulfilled is scarcely surprising. The famous principle proved to involve the description of a marriage settlement by a family solicitor as:

> "... the accustomed deed
> Determining the rights and property
> Of such as stand affianced."

Westland Marston's attempt is, however, noteworthy as having anticipated by some years the very similar—but more fortunate—experiment of Augier in 'Gabrielle.' On Macready's retirement from Drury Lane in 1843, an inscrip-

tion on a presentation service of plate testified that his management had 'Formed an Epoch in Theatrical Annals.' This epoch, whatever else it may have been, was not a period of dramatic growth. In front of the footlights Macready had effected two minor but salutary reforms—the abandonment of the system of mendacious puffing by playbills practised by his predecessors, notably by Elliston, and the exclusion from the theatre of the hordes of loose women whose presence had become a public scandal. But behind the footlights there was no perceptible change. What the drama had been under the Kembles and the elder Kean, that, to all intents and purposes, it remained under Macready. When, in 1851, the actor finally quitted the stage, Tennyson addressed a sonnet to 'Macready, moral, grave, sublime.' The last epithet was a *cliché* in the theatrical criticism of the day, and supplies a key to what was then the cherished ideal of drama. Our grandfathers were amateurs of the Sublime.

Only once did Macready occupy the same stage with Charles Kean—at the Windsor Castle theatricals in 1850—and on that occasion, to a courteous message from the younger actor, the elder is related to have characteristically replied: 'If Mr. Kean has anything to say to me, let him say it through my solicitor.' Macready, as we have seen, was a Rugbeian; Charles Kean was an Etonian. With somewhat inadequate physical means, and nothing of his great father's *feu sacré*, the younger Kean was never more than a respectable actor. As a manager he claims a far more conspicuous place. Londoners had never seen the art of *mise-en-scène* carried out with such regard to archæological accuracy, and such disregard of expense, as were shown by Charles Kean and his wife (Miss Ellen Tree) during their tenancy of the Princess's Theatre from 1850 to 1859. Perhaps the manager's display of erudition was somewhat excessive. He 'talks familiarly,' wrote George Henry Lewes—between whom and Kean there was no love lost—'of

Diodorus Siculus, Pliny, Strabo, Xiphilin, and the Eyrbyggia Saga. Xiphilin! He read Xiphilin! What a name to fling

CHARLES KEAN AS HAMLET.

at the pit!' But pedantry was a venial offence in a region hitherto abandoned to sheer ignorance. It is said (though

probably with some exaggeration) that as much as £50,000 was expended at the Princess's in a single season. Both as to outlay and 'correctness' there was ample room for improvement in a time when an actor who played Cardinal Campeius in a robe bordered with silver tissue-paper could provoke Macready to the ejaculation, 'Mother Shipton, by God!' and when Macready himself could appear as Hamlet in 'a hat with a sable plume big enough to cover a hearse, a pair of black silk gloves much too large for him, and a ballet skirt of straw-coloured satin, which looked simply dirty.' A change, then, and a salutary change, was effected in the theatre; but, again, the drama itself remained unchanged. The Princess's repertory was mainly composed of Shakespearean revivals; the time of 'begetting' for which Beddoes had sighed was still not yet. Considerable success was gained with romantic melodramas from the French—afterwards to become still more famous under another management at another theatre—such as 'Louis XI.,' 'The Corsican Brothers,' and 'The Courier of Lyons.' But of original and live English drama there was no sign. Charles Kean's one achievement was to transform the old drama from an art of rhetoric to an art of spectacle. He might have boasted—as Augustus was accustomed to declare that he found Rome brick and left it marble—that he found the stage 'back-cloth' and left it 'solid set.' It has to be said, however, that in the improvement of *mise-en-scène* he had to some extent been anticipated by the Vestris-Mathews management at the Lyceum (1847-1855).

We have seen that among the rising players who gathered round Macready in 1837 was Samuel Phelps. This conscientious, intelligent, but somewhat rugged actor is to be remembered for his long and useful management of Sadler's Wells, from 1844 to 1862. Phelps attracted all the reputable portion of the play-going public to an obscure quarter of the town; but it was by offering them no new bait. The inevitable Shakespearean revivals (thirty-four in half as

many years), with occasional excursions into Beaumont and Fletcher and eighteenth-century comedy, alternated with the inevitable adaptations of Victor Hugo and Casimir Delavigne.

PHELPS AS CARDINAL WOLSEY.

A compact, harmonious company playing in a small theatre where every *nuance* of expression could be seen; mounting distinguished by care and taste rather than magnificence;

fidelity to the 'classic' repertory and the 'classic' traditions —these were all to be found at Sadler's Wells under Phelps.

The fact that the Princess's and Sadler's Wells had become strongholds of the 'legitimate' drama at a time when Covent Garden had been turned into an Italian opera-house, and Drury Lane into a circus, demands a word of explanation. The explanation is to be found in the Theatres Regulation Act of 1843. Up to that date the 'legitimate drama' was no empty phrase, denoting as it did the drama which was restricted by law to Drury Lane and Covent Garden for the winter, and to the Haymarket for the summer season. The causes which led to the abolition of this theatrical 'privilege' were partly economic, partly artistic. On the one hand, there was the large increase in the population of London at the beginning of the century—a population whose needs were not to be met by playhouses, of which the number had not been augmented for upwards of a hundred years. An attempt was made to cope with the growing demand by swelling, not the number of the playhouses, but their size. Every time, for instance, that Drury Lane was burnt down, it rose from its ashes more colossal than before. One result was that only by ranting could the players be heard, and only by grimacing could their facial play be seen. It was not altogether ironically that George Colman proposed the introduction of a semaphore at Drury Lane to signal the speeches from the stage to the topmost gallery. Another result was an unmanageable combination of entertainments under one roof. The director of a patent house was forced into becoming, as it were, a 'Universal Provider.' Thus, when Macready took over Covent Garden, he had to engage not only a company for tragedy and comedy, but one for English opera also, and even a complete staff of pantomimists. Not without reason, Charles Mathews called Drury Lane a 'huge theatrical omnibus.' To meet the increasing demand for amusement, several minor houses had

sprung into existence—the Olympic and the Surrey, the Lyceum and the Adelphi, the Princess's and Sadler's Wells, open under so-called 'burletta' licenses, but performing, in addition to melodrama and farce, the 'legitimate' drama under thin disguises. The Act of 1843, substituting the principle of Free Trade in amusements for that of monopoly, had a two-fold effect. It not only regularized the position of the minor theatres—made honest houses of them, so to speak—but tended to divert the 'legitimate' drama to them from the old patent houses grown too large for its convenient exhibition. A manager, free to select his own repertory, chose what he considered best suited to his talent, his company, and his space; while the play-going public, instead of being compelled to flock to one or two theatres *en masse*, distributed themselves among the playhouses of their predilection. Thus was set up that 'specialization of function' which, Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us, occurs sooner or later in the evolution of every form of activity. At the Haymarket, under Benjamin Webster (whose epoch of management, like Macready's, dates from 1837), high comedy was played by Farren and Compton, Mrs. Nisbett and Mrs. Glover; and broad farce by Buckstone. The Lyceum, under the two Keeleys, gave dramatizations of Dickens, and later, under the younger Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris, light pieces from the French and *féeries* by Planché. From a Gallic source, too, for the most part, came the romantic melodramas offered by Madame Celeste at the Adelphi, a house also famous for the Fescennine humours of Wright and Paul Bedford in farce. The St. James's was the recognised home of French players in London: of Frédéric Lemaître, and Bouffé, and Ravel, and Madame Rose Chéri. At the Olympic an *olla podrida* was supplied by the Wigans, G. V. Brooke, and Leigh Murray; while the Strand, after many vicissitudes, established itself as the home of burlesque.

But it is impossible to epitomize chaos—and chaos is the

only word for the condition of the British drama at this period, say from the first Great Exhibition of 1851 to the

C. J. MATHEWS AS GEORGE RATTLETON.

second of 1862. There was plenty of amusement of a rough-and-ready, philistine, not to say vulgar, sort; but the drama

had no relation to the national life. Here and there, as we have seen, it paid lip-reverence to the literature of the dead, but of literature as a living, active, and instant energy, it knew absolutely nothing. What have such names as Dion Boucicault, Tom Taylor, and Watts Philips, Stirling Coyne and Shirley Brooks, Palgrave Simpson and Maddison Morton, to do with literature? To turn over the pages of Professor Henry Morley's 'Journal of a London Playgoer'—which practically covers this period—is to bemoan the spectacle of a good man struggling with adversity. There was no room for a critic in that galley. Both 'society' and the intellectual world left the theatre severely alone; it had become not only bad art, but—what is much more heinous in this country—'bad form.'

It is, however, according to the proverb, a long lane which has no turning—and in this case the turning proved to be one out of the Tottenham Court Road. Here at last, in the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tottenham Street, opened by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft in 1865, with the comedy of 'Society,' by T. W. Robertson, we arrive at something which it is possible to call the 'Victorian drama.' Mrs. Bancroft, as Miss Marie Wilton, had fascinated the town at the Strand, in the tomboys of burlesque; Mr. Bancroft, with a moderate histrionic endowment, had the more valuable talent of possessing a brother-in-law who was willing to lend money for the purpose of establishing the young couple in a theatre of their own. T. W. Robertson was what French theatrical slang calls an *enfant de la balle*, the son and brother of players, cradled and bred in the playhouse; a man, too, who had suffered all the privations of Grub Street and known the vicissitudes of Queer Street; a denizen of Lower Bohemia. These were the three pioneers who opened up a new path for the English drama. The ultimate credit of this achievement seems about equally divisible between managers, players, and playwright. For the prevailing slovenliness of stage dressing and 'decoration' the Bancrofts substituted

a nice and finished propriety ; it has been noted, as a typical detail, that for the first time the doors of the scene were provided with handles. Instead of the old theatrical company of 'ma femme et cinq poupées,' they presented—after the model of the Comédie Française—a compact band of comedians adequate to the interpretation of a work of art as something 'whole, smooth, and round,' and including such artists as Hare, Coghlan, and Honey, Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Larkin, and Mrs. Leigh Murray. Their arrangements 'in front' revealed—for it was then a revelation—that managers can minister to the comfort, no less than to the curiosity, of their patrons. But these novelties were only auxiliary to the greatest novelty of all—a live drama. Judged by present standards, the series of Robertsonian comedies—'Society' was followed at annual intervals by 'Ours,' 'Caste,' 'School,' 'Play,' and 'M.P.'—may seem thin, anæmic, and (as Johnson called the 'girls' with whom Langton breakfasted) 'unidea'd.' The commonplaces of domestic life, the sentimentalities of boy and girl courtship, the facile humour of the cockney—these were Robertson's stock-in-trade, and the acquisition of such a stock is not a task that involves either searching observation or profound thought. But a study of the actual life of the day, however superficial it might be, was fare that had not hitherto been set before the playgoer ; and he swallowed it greedily like a man—as indeed he was—at starvation point. Here, to his astonishment, was a playwright who actually reproduced the life which he knew and which any Londoner could recognise as true pictures ; gasmen from the Borough Road and their tippling fathers, needlewomen from Lambeth, drawling guardsmen from St. James's, jovial but impecunious journalists from Bohemian clubs. If the talk of these people was flat and feeble, at least it was talk that could be recognised as human, not impossible rodomontade in blank verse. The 'tea-cup-and-saucer' ideal may have been a low, but it was at any rate a live ideal ; whereas the old 'sublime' ideal, however

SOTHERN AS LORD DUNDREARY.

lofty, had the fatal disadvantage of being dead. It has to be remembered that the Robertsonian comedy arrived at the moment when the British middle-classes were at the height of their prosperity. The new theatrical art reflected their self-complacency, their domesticity, their trivial interests. If, therefore, one uses the epithet of 'bourgeois,' it is not to condemn but to explain the Robertsonian drama. It means that—historically, and of course within strict limits—Robertson was a realist. To enforce this statement it is only necessary to remark that when Robertson tried his hand at any other than the middle-class types familiar to him, he invariably failed. His people of the fashionable and political world are mere daubs, his Froissart-citing marchioness is an impossible monster. His 'David Garrick,' which he wrote (or, rather, perverted from the French) for Sothern—an actor who can only be mentioned in passing here, though his fame as Lord Dundreary once filled two hemispheres—is, whether as history or as *genre*, beneath contempt.

When the Bancrofts migrated to the Haymarket in 1880, they soon abandoned the Robertsonian comedy for Anglicizations of Sardou. Robertson was dead, and his work had died with him. But the seed he had sown produced a plentiful crop. The managements of the Kendals and John Hare may be said to have been based on the Robertsonian tradition. At the Vaudeville—one of several theatres which sprang up in London about this time to meet the increased theatrical demand, stimulated by the success of the Prince of Wales's—David James and Thomas Thorne produced the plays of Henry J. Byron, who may be described as a coarser, more heavily 'emburgessed' Robertson, and those of another unmistakable Robertsonian, James Albery.

It was in Albery's 'Two Roses' that Henry Irving achieved one of his first successes. To consider the career of this actor is to be brought back to the distinction with which I started. The Victorian stage owes much, the Victorian drama owes little, if anything, to Henry Irving.

He is pre-eminently (and I do not forget either Macready or Charles Kean) the Victorian manager, because he represents, more than any of the great managers whom he has succeeded —partly, of course, for the very reason that he *is* their successor—the *dernier mot* of Victorian knowledge, taste, and opulence as seen in the theatre. Nor is it merely by the simple process of standing on the shoulders of his predecessors that he is able to overtop them; for he has something of that Napoleonic faculty for organization and command which would have made him at any time a leader of men. Whatever he does is done with a certain magnificence, in what Matthew Arnold was fond of calling 'the grand style.' For his *mise-en-scène* he secures the advice of the foremost archæologists and the brush of the foremost artists in the kingdom. Though without much pretension to scholarship himself, he is careful to inform his productions by the scholarship of others. In a word, he has all the resources of the day at his command, and he makes liberal use of all. As an actor, he lacks, perhaps, that supreme, if undefinable, quality which the world is agreed to call genius. But in the fierce or gloomy passion of romantic drama, and in such of the tragic figures of Shakespeare as his strongly-marked personality permits him to essay, he is without a rival. Further, he has vindicated the dignity of his profession; the social recognition which was conceded to Garrick as a favour—which was but grudgingly bestowed on Macready, to his life-long chagrin—Sir Henry Irving has proudly exacted as a right. But he has done nothing to quicken—on the contrary, he has done something to retard—the growth of the English drama. It is true that he has produced plays by Tennyson, but Tennyson, great poet though he was, as a contriver of stage plays was a *non-valeur*. Next to Shakespearean revivals and the French melodramas first imported by Charles Kean, his repertory has consisted of the plays of W. G. Wills, called 'poetic dramas,' presumably because they were not formally in prose, and had no relation

to our workaday life. Most of his favourite parts might have been—and many of them actually were—played twenty years earlier by Fechter, an actor whose name I have had

CHARLES FECHTER AS RUY BLAS.

to pass over as significant merely in histrionic, not in dramatic, history. He has found a faithful helpmeet in Ellen Terry, a gifted child of nature rather than a priestess of art; or, to put it more fairly, perhaps, a 'born' rather

than a 'made' actress; but the youngsters on his staff have had no choice but to quit it if they were ambitious of plunging into the theatrical current of the time. The master of the Lyceum, so far as in him lies, has bidden the theatrical world stand still.

*Eppur si muove!* The real Victorian achievement in the theatre has been the conversion of the drama from an idealized picture or gross caricature into a rational criticism of life. George Eliot, and after her Thomas Hardy, had accomplished this for the novel; in somewhat varying degrees Arthur Wing Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, and Sydney Grundy, have accomplished it for the stage. In varying degrees, I say, for these men have not all been equally clear-sighted as to the ends they were pursuing, or equally conscious of the true bent of the influences at work within them. Mr. Grundy, for instance, long followed the false gods of France, a belated Scribist, squandering in mere technical dexterity gifts that might have produced work of real vitality and significance. Mr. Jones, the most seriously-minded, perhaps, of the three, has too often been led astray by an untoward distrust (founded on a misconception) of realism into the waste lands of romance. Yet, whatever their deviations or faltering by the way, these men have largely revolutionized the English drama. How largely may be seen by anyone who chooses to compare, say, 'Judah' or 'The Crusaders' with 'The Patrician's Daughter' or 'London Assurance,' and 'The Greatest of These ——" with 'The Wife's Secret.' But it is Mr. Pinero who has touched the high-water mark of Victorian drama. 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,' 'The Benefit of the Doubt'—these are the typical plays of the present generation; it is in these that we can best see how the thought and *ethos* of our time have worked themselves out in the dramatic medium. No doubt foreign influences count for much in this result—the thesis-plays of the younger Dumas, the solid and masculine theatre of

Augier, and, most important of all, the destructive criticisms of current social ideals put forward in the later dramas of the Norwegian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen. Modern theatrical criticism, too—with William Archer, the 'Lessing of the English Stage,' as M. Émile Faquet has justly called him, well to the front—has had its share in guiding both playgoers and playwrights towards the drama of ideas.

It is no mere accident that this brief survey, which opened with an enumeration of players, closes with a list of playwrights. At the beginning of the reign, when the drama was still virtually an art of rhetoric, it was natural that the medium of expression should be of more importance than what was expressed. Now that we look to the drama for an interpretation and a philosophy of life, the player falls back into his proper place behind the dramatist. Not, of course, that we are always looking to the drama for these serious matters. *Primum vivere, deinde philosophari*, which, as construed by the man in the pit, means, see 'life' before problem-plays. All of us go to the theatre sometimes—many of us always—for laughter; and anyone who compares the fun of Paul Bedford and his 'I believe you, my boy,' or of Burnand's punning burlesques at the Royalty, with the fun of Gilbert-and-Sullivan opera, or with the Gaiety burlesques of Edward Terry and Nelly Farren, or even with the 'musical comedies' now enjoying a temporary vogue, will see that the quality of Victorian laughter has undergone a steady process of improvement. In melodrama, too, a marked change for the better is to be noted between the days of 'The Green Bushes' and 'The Wreck Ashore,' and the days of 'The Lights of London' and 'The Silver King.' Indeed, from whatever point of view we regard the drama, whether as an art or a recreation, a tonic or a digestive, it seems to me that its Victorian period will have to be reckoned among the most progressive in its annals. It has been a period of advance 'all along the line.'

A. B. Walkley.

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